Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
MARCH 1985

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VANESSA WILLIAMS EXPOSED!

IMRAN KHAN INTERVIEW

THE CARNAL COAST: WHY SOME NORTH QUEENSLANDERS CAN'T STOP SMILING

WIN A WEEK IN THE WHITSUNDAYS!

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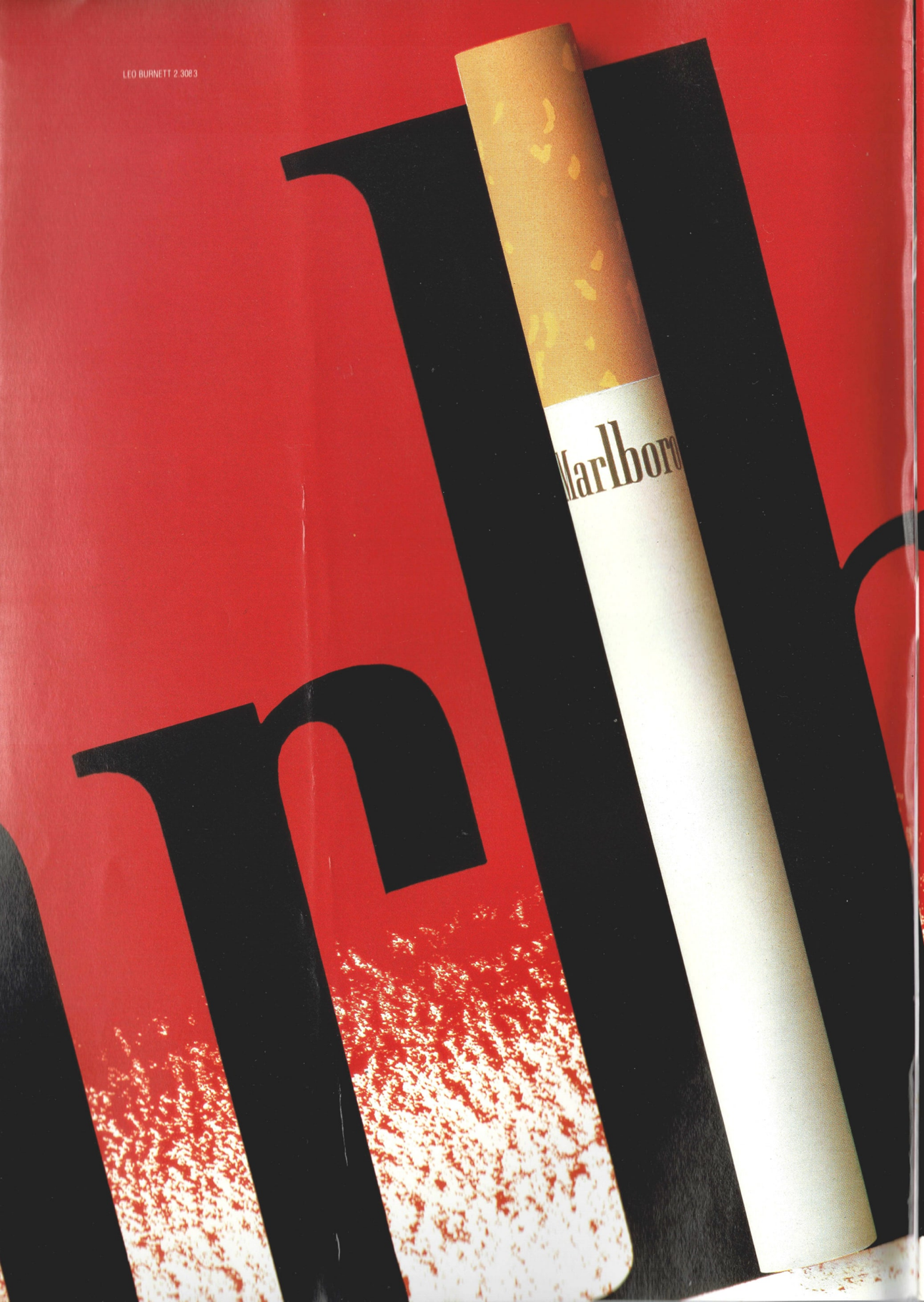

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 6 No 3/March 1985

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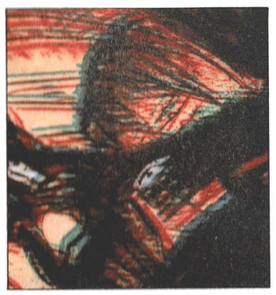
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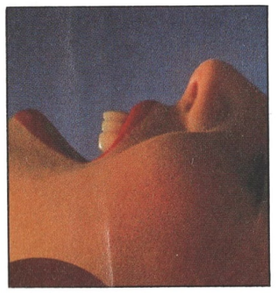
Aural Sex

Imran Khan

Vanessa Williams

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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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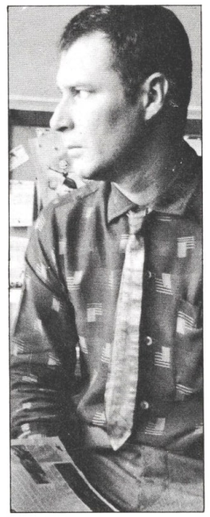
MARCH

C.J. MACKAY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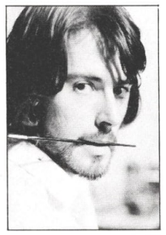
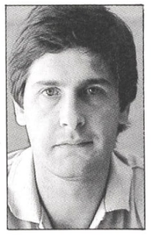
SUSAN GEASON

JOHN ELLIOT


FRANTS KANTOR


DAVID HICKIE

HOUSECALL

AURAL SEX
The Eighties have seen the emergence of an unusual form of prostitution. It is practised by women who stop short of selling their bodies, but have no objection to letting strange men have their way with their minds. These girls are talking dirty for fun and profit in Australia's booming erotic phone call business. *Penthouse* Senior Editor **C.J. Mackay** reports on a new breed of call girl in Aural Sex on page 60.

VANESSA EXPOSED
The unprecedented publicity created by American *Penthouse* publisher and editor Bob Guccione's publication of nude photos of the then Miss America Vanessa Williams created headlines across the world. This month, on page 84, Guccione explains the Vanessa Williams controversy as it actually happened. And we also show you what all the fuss is about as we present, for the first time in Australia, a second portfolio of photos of the deposed beauty queen. Turn to page 88 and see Vanessa exposed.

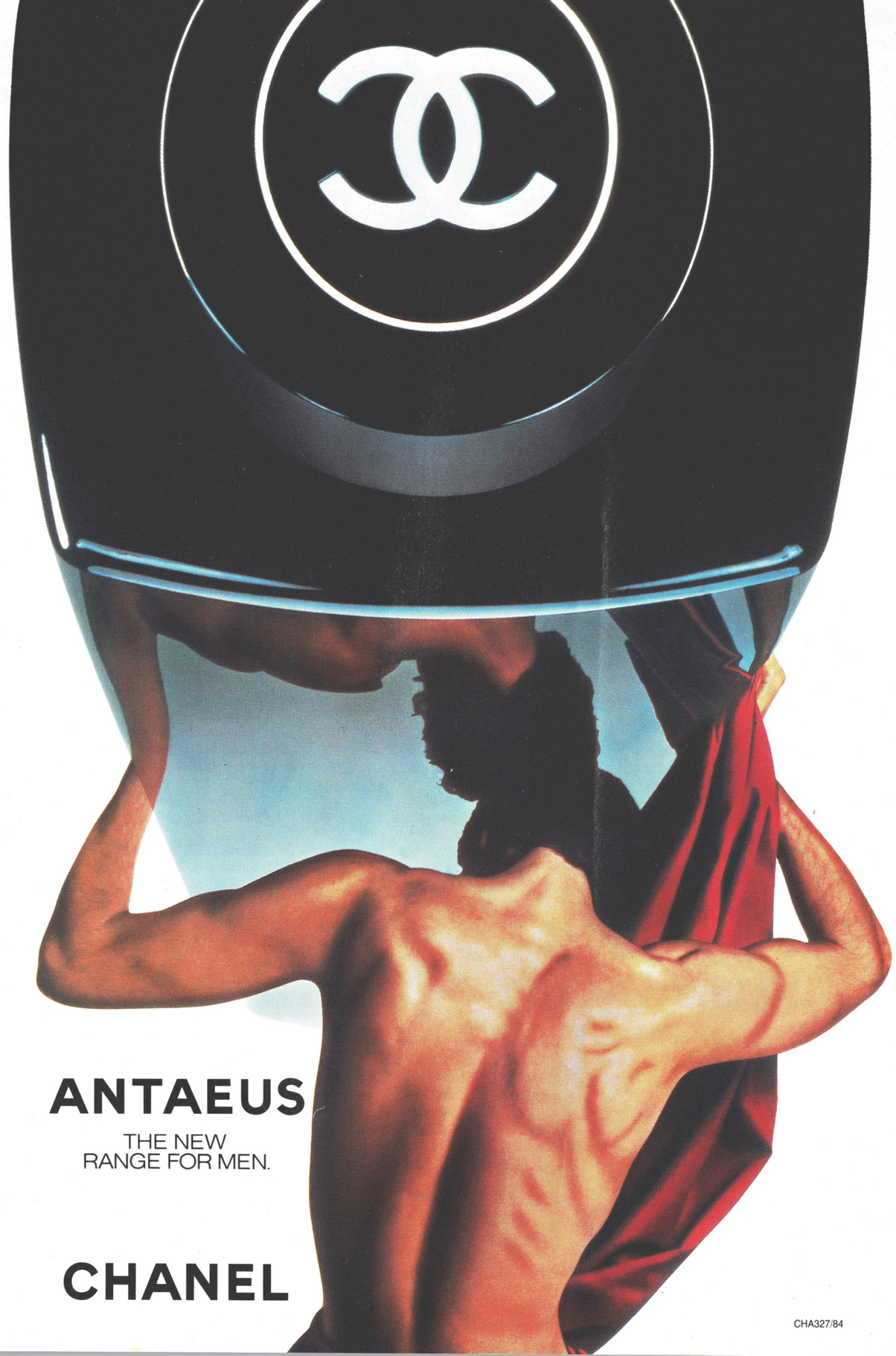
THE CARNAL COAST
North Queensland hedonists have made life into a kind of sustained foreplay, according to intrepid reporter **Jack Ransley**, who risked his health and his sanity to bring you The Carnal Coast — an eye-opening report on the North Queensland lifestyle which is bound to make southern city slickers green with envy. The details of Ransley's debauchery begin on page 54. **Barry Olive** produced the colorful illustration.

THE ELECTRIC CHURCH
After the USA, Australia is one of the world's biggest markets for a new style of preaching — televangelism. Bible-toting superstars are using sophisticated techniques to reap a fortune from hundreds of thousands of gullible, God-fearing Australians — via their television sets — every Sunday morning. **Mark Plummer** investigates the televangelists' methods and their profits in The Electric Church, starting on page 34. **Frants Kantor's** telling illustration illuminates Plummer's revelations.

IMRAN KHAN INTERVIEW
He is one of the greatest cricketers of all time, one of only a handful of players who have scored more than 2000 runs and taken more than 200 wickets in Test cricket. In this exclusive interview with Senior Editor **John Elliot**, the Lion Of Pakistan talks freely about cricket, politics, and his status as a sex symbol.

PARTY LINE
This month's fiction takes us to Canberra. **Susan Geason** sets a scene of conflict and intrigue in the national capital, where Grigor, the spy, observes with increasing interest the affair between a senator and a girl from the Parliamentary Press Gallery. Geason's sombre, gripping tale, illustrated by **Shane McGowan**, begins on 96.

MUG'S GAME
Two-up, the original Australian gambling game, is in a state of decline in the Eighties, although there are still a few strong schools around the country where the dedicated punter can do his dough. **David Hickie** has been surveying the two-up scene across Australia. His entertaining observations are in Mug's Game, starting on page 78. Award winning artist **Tony Lunn** created the illustration. OH



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in CAPITALS), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Losin' it

I would like to congratulate John Elliot on his excellent and factual article, Losing It, which appeared in December *Penthouse*. I would, however, like to make a few observations.

If "*Penthouse* did the rounds of the hair treatment clinics in an effort to sort out the serious from the shysters," then I don't feel any conclusions were reached. As well, you have only reported the views of the two largest clinics and didn't in fact interview the only practising *qualified* trichologist in NSW, Jan Osborn, who is a member of the International Association of Trichologists. She is the principal of the Australian Trichology Centre which was the first clinic staffed by qualified trichologists to open in Australia.

Although the ATC is "small fry" compared to Bleyer and Ashley & Martin, it has a reputation for honesty and integrity unmatched in the industry. It is no surprise that Osborn is often contacted by "consultants" from the other clinics for information and advice.

I am a Medical Consultant to the ATC and also have a private practice in hair transplantation. I therefore take great exception to the remarks of Sam Cohen, of Ashley & Martin. It may interest you to know that Ashley & Martin employ "an ordinary suburban doctor" to do *their* hair transplants. Also in the case of Ashley & Martin, clients are interviewed by salesmen and don't actually meet the surgeon until they are in the operating theatre. As one of the surgeons who have been consulted by patients who are unhappy with this arrangement I can state that this sometimes leads to confusion and misunderstandings.

It would also be fair comment to say that the commercial clinics adopt less rigorous criteria for determining whether it is appropriate to operate on any particular client. Sadly it appears that many clients with marked baldness spend 12 months (and considerable money) on the "treatments" of these clinics before being offered a transplant.

As to the Bleyer money-back guarantee — it is so worded that for the client to miss only one day's treatment in the ensuing 10 years causes an automatic cancellation of the guarantee.

Another point is that the "average" cost of hair transplantation is in the vicinity of $2000 to $3000. It is rarely anything like $4000 as Mr Cohen suggests.

Bobbie Wallbank . . . dreamtime

I would finally like to say that Jan Osborn and I don't believe there is any cure for baldness at this stage. No treatment other than transplantation advice is given at the ATC. — *Dr Russell Knudsen, Kogarah, NSW*

Commando commendation

Congratulations on the fine story on the Commando Regiment in August, 1984 *Penthouse*. It would be the first time that I've seen anything in print which could be said to be an accurate representation of the work which the unit undertakes.

I was an NCO of the platoon when most of the men who featured in the article were still recruits. It was fine to see that they'd all managed to go the distance. — *A.J. Taylor*

Combe clean, David

The Hope Royal Commission Report on the Combe/Ivanov affair, tabled in Federal Parliament on December 6, 1983, argued that there was no doubt that Valeriy Ivanov was a KGB officer who was cultivating David Combe. Mr Justice Hope further reported that "at the very least" Combe believed Ivanov "was probably a KGB officer."

Mr Justice Hope was also convinced that Ivanov had in Combe as promising a target as he was every likely to get and that the Soviet Union "did not require the intervention of a KGB officer to further its legitimate trading interests." According to the Report the offer of trading work was merely a bait in the entrapment process and Ivanov's warning of April 3 about ASIO's tapping of Combe's telephone was typically part of the recruitment process. Combe had also "proposed to accede" to Ivanov's suggestion that they should in future meet "in such a way as to avoid surveillance."

The Royal Commissioner approved in all major matters ASIO's and the Government's handling of the Combe affair in which he had no doubt there were "serious implications for national security." Mr Justice Hope believed it probable that Ivanov's ultimate intentions were "to use Combe to obtain and to hand over to him information and documents illegitimately, and in the interests of the Soviet Union, and to act, wittingly or unwittingly as an agent of influence."

Given this background it is difficult to understand why David Combe in his interview with Mungo MacCallum in the December 1984 issue of *Australian Penthouse* should whimper about his mistreatment, or why Channel 10 News should employ such a naive individual as a political analyst. Experience suggests that treatment in the Soviet Union for comparable indiscretions would not have been so lenient. — *Jonathan Graham, Double Bay, NSW*

Dreamtime

Congratulations *Penthouse*, you've done it again! First mother and daughter and then the equally sensational December Pet Of The Month, Bobbie Wallbank.— *G.R.J. Glenelg, SA*

Apology to W. Agnew

It has been brought to the attention of Australian Penthouse *that a letter that was published in the May 1984 Feedback column entitled "A Platinum Peach" was wrongly attributed to Bill Agnews of Dapto NSW. The letter was not submitted by Mr Bill Agnew of Dapto, and* Australian Penthouse *acknowledges that one of its employees submitted the letter in an ill-advised attempt at humor.* Australian Penthouse *further acknowledges that Mr Bill Agnew of Dapto has never corresponded with this magazine and is not a subscriber to it.* Australian Penthouse *unreservedly apologises to Mr Agnew for the embarrassment caused to him as a result of the publication of the letter.*

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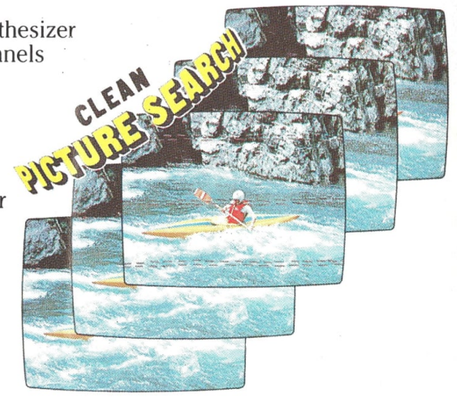

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Beta

SANYO That's Life!

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The Phantom

Four months ago my husband was working late, as he often does. I didn't expect him home until around 11pm. I had gone to bed around nine, and went to sleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Some time later I became half awake from a sound. I felt the bed covers being eased back and felt my husband ease into bed. A minute later I felt hands gently easing the front of my nightgown open. This was unusual, Dave didn't usually bother me when he came home after I had already gone to sleep.

There was a movement on the bed, two hands gently caressing my tits and then I felt him take a nipple into his mouth and start to suck my tits. It was like a dream, and I still wasn't sure it wasn't just that, but his touch was somehow different. It was very dark, I couldn't see anything more than his outline.

I felt him easing my nightgown up, then gently spreading my legs. I was really getting hot as he felt me up. Two, then three fingers were sawing in and out of my twat while his thumb flicked over my clitoris. I started to moan and move my pussy over his fingers.

His lips left my tits, and then I felt his face moving between my legs. It was at that second that the first doubt passed through my mind. My husband never ate me. I felt his tongue lapping at my pussy lips, his hands sweeping up my body to cup my tits. I reached for him, my hands working over the back of his head, holding his face to my pussy. While he licked my pussy I could feel the bridge of his nose working over my clitoris.

He took his time eating me, slowly drawing me right to the verge of orgasm, then backing off for a couple of minutes, then easing me once again right to the brink. Then slowly he moved up between my legs. I felt the head of his cock stroking over my pussy. My heels dug into the mattress as I thrust up at him, trying to get him in me. I was begging him to put it in me, but for long minutes he just teased me.

At last the head of his cock forced into my twat. There was no doubt in my mind then, this was not my husband fucking me! His cock was so thick it hurt as it slid in me. Slowly his cock sank into me, inch after inch until he was in me far deeper than my husband had ever been. It felt as though his cock would go clear through me.

I didn't want to know who was fucking me. I threw my legs around him, my heels digging into his buttocks. His hands moved to the cheeks of my arse. He guided my hips from side to side and I felt his cock raking through my pussy. All of a sudden I was aware of other movement in the bedroom and knew my husband was there watching this man screwing me, and that only turned me on more.

He started to screw me in long, slow thrusts. I felt a stab of pain each time he hit bottom at the depth of the stroke. I was so filled with cock I thought I would burst, and it felt like he would go clear through me. When he withdrew it felt like he was turning me inside out. I was thrusting my pussy up to meet every stroke, my naked body twisting and writhing beneath him. It only took a few strokes for him to bring me off, and I was coming like I had never made it before.

He held still all the way in me until my orgasm passed, then he started to screw me again. He pried my legs from his waist and drew them up until my ankles were hooked over his shoulders. It felt as though he was slipping into me even deeper and I could feel his heavy balls slapping against my upturned arse.

I had never dreamed a fucking could be so exciting. I tried to imagine how deep inside me his prick was reaching. Minutes later I was coming again. Once again he held still in me until my orgasm passed. He then rolled us over so that I was on top of him. I drew my nightgown over my head and tossed it aside.

I leaned forward and let him suck my tits. This time he was rougher, his teeth sinking into my nipples. I was rocking back and forth, fucking myself on his cock, much harder than he had screwed me. He let me bring myself off, then rolled over on top of me again, once again with my legs locked around his waist.

The pace picked up until he was fucking me hard and fast. I started coming and couldn't stop. It was like a series of orgasms, a new one starting before the previous one was quite finished. I was begging him to fuck me harder, faster, deeper. He rammed it home. I felt his cock jerking and twitching deep inside me, then his jazz started spurting up me and I had my final, and best orgasm.

Slowly his prick slipped out of me and his weight left me. I felt him take one of my hands and guide it between my widespread legs. I started feeling myself up, my fingers churning through the pool of jazz in my pussy. He moved again, and then the head of his cock brushed over my lips. I didn't hesitate to take his cock into my mouth. I loved the taste of his jazz and my juices.

Slowly he fucked my mouth while I sucked and licked his cock. At one stage I felt him starting to draw away from me. I put my arm around him and held him to me. He then rolled us over so that I was over him, my head bobbing up and down as I slipped his cock in and out of my mouth. I went on sucking his cock until he was spurting in my mouth, and I was drinking his semen.

Once again there was movement in the bedroom. A few minutes later I heard the front door open, then close. I heard my husband return to the bedroom, then join me in bed. He put his arm around me and kissed me. I lay there for a moment, then told him I had had a beautiful dream, one I hoped I could recapture many, many times.

He mounted me a moment later. Dave put his cock in my pussy, and I enjoyed intercourse with my husband as much as I had with my phantom lover. When it was over I moved down and took him into my mouth.

He then began to question me about my dream. I told him I had dreamed I was being raped by a complete stranger. Without either of us admitting it had actually happened, we let each other know it was an experience to be relived many times.

In the last four months my husband has brought 12 men home to fuck me. My first stud had screwed me seven times. Once three men took turns on me. Last week a new dimension was added when I woke up and found another woman in bed with me, and I enjoyed sex with her every bit as much as with a man. — *Mrs A.W., Sydney*

Movin' in for the thrill

Last Saturday, my family and I loaded up the car with my sister's belongings and headed out to her college, some five hours away. After finding a parking space there, we started to unload the car. It was a really muggy day and I was sweating like a racehorse. About midway through the unloading. I was really feeling the six floors I had to climb each time, so I decided to take a break. Sitting down on the grass next to the car, I noticed this extremely at-

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FORUM

tractive little lady struggling to unload her car. Being the gentleman that I am, I asked if she needed any help. She said, "Thank you, no." So, I went back to unloading my sister's things.

Halfway up those six flights of stairs, I found the same girl picking up all the stuff she had dropped. Seeing me, she said that maybe she could use some help after all. So, with my sister's box of belongings and now Lisa's, I was really having a hard time. Being a body builder and a construction worker, I really thought I could handle the heavy load. Well, just as I was feeling pretty cocky, I tripped and fell forward. Out of Lisa's box dropped a penis-shaped gadget. I honestly thought it was a curling iron of some sort. She turned the brightest shade of red I have ever seen and grabbed it out of my hands. Only then did I realise just what it was.

Acting like nothing happened, we reached her room and I mentioned how thirsty I was. She got me a soft drink and plopped down in a chair. It was then that I really noticed how fantastic she was. After some small talk, I asked her her age. When I heard she was only 18 as of last week, I decided to forget what my stiff pecker had in mind.

With both of us sweat-soaked from the muggy day, she excused herself and left to change her clothes. When she got back from the other room, my life flashed before me. I pray I will never forget what I saw. She was clad in a bikini top and short shorts. With a seductively shy little grin she took a pull on a beer. In all my 28 years I have never wanted anyone as badly as I wanted this tender, brown-eyed, sensuously innocent dishwater blonde. Lisa's breasts were about the size of large grapefruits and her bum was bounteously curved. When she handed me a beer, I told her I got high just by watching her in her shorts.

Feeling a little intoxicated herself, she asked if I would do her a little favor. "Sure, just name it," I said. She asked me if I wouldn't mind kissing her. My mouth nearly fell to the floor.

My God, that one kiss lasted for 20 minutes. I was still tonguing her when she started rubbing my best friend. While she did that, I unhooked her bikini top and the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen sprang into view. I was in pure ecstasy. I looked into her eyes and she was crying. I backed off and asked if she was okay. She kissed me and said she was having one long orgasm unlike anything she'd experienced before. With that I fell to my knees and damn near ripped her shorts off. What I found was truly the greatest sight of my life: Lisa's vaginal area was totally shaved. Droplets of love nectar dripped out of her. I buried my face between her breasts and slowly slid my lips and tongue past her stomach down to her pussy where I delicately tongued her dew. Never in my entire life have I ever tasted anything so delectable. Lisa's entire body shook uncontrollably.

By now, my penis was throbbing and pulsating like never before. I slowly eased her off the chair and on to the floor. She then begged me to enter her steaming hot cunt. She was unbelievably tight. I even had a hard time sliding my cock into her. Once inside of her, I could actually feel her individual pussy muscles caressing my dick. It felt so great, I went as slow as I could. "I'm ready for you to fill me up," she whispered in my ear. With that, I went wild and quickened the pace. Again, she was totally uncontrollable. With all my might and force I pounded into her like I never believed possible. I climaxed like a killer earthquake. I never pumped as much sperm into a woman as I did into Lisa.

As we lay there, Lisa looked up at me and kissed me tenderly. She then asked me where the rest of my family was — which brought me back to reality. We laughed, showered, and then went up to my sister's room hand in hand. The rest of my family had gone to dinner and come back again. Realising I had forgotten the box that I carried as far as the third floor, Lisa and I turned around and, hand in hand, walked down the hall, laughing all the way to her room. As we entered, the deep musty smell of our earlier escapade filled our nostrils and put us back into that lovemaking mood. But, with the family already pissed off at me, we decided to use what little self-control we could find. I grabbed the box, got Lisa's address, and kissed her goodbye.

Yes, it's true, I am definitely ready to go back down to see my Love Goddess. In fact, I'm leaving to go back the minute I finish this letter. Please print this. I would love to show it to Lisa to prove to her just how much that weekend moved me. — *Name and address withheld*

When the cat's away

My name is Megan. I am an 18-year-old who works in an office with another attractive young lady called Tania. She has a petite figure, with straight shoulder-length blonde hair and a permanent sultry expression on her face. I'm taller, with wild brown hair, bedroom eyes and (so I'm told) a great arse.

Recently, while on holidays, I visited work just to say "Hi." Or so I thought! My boss was also on holidays so I wasn't surprised to see a "Back in 5 mins" sign on the door. I let myself in to find Tania lying naked on the couch with Shelly (a mutual friend) on top of her! They were locked in a passionate embrace but quickly sat up with the most guilty looks on their faces. Nobody said a word. I just stood there, gaping at two friends whom I never dreamed were on together.

In mock shock I backed away, but Shelly had other ideas. She grabbed me and kissed me in such a way that my nipples grew hard immediately. Before I could even blink, the door was locked and my jumper thrown across the room — baring my 36C tits. Tania started teasing my swollen breasts while Shelly was on her knees, massaging my dripping pussy through my panties. This was just too much. I removed my skirt and knickers and joined the others on the floor.

Shelly went down on me and Tania, wanting some action, straddled my face. I tried to concentrate on eating Tania's hot box and her moans told me I was doing fine, but Shelly had me in heaven. She sucked and licked my clitoris and gnawed at my hole until I could take no more. I slipped my tongue deep inside Tania and came all over Shelly's face with such force I thought I would pass out! Tania ground her clit against my hot tongue then squealed and orgasmed for what seemed forever.

After recovering, it was Shelly's turn for some pleasure. I absolutely adore her breasts; they're a creamy color and quite large, but not at all droopy. As I caressed these gorgeous melons, Tania licked and bit Shelly's inner thighs and pumped away at her slippery pussy. I was content to squeeze and suck on her tits forever but Tania decided we'd change over, so I kissed Shelly, tongues thrusting hungrily, then slowly worked my way down to her silky treasure. I buried my mouth inside her pussy lips and licked for all I was worth. Each time Shelly was about to come I held my tongue and fingers very still. It drove her crazy. Obviously Tania felt the same way about Shelly's boobs as I did, because she was sucking Shelly's nipples like her life depended on it.

After I'd left Shelly on the brink for the third time, I started eating her again and I knew I'd better not stop this time. She began breathing so heavily and bucked her hips in my face. Suddenly, she cried out and froze. Her muscles squeezed tight around my fingers and her thighs clamped shut against my ears, blocking out her exhausted moans. I lapped up her come as it dribbled down my chin. The knock on the door startled us all and we were very quiet. A sigh, then a pile of mail slid under the door and footsteps faded out. From that day the postman always gives us strange looks.

This horny threesome hasn't happened again — yet! Tonight we're getting together for a meal, and who knows what might happen. — *Name and address withheld*

A friend indeed

My compliments on your excellent pictorials and articles, especially the letters presented in Forum. I always read them, but find many hard to believe — that is, until recently, when I had an experience that fulfilled my wildest fantasies.

I am 22-year-old university student. Until a few weeks ago, I lived in a crowded student house.

The woman who made my fantasy come true is a friend of my mother, who lives near the uni. She is 37, rather slim, and has long black hair. She has been divorced for almost four years and lives alone.

Naturally, since she was so close to my mother, I visited her frequently. Being far away from home, I often spent long hours at her house. She often prepared my meals, and we watched TV, played cards, or just sat around the house, talking. During that time, I discovered that although she was a fun, attractive woman, she had few boyfriends and was very lonely. She talked constantly about how different life was without a man around the house.

Before long, I noticed that she was becoming more and more casual around me, talking freely about her private thoughts and fantasies. Not long after, I was leaving her house every night with a terrific hard-on. As soon as I arrived at my place I would go to the bathroom, lock the door, and relieve my throbbing penis, fantasising about having sex with my mother's friend. At first I rejected any ideas of actually having sex with her, but these initial reservations soon wore away after several nights of her casual teasing.

One Tuesday, I went over to her house dressed in a T-shirt and shorts. It was about 10am and she was still wearing her fee-

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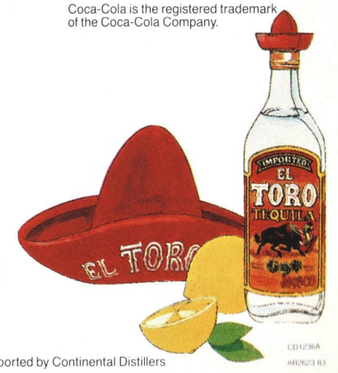

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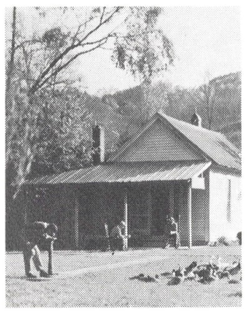

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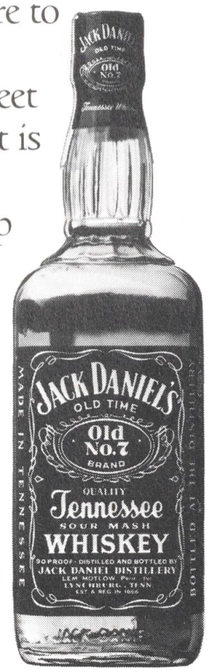

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FORUM

ble excuse for a nightie. The garment, which hugged her tightly, was made of black lace, making apparent her firm, supple body underneath. She smiled and told me to make myself comfortable while she took a shower. She patted me on the bum as she left swaying, the nightie clinging to her like a glove.

I stood there for a moment and heard the bathroom door shut. My penis was at full mast, begging to be relieved. I sat down in one of her large overstuffed chairs and waited for the sound of the shower. The instant I heard the water running, my shorts dropped to my ankle and I groped my rod, pumping it with ecstasy.

During my interlude, I thought I heard light footsteps in the hallway, but I was too absorbed in pleasure to really care. I climaxed, breathing a sigh of relief as I sank back into the chair. I took a wad of tissue paper and wiped the sperm from my penis. I tossed it into the wastebasket in the corner of the room and pulled my shorts up, satisfied for the moment.

I looked at a magazine for about 15 minutes until she finished showering. Barefoot, she entered the living room wearing a pair of tight shorts and a T-shirt with no bra. She sat down on the lounge to my left, looking at me in a strange, seductive sort of way. I smiled at her in return.

"What do you have planned for today?" I asked innocently.

She smiled, her lips glistening, and with a gleam in her eye she said, "Let's get drunk."

I was a bit surprised, but she was serious. Immediately she disappeared into the kitchen and returned with two ice-cold tinnies. She plopped one in my lap and took the other with her to the lounge. We began to drink. She sat silently, still looking at me with that strange look — only this time she was smiling.

Soon we were both finishing our second beer, and I, having a very low tolerance for booze, was getting quite a buzz. My mother's friend was getting a bit tipsy, too. Suddenly, she patted the cushion next to her. "Come sit with me. I might need some help sitting up pretty soon."

I obliged, walking over and sitting next to her. As we started our third beer, I was relaxed enough to start telling her dirty jokes. I told her story after story, and she laughed at every one. By now, I was getting quite horny again, an erection becoming clearly apparent through my shorts.

After a while, she paused to look at my bulging crotch, and giggled, "It looks like something's trying to get out of your shorts!"

I was slightly embarrassed until I noticed her nipples budding under her T-shirt. She set her beer can aside and reached out to stroke my bulge.

"Why, it looks like it needs a little tender

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loving care," she teased. "Not the banging you gave it when I was in the shower."

She said that she had seen me relieve my prick. I told her I couldn't help it, with all of her teasing. I was only human.

"Don't worry," she purred, "I'll make everything all right."

She then instructed me to stand before her and strip. I felt my body tingle as I removed my shirt, folding it neatly and laying it on a chair. Then I bent over and removed my shoes, placing them in the corner. She eyed me thoroughly as I pulled down my shorts and folded them up on the chair.

I stood there: my naked body facing her, my penis jutting out towards her. She stood up and took my left nipple in her mouth. Her fingers explored the muscles in my shoulders as she sucked vigorously. I stood there, pleading with her to suck my penis. With careful slowness, she pulled her head back from my nipple and ran her mouth down to my groin. Her lips formed a perfect circle as she closed them around my rod. With her hands now clamped on my buttocks, she worked over the head of my penis with her lips and tongue. Then she slowly moved in. She sucked lightly as her teeth gently bit at my organ. Her tongue slid up and down the bottom of my shaft as she worked her way farther along. When she had finally taken in all of my seven inches, she shoved her entire face against my thighs and sucked powerfully. I let out a stifled cry, as her mouth and its soothing hot saliva hurtled my dick towards orgasm.

"I'm coming. Oh, shit, I'm coming!" I gasped.

I squirted my jism down her throat. She sucked and sucked until I was clean. She stood up and went to the kitchen, returning with a napkin. She daintily wiped off the mixture of saliva and sperm that had dribbled down her chin. When she has finished, she tossed the napkin aside and threw her arms up.

"Now strip me," she said casually.

This was the moment I had been waiting for. I smiled and dropped to my knees. I reached up and unsnapped her shorts, opened the zipper, and slowly brought them down her thighs, past her legs, and her feet. She stepped out of them, while I stood up and placed my hands on her waist. I carefully brought her T-shirt up past her breasts and over her head.

After placing her carefully folded clothes aside, I gazed at her, naked except for a pair of sheer panties. I looked at her breasts. They were large and firm. Her nipples were about a quarter-inch in diameter, and a half-inch long. I took her in my arms; our mouths locked together in frenzied tongue play. I reached down and squeezed her firm bottom as she ground her hips into mine.

After what seemed an eternity, she pulled back and whispered, "Eat me."

I obeyed, again dropping to my knees to remove her panties, which were thoroughly soaked as I tossed them aside. I clamped my hands on her buttocks and buried my face deep in her lovely bush.

She moaned and squeezed her nipples as my mouth bored into her. Her buttocks tensed up a couple of times, and then she came — her juices drenching my face and dripping on to the carpet. I eased her back on to the lounge for an hour of straight fucking. She often wrapped her legs around me trying to pull me as close to her as possible. When I tired, she would roll on top of me and thrust her hips against my shaft, always gazing deeply into my eyes.

We separated long enough for me to carry her to the bedroom, the rest of the day and into the night, we lay under the covers, kissing, cuddling, fondling each other, and screwing a couple more times. I pulled a *Penthouse* out of her bedstand drawer, and looked through it while she gave me a blowjob before we went to sleep.

I thought all the fun was over for the time being, but I was wrong! Expecting to wake up at seven in the morning to go to my classes, I felt my companion's light touch wake me up at six instead.

"It's time for your bath, dear," she said.

Still groggy, I was taken by the hand and led into the bathroom, where she filled the tub with warm water and sat me down into it. The water felt good, as she cupped her hands and drenched my entire body with the soothing liquid. Then she soaped a washcloth and stood me up.

She rubbed the soapy washcloth over my entire body. My senses came to life, and so did my penis. By the time I was fully soaped over, I had another terrific hard-on. She then rinsed me with a warm shower. Her light feminine touch was beautiful.

When I was clean, she turned me towards her and towelled me dry.

"Now," she said, raising an eyebrow, "You can't go to class with a bulge like that in your pants!" She positioned herself behind me and reached around my waist, groping my penis in her right hand. As her left hand caressed one of my nipples, the other hand masturbated me to a quick shuddering orgasm. She wiped me clean with the washcloth and dressed me.

She prepared me a delicious breakfast, and with a kiss on the cheek and a pat on the arse, she sent me off to uni with a smile on my face.

Since then, our relationship has flourished — to say the least. I've just about moved into her house. I use my room only occasionally, and my morale has improved infinitely. We are developing a sort of husband-and-wife relationship. We constantly experiment with sex and always get a charge out of reading your Forum section. — *Name and address withheld*

Stroke of luck

I've been a subscribed reader of *Penthouse* for seven years, and every month the first section I turn to after the Pet Of The Month spread is Forum.

I'm 33, and, according to most Forum letters, I'm below average in endowment. It's been about five months since I split with my last girlfriend, and I've been keeping pretty much to myself.

Last Friday night, after several beers at home, I was in the mood for some female companionship. I had been lucky before at a nearby pub, so I thought I'd start there. After a few beers, one "Maybe I'll dance later," and several refusals, I moved on.

The second place was so crowded, that to get to the bar, you had to rub your way through tits and bums. Problem was, they were all on the blokes that were there.

At the third place, the crowd was average, the drinks were quick, and the music okay. After an hour, I found out that most of the girls preferred dancing with each other and didn't care to help out a lonely bloke. With enough time to catch some of the last set at the lounge where I started, I staggered off.

As soon as I entered the bar, I noticed an attractive older woman with platinum-blonde hair sitting by herself. As I started walking towards her table she got up and greeted me with, "How about doing your nice deed for the day and dance with me?"

With the group doing a reasonable song, I couldn't refuse. The song ended quickly and was followed by a slow tune. We stayed on the floor and ground it out. She told me her name, but with her chest rubbing against me and with the night's beer already consumed, I'm embarrassed to say I didn't retain it.

After a quick hug, we went back to her table. She claimed she had just got into town, rented one of the last vacant rooms, and was very tired. Just when I was expecting to hear, "Thanks for the dance, goodbye," she asked me to join her in her room. She didn't have to ask twice.

When the door there closed, we embraced with a long searching kiss. I started to unbutton her blouse but she insisted I wait.

Wait! That was a good idea — my bladder was about to burst. As I was coming out of the bathroom, I asked her to forgive me and tell me her name again. She simply replied, "Just call me 'Hon', and take your clothes off."

What seemed like an hour later, while lying on the bed in my jocks, Hon came in from the bathroom wearing only a sheer black nightie and carrying a white bath towel. She walked over to the desk and put the towel down. As she bent over to open the top two drawers, I couldn't resist grabbing her soft white buttocks which peeked out from under her nightie.

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FORUM

She pushed me back gently, bent down, pulled my pants off, and slowly stroked her tongue once over the head of my prick. Hon asked — no, it was more like commanded — me to sit in the chair in front of the desk and not say a word. I couldn't believe the excitement in the air.

As I moved to the chair, she positioned herself in front of me on the desk and put one foot in each of the open drawers. I moved closer to kiss her pretty, sweet-smelling lips when she reached down, pushed my head away, and said, "Later baby. Now its my time to turn you on."

Hon leaned back against the mirror with her eyes closed, slipped her hands under her nightie, and started rubbing her large firm tits. Then she lowered her left hand to her moist box and started massaging it.

After she spread her lips to reveal a tasty treat of clit, my cock was harder than a Russian roll call. Hon slid one, then two fingers deeply into her pussy and slowly worked her thumb up to her long beautiful button, moaning louder and gasping quicker with each thrust.

Just as the juices started dripping down her crack to the towel, she threw off her top, slid off the desk and landed in my lap. After inserting my full dick up her tight box, she changed quickly from slow, long, steady strokes to fast, short, rotating moves. Seconds later, she came like she'd been saving it for years.

After a climax that must have lasted five minutes, Hon passed out. But her passing out kept me from emptying my load inside her.

I picked her up and placed her on the bed. Being the neat, kind fellow that I am, I decided to lick up the sticky mess between her legs. I was getting the last of it when she started waking up. When I told her she had passed out before I had a chance to come, she rolled me on my back and gave me the best blowjob I ever had.

Later, just before I left her the next morning, we had an additional simultaneous climax that must have registered on the Richter scale.

Other than what I have shared with you, all I know about this dynamic woman is that she is 45 and in town this time each year. Hon, if you're reading this, I'm looking for you. — *Name and address withheld*

Natural resources

When I joined the navy three years ago, I heard that all navy women were ugly or gay or both. Well, I'm here to tell you that this notion is not true.

I work nights on a computer (called a station) with two other blokes named Frank and Jimmy. For weeks we had been checking out the new girl in the parts department. Her name was Becky, and she came in to our shop to buy Passiona from the vending machine.

One Friday night, we were all set to get out of the shop and go hit the pub when our chief walked in and told us that we had to fix some more gear. A carrier had just pulled in for a two-day break and it needed work. He apologised and went home, saying he'd check on us later. We bitched for a while and got to work.

A few minutes later, Becky came into the shop and asked me if I had any change. She looked kind of sad, so I did my best to cheer her up. With one hand I hit the side of the vending machine at a spot right next to one of the buttons. (We had been doing this for months and the navy retail service never caught on.) As usual, two cans dropped out. She smiled as I gave her the can. "That's better," I said. "You looked kind of down when you came in."

"I was," she said, "I had big plans for tonight." She looked me up and down, took a sip of her drink, and said, "Show me around."

I led her behind one of the stations and put our drinks into one of the cold air ducts. "You're pretty resourceful!" she said, placing her hand on my arm.

"Thank you," I said, not believing the way she was looking at me. I decided to go for it and kissed her. Then all hell broke loose.

She grasped me with both arms as we fell on to one of the safety mats behind the station; her tongue darted in and out of my mouth while I tore at the buttons of her uniform.

She had the most beautiful tits I've ever seen and I licked her marble-hard nipples as she undid my King Gees. I was as stiff as a board, and she moaned low in her throat as she grabbed my throbbing cock. I had her pants off in no time. "Oh God," she moaned, as I entered her damp, hot pussy. I went at it for all I was worth, and she wrapped her legs around my waist and spurred my arse with her heels.

Just then, Frank and Jimmy walked back behind the station. I didn't really know what to do, but I wasn't about to stop. Becky didn't stop either.

She reached up and started rubbing Frank's crotch. He just stood there freaking out, trying to decide what to do. It didn't take him long, though. He ripped off his uniform while Jimmy fondled her tits.

I shot a huge wad up her wet snatch and Jimmy lost no time picking her up and bending her over the equipment rack. He porked her for at least 10 minutes and she was still hot for more as she got on her knees and gave Frank the knob-job of his life.

About 20 minutes later, we started putting our clothes on, laughing as we got each other's overalls mixed up.

"What the fuck's going on!" we heard the chief bellow, as we walked out, hair all messed up and big grins on our faces.

"Air hose came loose, " I said. "We put a couple of soft drinks back there to cool them down and the hose came loose and it got to be like a wind tunnel back there."

"Got it taken care of?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Be careful with those hoses from now on," he said as he walked off.

"Absolutely, sir."

"You are a resourceful guy," she winked as she started for the door. Now the question is, what am I going to do about the sexy new girl in production control?

Oh well, I'll think of something. — *Name and address withheld*

On the horizon

It was a perfect beach day on the island. Low dune grass separated us from people on either side. They couldn't see us — as long as we remained horizontal. I lay with my head near her hip, applying suntan lotion to the beautiful flowing curve where her back rises to meet her arse. Her pelvis slowly undulated against her towel. We were hot. The morning had been spent with my cock in her warm mouth. We were steaming again.

I squirted some lotion on the inside of her thighs. Her muscular bottom contracted in surprise. I smoothed the creamy lotion over the radiant globes of her bum to where her black suit eclipsed my caressing fingers with a thin strip. That narrow strip of fabric was all that separated me from her delicious strawberry-blonde pussy.

I followed the curves down the crack and under her suit. As I touched her anus her cheeks squeezed my fingers, but I slid between her rosy lips to her clit. I wanted to suck it badly. She rolled on to her side, allowing me access to her pussy. She let out a long sound that consisted of a medley of the letter "o" stifled at the end by my cock filling her mouth.

Shelly was having a problem swallowing all of me. When she was young, she had a bad experience with oral sex. Now she was holding back. It was all I could do to keep from grabbing her gorgeous blonde head and impaling it totally. Suddenly I stopped worrying about it, because the head of my cock had passed her last barrier and slid down her silken throat. I felt her gag slightly as her tongue slithered between my balls. I stayed there and felt her moan around my cock until she needed a breath. Then she moved down and up my pole with several electrifying strokes. Frantically she worked her lips and tongue while she sucked wet and hard. I was just about to take flight when my worst fear was realised. She stopped.

She held me teetering on the edge, overwhelmed — but only to make it last. Then the first hot wave of come shot down her throat. I was coming faster than she could swallow and it made her choke a little. Her pussy contracted around my fingers, and she went over the top and out of control. — *Name and address withheld*

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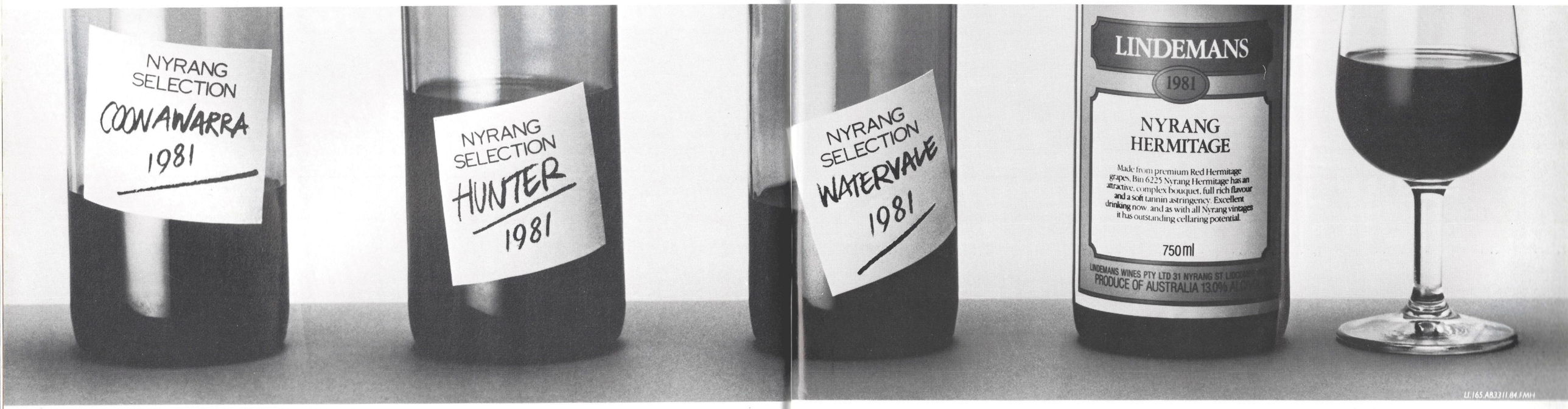
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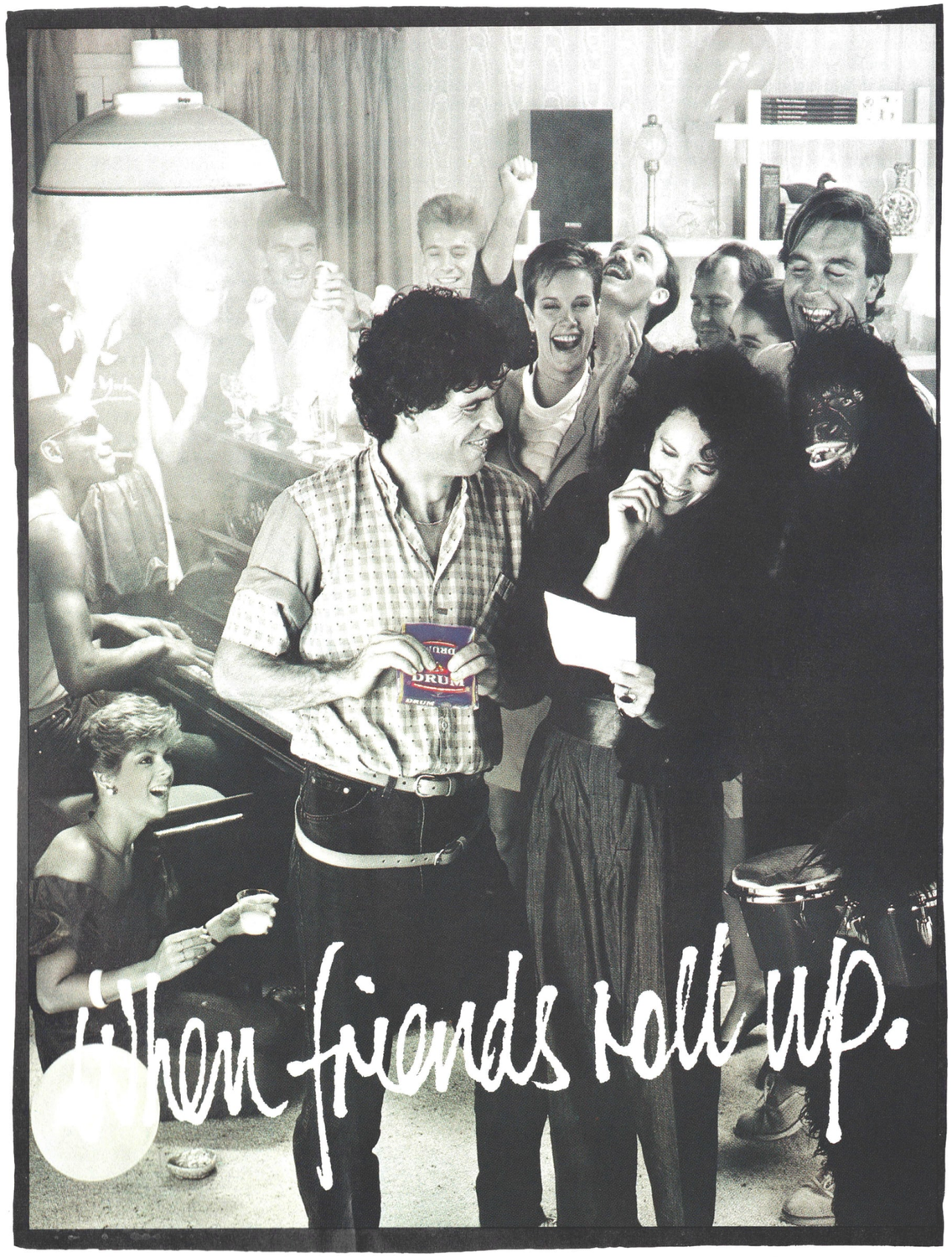

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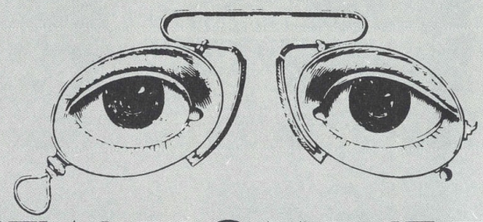

VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SUBURBAN SNOOP

BY FRANK ROBSON

A couple are having an affair outside this house. Let me reword that: two people given to stealing moments of passion away from the bonds of matrimony are — at this very moment — keeping a roadside assignation a few metres beyond my front window.

They've been meeting here once a week for several months, probably in the hope that by coming in separate cars to this quiet and hilly Brisbane suburb they are reducing the risk of scandal. (How could they guess that behind my slyly-angled venetians there lurks a professional snoop, his typewriter clattering down secrets even as they unfold?)

This morning as usual they parked out front and, barely acknowledging one another, walked across the road and into the grounds of a church. Partially screened by a wooden sign — CHARITY CAKE STALL HERE EACH FRIDAY — they embraced, spoke animatedly, embraced again, then returned independently to their cars.

I usually manage to hear some fragment of conversation before they leave in his car (returning a few hours later). Today, the woman — a sleek brunette in a well-cut business suit — said: "God darling, it's on *both* of them."

The man came around on to the nature strip and supported her as she removed her black stiletto heels. "Oh bloody hell!" he grumbled, a thickset man in shirt sleeves, balding and stern-faced, down on his knees wiping dog shit from his lover's expensive shoes.

With a flush of contentment I realised that such a small yet revealing link in the chain of events would once have escaped my attention. Back in the days when my eyes were blind to the compelling dramas of ordinary suburbia — unfolding with the leisurely compulsion of a good novel — I probably would have stepped in that dog shit myself.

Two years ago when I left my job in the city and set up operations here in the front room, the suburbs bored me silly. But remember old Harry Butler in some lifeless desert, insisting that "fascinating creatures" were active all about him? By moving a few rocks and sticks, Harry rooted them out. In a way, I've done the same thing.

Take, for example, The Runaway. For a long time I barely noticed an old gaffer shuffling past, moving so slowly he seemed *always* to be out there, clutching a string shopping bag. Then I realised that although he passed unaccompanied, he always returned arm in arm with an elderly woman. Paying more attention, I detected that each time the old man passed, he was *followed* within minutes by the woman.

By abandoning work entirely and gliding from window to window to observe them — and by asking my wife — I gathered these horrifying facts. The old man and woman, brother and sister, live together near us. Senile and placed in his sister's care by doctors, the old fellow is forbidden to leave the property. But most days he takes the shopping bag and makes a run for it, and the sister goes after him. She hauls him home by the arm, his mouth opening and closing in soundless protest, hers set grim with the responsibility of being her brother's jailer.

Lately I've become familiar with such a range of matters concerning local people it is increasingly difficult to monitor them all.

I learned why a German couple who jog past each morning always stay 10 metres apart — not because she is faster, nor even because he contrives to study her athletic bum. It is a trap for dogs. When a dog makes a move towards the woman, he sprints forward with a terrible scream and hurls himself on it. I have seen him drop kick a dog over a picket fence. He wrestles the things for pleasure, and his wife — looking bored — watches.

Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses rarely call here anymore, probably because of a method I devised for greeting them. I watch them come down the path, then dive across to the front door, looking through the peephole for the moment when a set of knuckles is poised to knock.

At that crucial instant I hurl the door open, beaming savagely, and the religionists — superstitious folk as a rule — are immediately demoralised.

But lately I've noticed a worrying trend. Simply observing the passing parade is losing its appeal — I find myself wanting to become *involved*. Now a mere snoop, I aspire to the role of interfering busybody. I could, for example, rescue The Runaway by diverting him into my car and driving him to a distant country town from which he would take perhaps 50 years to return.

I could hire a giant doberman, feed him amphetamines and set him after the German jogger's wife. But of course I recognise that one has to draw the line somewhere.

So I've turned my attention to the view from the rear of the house — in particular, to a finishing school for girls on a neighbouring hilltop. A powerful telescope is what's needed, so that when I'm old I can sit out on the back verandah and fiddle with the fine focus. "Charming!" sneered my wife at this suggestion. "You'll be able to perve on girls who haven't been born yet!" My own view is that planning for the future never hurt anyone.

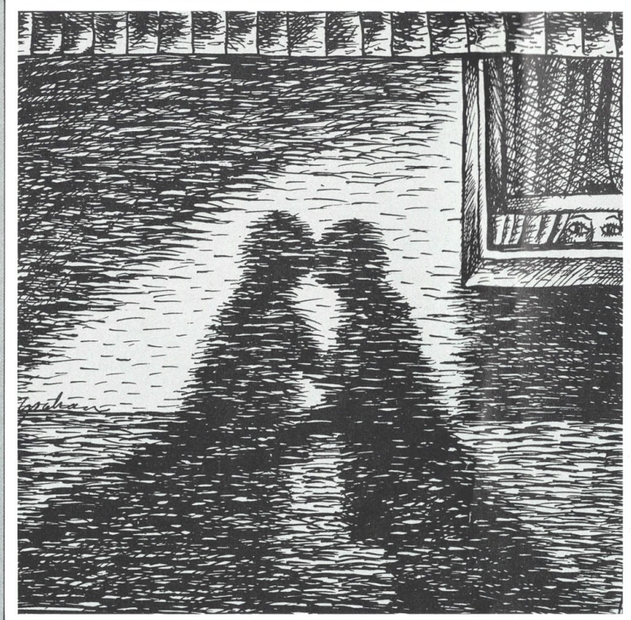

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

PRODUCTION LINES

The general listener may have heard of producers spoken about in near-reverential terms but never quite realised their importance in the recording process. Unless performers in the pop-rock workforce are seasoned pros with lots of studio flying time, the producer is the person who guides them through the multi-tracking maze and plays the role of the objective Mr Big Ears. Like doctors, they need a good bedside manner to get the best performance out of their charges.

The early days of rock and roll had production luminaries like Motown's founder Berry Gordy and Mr Showbiz himself, Phil Spector, while the Beatles could possibly have floundered without the benign genius of George Martin to translate their euphoric enthusiasm into recorded reality. Local names like Mark Opitz (Cold Chisel, Eurogliders), and Ricky Fataar and Mark Moffat (Tim Finn), like their overseas counterparts Giorgio Moroder (Flashdance) and Quincy Jones (Michael Jackson), are much less known to the public than the soap powder they help package. Nevertheless, they are the real hit-makers and one producer whose star ascended in a big way last year was ex-Buggle and Yes man Trevor Horn — the first release on his Zang Tuum Tang label was Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

If Malcolm McLaren can be believed, *he* was responsible for all Horn's good ideas, developed when the pair recorded *Duck Rock* and, more recently, with McLaren's operatic plunderings ("Madame Butterfly"). There have been so many mixes of "Relax", "Two Tribes" and "War" that the **Hee Bee Gee Bees** on *20 Big No 2s* (J&B) don't sound too far-fetched with their version of Frankie Goes To The Bank — "Remix, go for it, when you want a profit, remix, go for it, when you want to con." Still, it's a testament to Horn's prowess that such a non-song, production exercise like "Two Tribes" took the air waves by storm. **Frankie Goes to Hollywood**'s debut double album *Welcome to The Pleasure Dome* (ZTT) demonstrates how much of Frankie is Trevor.

Frankie's The Pleasure Dome

Elsewhere in the wonderful world of vinyl, the producer's import is acknowledged by veteran popsters **Daryl Hall and John Oates**. Their *Big Bam Boom* (RCA) employs American master of big beat rock and roll and techno-disco impressario Arthur Baker. His 97-second introduction to "Out Of Touch" is the album's highlight before the soulful sweet hooks resume normal transmission.

XTC are a band with their own highly developed sense of big beat. *The Big Express* (Virgin) demonstrates it with sea shanty strains ("All You Pretty Girls"), country plucking ("Shake You Donkey Up"), brass band euphonium ("Seagulls") and apocalyptic reggae melancholia ("This World Over"). The Swindon trio (Terry Chambers having been transported to the colonies for a stint with Dragon) rarely resolve their cyclic melodies into marshmallow choruses though there is the odd guerilla raid on syntax — "You're the wish you are I had." The lads have had a long break due to illness in the family (singer Andy Partridge) but with revived constitutions it's good to see their rolling stock getting up steam again.

If *That's The Way I Feel Now — A Tribute To Thelonius Monk* (A&M) has escaped your attention then backtrack to this double album collection of the pianist's work as interpreted by such diverse artists as rock guitarists Chris Spedding and Peter Frampton, Joe Jackson, Todd Rundgren and jazz stars from Monk's era Steve Lacy, Elvin Jones and Ed Blackwell. Monk was one of the great jazz tune writers, at his peak in the Fifties and Sixties (from the birth of cool through the maturation of be-bop). Conceived shortly after his death in 1982, this album has performers addressing themselves to the substance if not style of the man's original recordings. The power of his tunes (deceptively simple melodies with mischievous rhythmic shifts) make all these artists at least sound like they have a valid reason for being on the same album.

New Zealand's **DD Smash**'s previous offering in this country, *Cool Bananas,* was an uninspiring collection of thin-sounding guitar rock. Trimmed to the core of Dave Dobbyn and Peter Warren (with session players), the Smash show much more substance on *The Optimist* (Mushroom). Brass and background vocals set a soulful mood while Dobbyn's vocals convincingly chart this more musical setting.

Jethro Tull has no great surprises *Underwraps* (Chrysalis) for their 1984 incarnation. Still, the effect of Ian Anderson's solo *Walk Into Light* to play with new machines, images and keyboardist Peter Vettese is quite apparent.

Hot Collations: *History Of Rock and Roll* (Hot) reminds of some fine sounds from the **Laughing Clowns'** first five years; *The Nine O'Clock Muse* (ABC) is ten tracks from the 2JJJ show of the same name; *This Is Rough Trade* (Rough Trade), a singles collection from this strong independent British stable; *Tom Waits Asylum Years* (Asylum), not a medical report of progress made but recorded highlights from 1973 to 81; *Real Life Master Mix* (Wheatley), dewimped mega mixes from their debut album.

Discs for laying down and avoiding: **Madonna's** *Like A Virgin* (Sire) — quick, somebody put her out of her misery; **Giorgio Moroder's** *Metropolis* (CBS), a good way to spoil a classic piece of cinema; *Apollonia* 6 (Warners) — more of **Prince's** underwear fantasies, music to sniff bicycle seats to. — *Jeremy Cook*

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FILM

UNDER THE WEATHER

A little black depression, sir? A bucket of alcoholic remorse? Step right up to **Under The Volcano** and wallow in the lava of love lost, betrayal, self-loathing and rejection.

This stiff drink of a film is based on the 1947 classic novel by Malcolm Lowry. It's directed by the legendary John Huston and it employs the multi-faceted talents of Albert Finney in its central role. All the ingredients of a Krakatoa cocktail . . . but somewhere in the mix it became a bit of a lukewarm middy.

Under The Volcano presents the story of a broken man who in the final 24 hours of his life seeks to hit rock bottom and reject all that has been dear to him.

The film opens with images of death — dancing skeleton puppets, skulls with candles flickering from their eye sockets and gaudy, skull-shaped candies grinning in rows from market displays. It is the Day Of The Dead in Cuernavaca, Mexico, 1938. The shadow of war is creeping across the globe and former British Consul Geoffrey Firmin, dressed in a black dinner suit and heavy dark glasses strides through the festival of death into the last day of his life.

He carries the unopened letters sent to him from his estranged wife, Yvonne. She has written seeking a reconciliation, a future together away from Mexico, and that he forget forever that she had been unfaithful with his half-brother Hugh. But Firmin stoically refuses to forget, he refuses to open the letters to read of Yvonne's love for him, preferring his own inner torment and the self-imposed loneliness of his bitter memories. At the same time he craves for his wife and late at night he drunkenly prays for her return. His wish is answered when she arrives the following morning to find him splayed and babbling in a seedy taverna.

Their day together roaming the carnival of death with Firmin's half-brother is a disaster — Yvonne and Hugh can only stand back and watch as Firmin rejects their help and closeness and recedes further into his private, tangled Hades in an alcoholic celebration of his own looming end.

The final scenes are played out in a rough brothel peopled by drunk, deviate and dirty human flotsam. It is Firmin's rock bottom, where in the midst of the drinking, cheating, whoring and filth, he dies by a bullet. Yvonne dies moments later, trampled by a white horse that had been startled by the gunfire.

The director's casting of Albert Finney in the role of Firmin is faultless. Finney rants, rails, and staggers and weeps his way to a certain Academy Award nomination. You can smell the booze leaking from his pores throughout the film. Jacqueline Bisset portrays Yvonne in a cool, knitted-brow manner. As with Anthony Andrews in the role of the idealistic Hugh, she is required to do not a lot more than evoke helplessness as she orbits the yawning black hole consuming the one dearest to her. Anthony Andrews struts and ponces his way through his part as the half brother.

Huston's aim was to manipulate audience admiration for Firmin's heroic, single-minded self destruction. Finney as Firmin is indeed awe-inspiring, but he evokes a voyeuristic awe we usually reserve for self-destructing rock stars or suicidal artists. Or the more cynical may see him simply as a self-pitying old pisspot, a loser seeking the ultimate attention that death will bring him. *Under The Volcano*, for all its fine points, somehow fails to deliver a great deal — telegraphing its final scene in its first and not doing altogether a great deal in between. See it for Finney.

Another candidate for the Big O come the time Hollywood glitterati stops biting backs for a while to start slapping them would have to be Sally Fields for her work in **Places In The Heart**. The former flying nun proved her mettle when she played the central character in *Norma Rae*. Her portrayal of Edna Spaulding, a widowed mother of two small children in Depression-torn middle America, is better.

Places In The Heart is written and directed by Robert Benton as a tribute to his own forebears' struggle to keep their families together in the Depression.

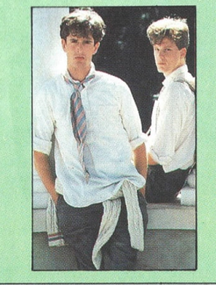
It's an archetypal "all the family" film which fondly records the story of a woman who learned courage and strength in the face of ruin during the good ol' bad days of poverty and racist bigotry. although that brief synopsis and the film's very title signal an opening of the corn syrup floodgates, *Places In The Heart* doesn't bathe in the stuff. A handful of scenes do tend to dip into the sticky substance, however, and the film's strange and heavy-handed "spiritual" final scene tends to mar what is otherwise a gentle and recommendable movie.

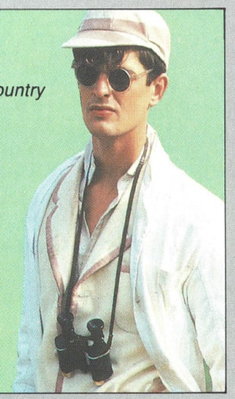
A boy most likely to do great things rears his unbelievably handsome head in **Another Country**. Twenty-four-year-old Rupert Everett recreates his acclaimed British stage performance in the role of Guy Bennett, the thinly veiled characterisation of spy Guy Burgess as a teenager at Eton. It is a study of British power in the Thirties — with the public school as a microscosm of the larger world of ruling classes, privilege, tradition and social acceptability. It is wittily scripted, and cinematographed with a beauty that is difficult to believe.

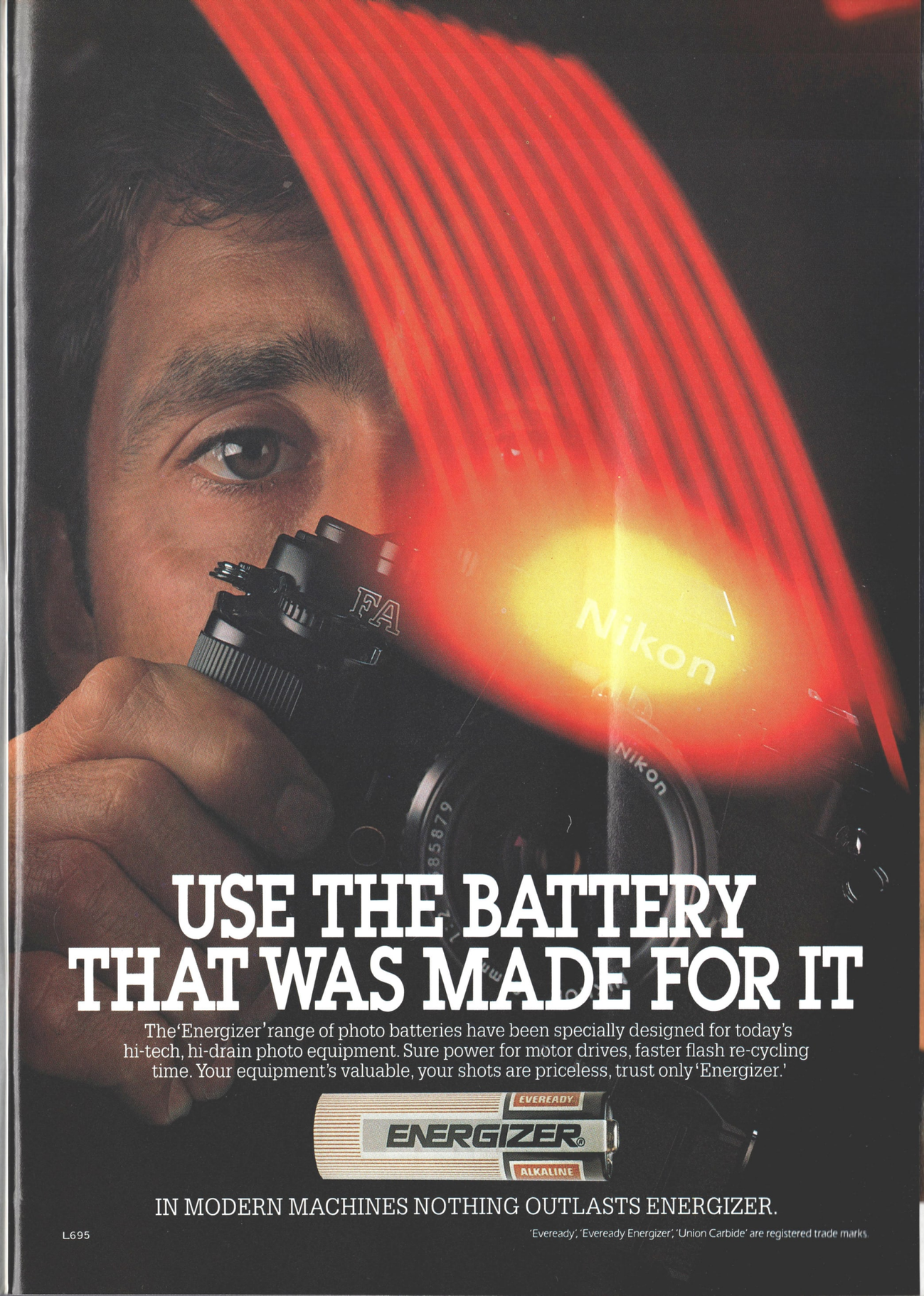
Directed by another screen newcomer, Marek Kanievska, *Another Country* may be limited in its appeal to a broad Australian audience by its flagrant Sebastian Flyte-like faggotiness, but it is a clever and pretty film that spotlights great things to come from its youthful cast. — *C.J. Mackay*

Finney and Bisset in Under The Volcano

Stills from Another Country



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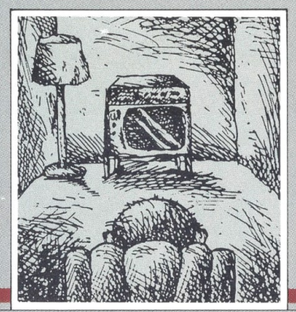
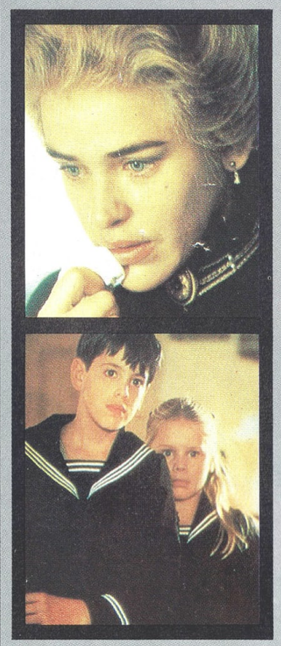


VIDEO

FOREIGN FAVORITES

There is something intellectually gratifying about foreign films. The fact that we convince ourselves we can understand the intricacies and subtleties of another language is enough to fill us with a shot of intellectual adrenalin the like of which we don't usually get from English language films. Of course, there is a major section of the film-watching public in Australia who have never seen a foreign film and are not likely to ever change their view that any subtitled film in another language is an "arty-farty wank." More's the pity — especially considering the healthy output of foreign features on the video market now.



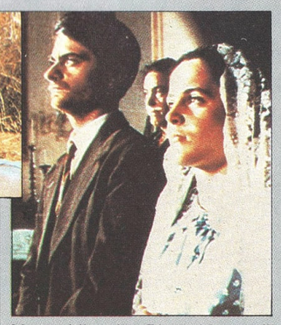
Fanny And Alexander

Between them, Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini have done more over the last 30 years to demystify the so called "art film" than most of their peers put together. It comes as something of a challenge then to hear Bergman talk of **Fanny And Alexander** (Palace Academy Video) as "the sum total of my life as a film maker", and Fellini's *The City Of Women* (Palace Academy Video) touted as his *finest* film. Bergman does what he has always done best: use the camera as a microscope on the human condition. This time he looks back to 1907 at one family in a small provincial town in his homeland, Sweden. Through the eyes of the Fanny and Alexander of the title, Bergman dissects the foibles of the family, from children through to their grandparents, using each character to etch in a part of the whole that becomes a lush tapestry of time and place. For his efforts, dubbed by many critics as *the* film of 1983, Bergman picked up four of his six Academy Award nominations.

Never one to use a literal translation of a scene when the surreal would suffice, Fellini is at his dazzling best with **City Of Women** as he takes on women's liberation in a "go for the jugular" swipe. Once again using Marcello Mastroianni as his alter ego (roles Mastroianni filled in the Sixties' classics *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*), Fellini plunges the poor unfortunate up against the whole liberation movement when he stumbles into a feminist convention where he is mistakenly accused of being a spy. And that is about all the old Italian master requires in the way of a plotline — the rest comes in an onslaught of Luna Park-like imagery that covers the whole spectrum of women's role in society: from virgin to whore, witch to madonna. Always one to give his producers ulcers when it comes to spending a dollar on cinematic dreams of extravagance, Fellini neither fails his reputation as a spender or his audience with the results.

Tuscany-born, the Taviani brothers, Vittorio and Paolo, are unique in international film-making. Commencing with the production of a short film in 1960 they went on to make numerous features between it and their 1981 production, **The Night Of The Shooting Stars** (Palace Academy Video), co-writing and co-directing each film. To observers, they appear to meld their writing and shooting, so that they are interchangeable as a unit. *The Night Of The Shooting Stars* concerns the reactions of the people of San Martino village in Italy during the period when the Germans were retreating and the Gls advancing in the last days of World War II.

Stills from the Taviani brothers' Night of the Shooting Stars



Meanwhile, the Blackshirts, still loyal to Mussolini, play havoc. The Tavianis are of that special breed of film-maker able to play God, injecting contradictory emotions where least expected, and so a simple narrative concerning the villager's quest for freedom from German and Blackshirt alike becomes a celebration of the human spirit in a time of adversity.

What Australian audiences know about the Brazilian film industry would probably fit on the back of a Hoyt's cinema ticket. That Brazil, like Australia, does have a flourishing cinema would probably come as a surprise to the local film buff. Well, it does, and from all reports one Hector Babenco is to the forefront of the new Brazilian directors, specialising in films on South American slum life and social injustice. **Pixote** (Palace Academy Video) brings into focus one of Babenco's concerns, the more than three million homeless children of Brazil (in a country where over 50 percent of the population is under 21). *Pixote* of the title and two other youngsters flee a detention centre (where everything from rape to murder occurs under the unconcerned eye of "the system") to eventually take up with an ageing, alcoholic whore (after they graduate from petty theft to drug dealing). Babenco's tale does not seem out of the ordinary — the boys might well be hustling on the streets of Kings Cross or St Kilda — were it not for the destination of *Pixote*, who, by film's end, has murdered three people. He is 10 years old.

In contrast to honors graduates Bergman, Fellini, Babenco, director Tinto Brass is still in film playschool. **The Key** (Roadshow Video) comes a few years on in the wake of his dreadful *Caligula*, that ode to the *crass* that went somewhere off the rails from Gore Vidal's original screenplay. Staying with the sleaze, Brass pursues the voyeuristic with *The Key*, a gritty little fable in which a husband, unable to satisfy his wife sexually, searches for "the key" by which he can release her inhibitions. Brass's pretentions lend a flat-footed air to these supposed excursions into sexuality that other foreign directors far outshine. — *Denis Whitburn*

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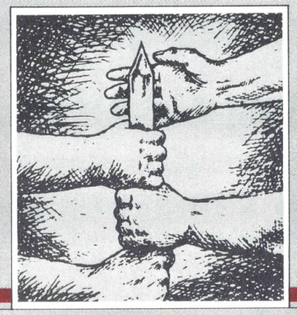


WINNING

SHORTCOMINGS

Over the years I've come to the conclusion that being short may be one of the keys to business success. Of course, when we're kids, we all want and hope to be tall. Some of us will inevitably be disappointed, but perhaps because height *is* so important during childhood and adolescence, the shorter among us are driven to compensate early on. We have to be tougher and more aggressive to survive in the playground, and therefore develop a natural feistiness that carries us through life.

It is probably no accident that most of the world's great conquerors have been short: Alexander, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Hitler were all small, even by the prevailing standards of their time, and went out of their way to emphasise this by surrounding themselves with tall subordinates. Frederick the Great's Regiment of Guards, for example, was composed of men who were more than 195cm tall, a standard so difficult to meet in the early 18th century that his recruiters resorted to kidnapping inductees from all over Europe.

All the famous movie moguls — despots and autocrats to a man — were short. Louis B. Mayer had his desk raised on a dais a foot above the floor, and made a point of never getting up when a visitor entered his office. Harry Cohn had a special chair built so that he would appear taller than his luncheon guests at the Columbia studio commissary. Darryl F. Zanuck, Sam Goldwyn, and Irving Thalberg were all short (and notoriously aggressive, to make up for it).

These examples may seem to amount to nothing more than historical trivia, but beware: experience teaches that it is almost always a mistake to be taller than your boss or the president of your company. Short men have a natural tendency to dislike tall men, and when in a position of power, they often like to surround themselves with tall subordinates as a proof of their superior ranking. If you are six feet tall and your boss is five foot six, it may not matter to *you* but it probably matters to *him*, and he will — perhaps quite unconsciously — be tempted to humiliate you in order to demonstrate his power.

If you *don't* think height matters, then you're not short. Short people, however successful, are *always* conscious of being short. If you're tall and have to negotiate a piece of business with someone who is much shorter, sit down as soon as possible and remain seated. Don't rub your height in the other person's nose by standing around and towering over him. Short people don't like being looked down on.

In theory, of course, size shouldn't matter, but theory isn't the same thing as reality. Our culture favors height in men, much as it favors long legs, small waists, large breasts, and blonde hair in women.

It's no treat being short in a height-conscious society. As a child, you get made fun of ("Shrimp!"); as an adolescent, you have to fight hard to prove yourself in sports against boys 180cm tall and football naturals; and as an adult, you have to compensate for your lack of height by superior ambition, intelligence, or ruthlessness.

Of course, the reverse is true, too. Tall men have a natural tendency to distrust smaller men, and even fear them. A tall man in a position of power — a company president, say — is likely to treat a short subordinate warily and put his faith and trust in men of height equal to his own, who aren't likely to be jealous of him because of his size. I had a graphic demonstration of this when I worked briefly at one of the major TV networks, where all the senior executives were tall. No matter how hard I tried, I never seemed to get promoted, and finally a sympathetic young woman took it upon herself to explain that my boss, a six-footer, didn't trust me.

"Why?" I exclaimed. To my knowledge, I had never done anything to provoke distrust on his part.

"You're short," she said. "He thinks you hate him. He figures you'll stab him in the back first chance you get, because you're jealous he's tall."

This was a painful revelation on two counts. First of all, it had never occurred to me that I was distrusted. But more wounding to my ego was the fact that — having been born in England where height is less important — I had never regarded myself as *short*. At five foot seven and a half I had always considered myself average: there were plenty of people shorter than me in the RAF and at Oxford.

"He thinks I'm *short*?" I asked, with evident dismay.

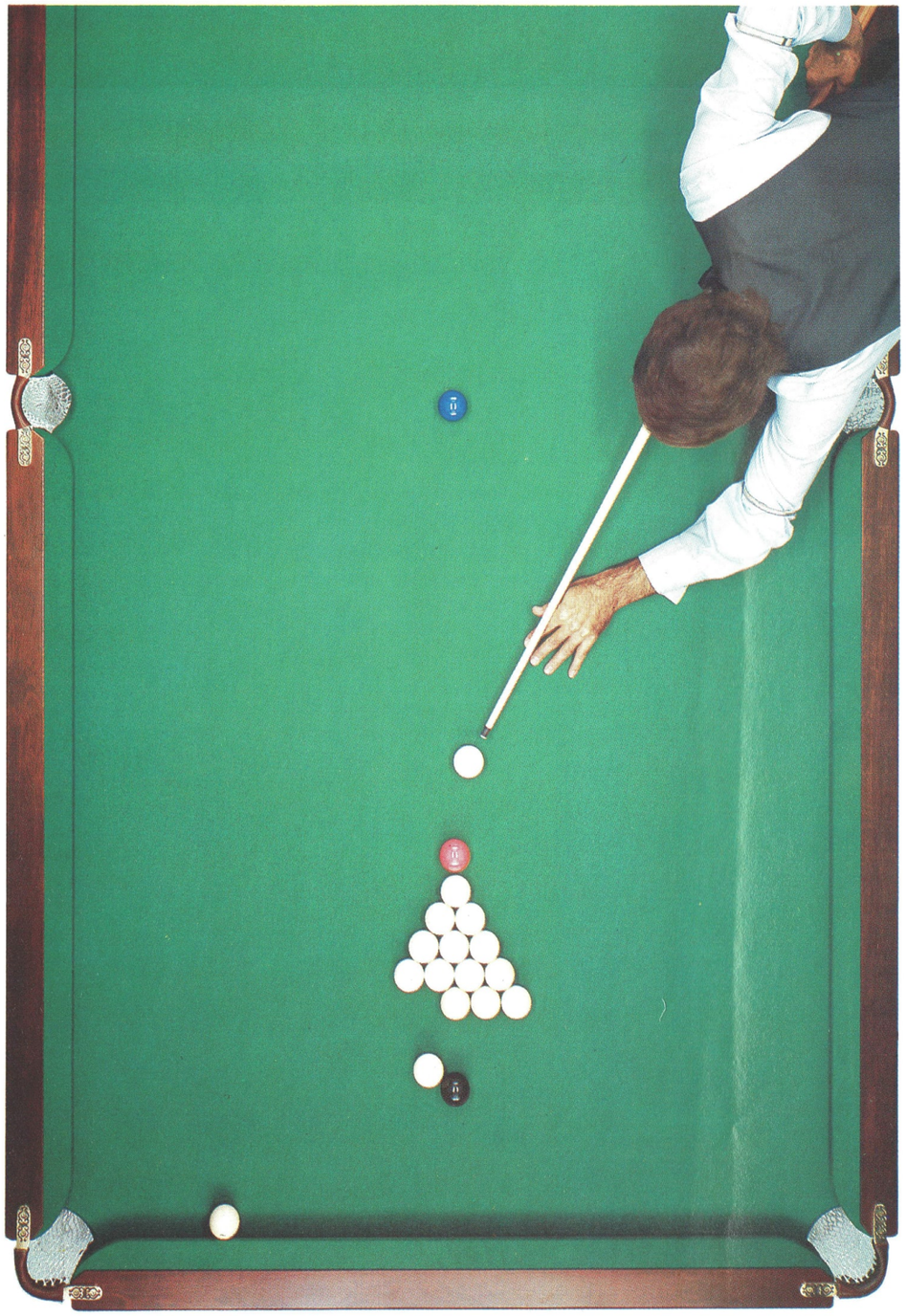
She nodded, a little surprised at the question. "Well, you *are* short," she said. "Shorter than *me*, right?"

It was undeniably true, and it put an end to the budding relationship between us, as well as the one between me and the network. Not long after that I took a job at a publishing house where the entire senior management was about my height, or even a little less, and soon rose happily through the ranks, since I fitted in perfectly and didn't make anybody nervous. Whenever I saw somebody tall join the company, I always predicted he wouldn't last, and I was invariably right.

I was probably wrong about the girl, however. I've since discovered that some tall girls have a secret belief that short men are better in bed because they have to try harder (a delusion, I expect), and that many harbor a feeling that being on the arm of a short man focuses attention on them (which may be true).

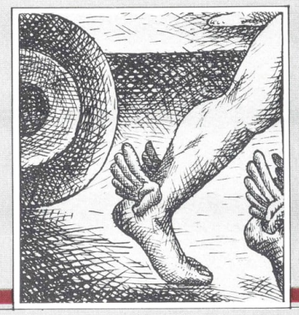
Make no mistakes about it, then: in every area of life, height *matters*. It's one of the few things in life that you can't ever escape or change. — *Michael Korda*

Illustration by Mark Tremlett



Where would we be without Red?

MASIUS WAL10186 AB3102/84



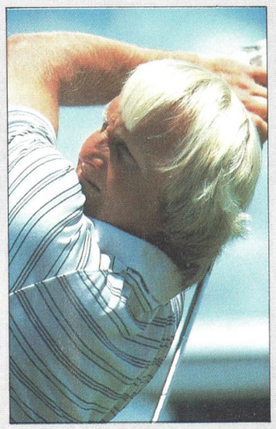
SPORT

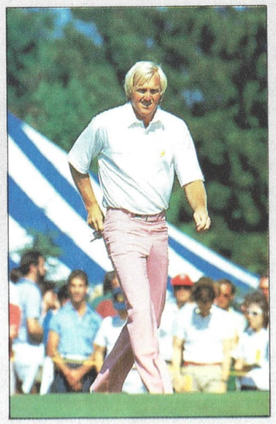
COACHING BY VIDEO

One of the prerogatives of the rich is the opportunity to rub shoulders with and learn from the superstars of sport. And what better status symbol is there than to be personally coached by the current world champ in the sport of your choice? The next best thing — taking tips from the maestros in the comfort of your loungeroom — doesn't cost an arm and a leg. In fact it costs $49.95. That's the retail price of the recently released *Greg Norman Video Golf Clinic*, the forerunner in a new series of instruction videos which constitutes one of the most exciting developments in video marketing since the advent of video itself.

Okay, there have been sporting instruction tapes available before — but this is a whole new ball game. We are not talking about the 15-minute tapes available by direct mail or those sold in specialist video shops for anything up to $120. These tend to be amateurishly produced and distinguished only by their ability to induce boredom quicker than anything else on celluloid. We're talking about hour-long tapes packed with information and more importantly *entertainment*, utilising slick production techniques and aimed at the mass video market, available in all video shops and major department stores at around half the cost of other sports coaching tapes. This series, conceived by Sydney lawyer Frank Bassi and marketed by Austsport Pty Ltd, is groundbreaking stuff which will in the near future comprise programs based on the formula in the *Greg Norman Video Golf Clinic* and covering tennis, skiing, running and squash.

The elements of the Austsport formula were thrashed out by Bassi when he formed a partnership a couple of years back with a legal client who was into video production. The idea was to fill a huge gap in the market which had never been penetrated by the media moguls — films produced *exclusively for video*. The only video





Greg Norman on video

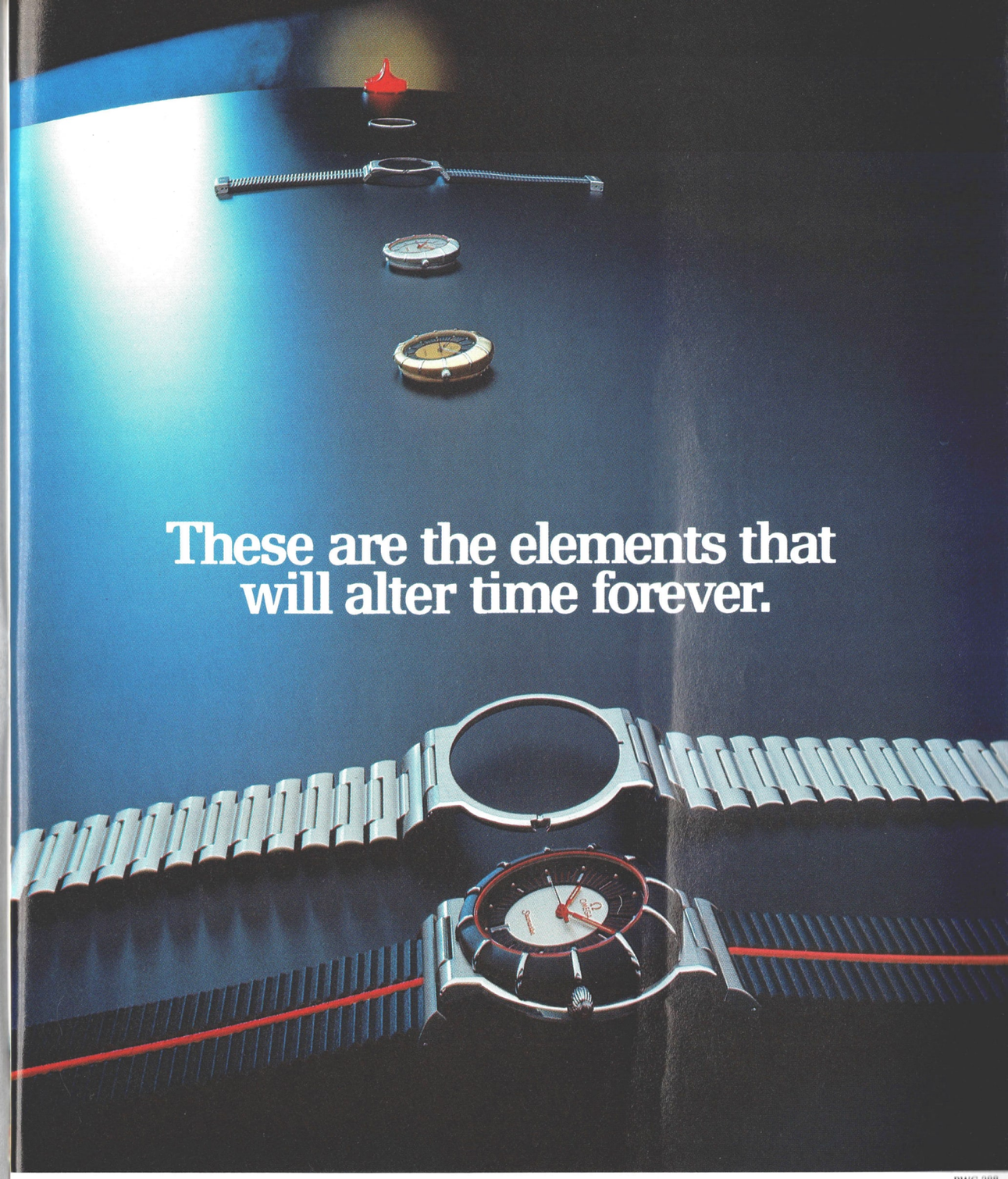
available in most shops, they realised, were feature films and fuck flicks, neither of which exploited video as the perfect education medium. Ultimately they settled on sports coaching as the field with the widest potential audience, figuring that "as long as we chose the right sports performer and produced the video in such a way as to *create* a market by making it entertaining as well as clinically correct, we could go for volume sales at a low price — something totally new."

For the first project, they definitely got the right performer. The unscripted Greg Norman is fluent, casual and magnetic; the content is comprehensive and fast-paced, and the overall quality is excellent. Part of the Austsport policy is that all the tapes must be officially endorsed and approved by the relevant governing body. So the Austsport golf video is the first to be approved by the Professional Golfers' Association of Australia. Others had previously been submitted and rejected out of hand by the PGA.

The program deals with all aspects of the game from driving to putting; it's designed to improve the average weekend golfer's game by several strokes and add consistency and confidence to the performance of the low handicap player. "It works, too," says Bassi. However, that doesn't mean the golf pro is facing redundancy; nothing can replace individual tuition, and the same applies to all sports. The video is a companion to that style of coaching, not a replacement. But let's face it: there comes a time when the average weekend sportsman no longer sees the value in handling his money to the professional coach; he's learned all he can about his own problems. For the price of the video he can continue to refine his game and draw motivation from the maestro.

The tennis, skiing, running and squash programs are currently in the pipeline. But Bassi has been diverted by another, grander project due to be launched in Australia in mid-February: "The first officially sanctioned, internationally sponsored definitive work on cricket coaching in the world." Sweetly timed to coincide with the start of the 1985 World Cup, the *Prudential Cricket Coaching Clinic* represents, in the words of its creator, "the Austsport video principle fully flowered: a true combination of clinical analysis and entertainment. This is the first ever cricket instruction video and we believe it will have great international significance." Bassi can be excused for waxing lyrical on his pet project. The concept is a beauty. Sponsored by Prudential Insurance, Bassi's new company Cricket World Productions has put together a two-hour extravaganza featuring players such as Clive Lloyd, Gordon Greenidge, Jeffrey Dujon, Geoff Lawson, Kepler Wessels, John Emburey, Bob Holland and Geoff Howarth. Each of these specialists in a particular cricketing skill is presented in a dialogue with narrator Frank Tyson; they can give a voice-over demonstration of their technique, followed by a cut to actual match footage showing the same player in action. Picture the world's best exponent of the hook shot discussing his technique, demonstrating it for the camera, and dispatching balls over boundary fences during Test matches: it has to be a winner. Each of the 10 segments dealing with different skills runs for 10 minutes, with Frank Tyson scripting and narrating the rest. The program has been endorsed by the Australian Cricket Board and the New Zealand Cricket Council. At a projected cost of $59.95, it would be far and away the most affordable product of its kind available anywhere. "Because it has to be clinically perfect to satisfy the ACB, we believe it will become a classic work," says Bassi. "Sure, it will date in five years or so — but we plan to make it the forerunner of an international quarterly cricket video magazine."

No matter how much you're prepared to pay for personal tuition from a superstar coach, you'll never work out a way of fast forwarding and rewinding him. For that reason alone, video coaching is great value for money. — *Greg Hunter*



PWC 288

Choose a watch case. Add a strap. Select another bracelet. These are the elements of Omega Seamaster Dynamic. The elements you interchange as your mood changes to create a new design.

Omega have always reserved the Dynamic name for only their most advanced, avant garde watches. This range is no exception.

The watch case is slanted towards you. It invites your inspection. Choose from black matt, gold, titanium finish or stainless steel.

Take the red key and unlock the case from its strap. You can now team it with its matching natural latex strap or stainless steel bracelet in the Dynamic collection.

You can now alter time forever.

In the Seamaster tradition, the watch is waterproof tested to 30 metres. It is powered by quartz movement. Available for ladies and gentlemen. Priced at $395 on latex. Or $450 on stainless steel bracelet. Interchange straps are extra. The elements of Omega Seamaster Dynamic await you at selected Jewellers and Duty Free Stores.

Ω OMEGA
DYNAMIC

SEX

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

History records that Adam was the first to notice that men and women are different. And there was more to it than the fact that Eve had three fig leaves to his one. Psychologically and emotionally men and women are as different as they are physically, and nothing demonstrates it better than their attitudes towards sex.

Birth Control Responsibility:

Males: It is the opinion of most men that birth control is the female's responsibility.

Females: Females also feel it is the responsibility of the woman.

Daydreams:

Problem solving and sex are two favorite themes of both male and female daydreamers. Sexual daydreams are more common in men than in women, except between the ages of 30 and 34, when women have as many as men. The tendency to daydream decreases as people get older.

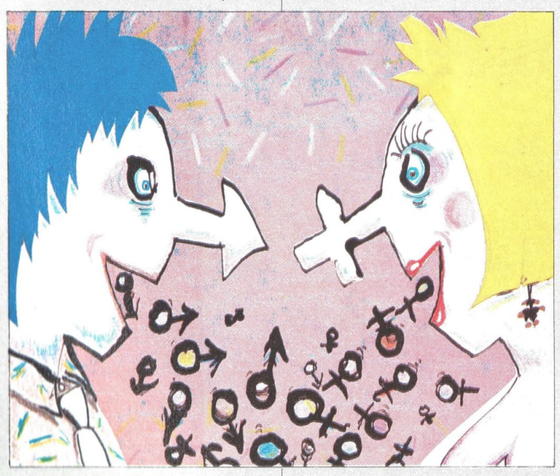


Illustration by Vic Terletzky

Extramarital Intercourse:

Men have more extramarital affairs than women. One out of every two married men will have an affair by the age of 45, while only one out of five married women will do so.

Falling in Love:

Males: Men fall in love faster than women; 25 percent fall in love by the first date.

Females: Fifteen percent fall in love by the fourth date.

Fertility and Heat:

Males: Male fertility drops when genitals are exposed to high temperatures.

Females: Female fertility is highest when the room temperature is 18 degrees Celsius.

Ideal Man — What the Sexes Want:

Males: Most men feel the ideal man would be warm and loving.

Female: Women feel the ideal man would be gentle, expressive, and romantic.

Ideal Woman:

Males: The man's ideal was a woman who was balanced between family and self-orientation.

Females: Women believe that men wanted a woman who was strongly oriented to her family, who was relatively passive and submissive, who clearly saw her role as a wife and mother taking precedence over any possible activity as an individual outside the family.

Incest:

Boys: It is estimated that about ten percent of boys have a sexual encounter with an adult — usually a relative.

Girls: Between one-quarter and one-third of all girls are approached sexually by an adult male. Ten percent have a sexual encounter with a relative.

Masturbation:

Male: Ninety-three percent of men masturbate and do so throughout their lives.

Female: By the age of 45, 62 percent of all women have masturbated. Masturbation is more common among older women.

Older People and Sex:

The Kinsey Report indicates that four out of five men over the age of 60 are quite capable of having sexual relations and there is no sign of sexual decline in women. The Starr-Weiner study reports that a woman of 80 has the same orgasmic potential as a woman of 20.

Orgasm and Arousal Time:

Males: Men are aroused more quickly than women and can reach orgasm in a matter of seconds.

Females: Women are generally believed to respond more slowly than men (taking from 10 to 20 minutes) to both arousal and climax. This does not apply to masturbation, so many people feel (and some research shows) that a woman's slower response time to arousal is learned.

Orgasm During Sleep:

Both sexes report this occurence. Among women, the experience occurs more frequently with age.

Orgasm Heights and Age:

Males: Men are believed to reach the heights of both their desire for sex and intensity of orgasm in their late teens.

Females: Females are believed to reach the heights of both sexual need and pleasure in their mid-thirties.

Orgasm, Inability to Achieve:

Men: There is no specific information as to the numbers of men who are unable to achieve orgasm, either in terms of inability to achieve erection or to achieve orgasm with an erection. Authorities believe that most men experience this temporarily at one time or another during their lives.

Women: There are numerous reports on the numbers of women who never reach orgasm. *The Hite Report*, for instance, indicates that 12 percent never do. *Redbook* cites an incidence of seven percent and *Cosmopolitan* ten percent.

Orgasms, Multiple:

Both sexes report multiple orgasms, although they are more common among women.

Males: Each male orgasm is a distinct entity. The ability to achieve multiple orgasms is at its peak in adolescent boys and declines with age in the male.

Females: Multiple orgasms in females are all a part of one orgasm, experienced as waves, with each one blending into the last. Kinsey reported that 14 percent of women with experience could have three to five orgasms within a few minutes.

Sexual Problem, Most Common:

Males: Premature ejaculation and sexual impotence.

Females: Failure to achieve orgasm.

Stress and Infertility:

Males: Stress can cause muscle spasms in the sperm ducts and thus interfere with the transmission of semen.

Females: Stress can cause an enlarged uterus, prevent ovulation and stimulate abnormal cervical secretions that immobilise sperm. It can also disturb uterine blood circulation enough to detach the placenta, and lead to spontaneous abortion.

Virginity Loss:

Males: Forty-three percent of males lose their virginity by the time they are 16.

Females: Thirty-one percent of females lose their virginity by the time they are 16. — *Barry Carpenter*

Mount Pleasant.
The most perfect setting
in the Hunter.

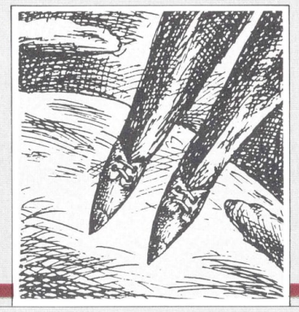
Of all the wines from the famous Hunter region, none better complement a table than those from the McWilliam's Mount Pleasant Vineyard.

In 1877 Samuel McWilliam planted his first vine cutting. Just three years later the Mount Pleasant vineyards were established in the Hunter. These vineyards have become synonymous with McWilliam's and fine wines.

Mount Pleasant Elizabeth Riesling has a full aroma and flavour with excellent balance and a pleasing, crisp acidity. While Mount Pleasant Philip Hermitage is renowned for its flavour, balance, bouquet and soft tannin finish.

Released to be enjoyed now, with future cellaring they'll make the perfect setting on your table for many years to come.

AB3741/84 MC1469



TRAVEL

THE TOP END

It was always a place you saw in coffee-table books about *Beautiful Australia* or watched on TV documentaries about *Great Australian Eccentrics*. To the city slickers the Northern Territory was Australia's untidy backyard, peopled by lunatics who seemed to enjoy the stinking humidity, isolation and general barbarity of the place.

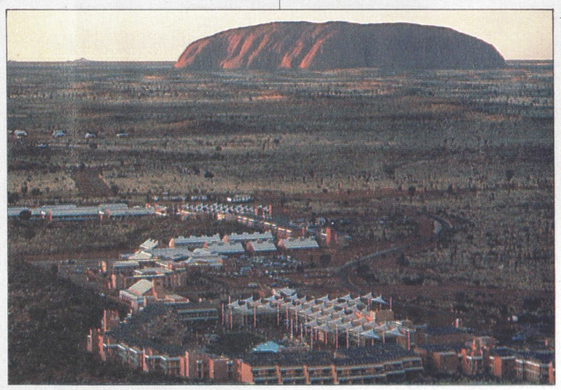
That's all changed. The transition to statehood and the emergence of a sense of identity under former Chief Minister Paul "Porky" Everingham took the Territory out of the Sleepy Hollow league and away from the bureaucratic constipation inherent in the way the mandarins of Canberra think things should be done.

But there's plenty up there that's still as primitive as it ever was. There are still too many tin-shed truckers' motels where the staple fare is steak at every meal and a request for a bottle of wine creates legends about the mad bastard who thought it was Christmas. Roads are generally grim, too, although that isn't the Territorians fault — there just aren't enough of them to make Canberra disgorge the necessary funds for highway construction.

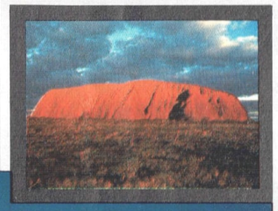
Despite such disadvantages, it's still fair to say that the Northern Territory is the Great Undiscovered, and that anyone who ignores it in favor of the habitual foray into the tinsel fleshpots of Queensland has rocks in his head.

One rock you should have in your head is Uluru, Mecca for platoons of coach-borne grannies who show a lot more originality in their choice of low-budget holidays than their offspring. Uluru (Ayers Rock) used to be surrounded by an ugly huddle of motels and Coke stalls. Some of those have now been pulled down, with the permanent structures being designated as non-tourist and handed over to the local Aborigines, the traditional owners of Uluru.

Visitors now stay at Yulara, 14km from the mighty monolith in a futuristic oasis which boasts of a five-star Sheraton hotel, a slightly less grand Four Seasons hotel,



Yulara, an ultra-modern gamble at an ancient site.



apartments, bungalow, restaurants and pools. Built at a cost of $160 million and opened late last year, it's a huge gamble — a complete modern resort plonked down where the crows fly backwards. Shelter from the ferocious sun is provided by a unique system of "sails" suspended from a forest of masts, which protect the long, low buildings and do away with the need for energy-gobbling air conditioning.

There's certainly plenty to do at Yulara, but there does seem to be a number of incongruities. You can't see the Rock from all but a very few of the rooms in the Sheraton; the architect explained that he felt that letting people look out of their windows at it was "unsubtle."

East-West Airlines (at the time of writing, anyway) is the only airline to seize on the potential of Yulara and put confirmed direct flights into it from capital cities. With the other airlines it's still a transit through Alice Springs and either a long rough ride or a short rough flight.

Yulara is the biggest gamble in the Territory. Smaller punters can try their luck at its two casinos, one at Alice Springs and the other at Mindil Beach, Darwin. These and other modern facilities are being promoted — along with such products as forays into the breathtaking remotenesses of Arnhem Land and journeys to visit the Tiwi tribe on Bathurst and Melville Islands — through a multi-million dollar campaign built around an "Action Pack" holiday theme.

The Territory spends about $8 million a year promoting itself to travellers, twice the budget of the next biggest-spending state, Queensland. As the jovial chairman of the NT Government Tourist Commission Eric Poole explains, the task of promoting such a relatively unknown destination is twice as hard — and then there's the problem of high fares because of its remoteness.

The solution has been, after a thorough vetting, to compile a compendium of every holiday on offer in the NT. Action Pack is probably the best guide ever to come out of a tourist organisation, and the program is updated every six months. Listings tell you exactly what and how much you get. Some of the offerings have been specially put together for the program and represent outstanding value, even when you add on the air fare. You might spend a few dollars more heading for the Top End rather than your usual holiday haunt, but you're guaranteed an experience right out of the world you're familiar with.

There is a Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau in every capital city, and thanks to the input of Poole and his lads, the bureaus are always friendly, informative and efficient. — *Fred Baker*

PATROL POWER

6-Cylinder power to go and power to tow.

From Patrol Pick-Up, Cab Chassis, Hardtops, 6-seat Wagon, to the Deluxe 7-seat Wagon, Nissan know-how gives you 6-cylinder power. After all, if you've got some really tough driving in mind you'll need more than a four.

Turbo diesel, 4-litre petrol and more.

Choose your power. There's the gutsy 3.3 litre diesel turbo. Compared with a 4 litre diesel Landcruiser it offers around 10% more power and torque! Or you can choose from the economical standard 3.3 litre diesel, the 2.8 petrol with optional automatic on Deluxe Wagon, or the big 4 litre petrol, a great engine for towing.

Limited slip rear diff is standard on every Patrol, too, so you can be sure of great traction. Landcruiser doesn't have it as standard, it took Nissan know-how to bring it to you.

The whole world knows Nissan reliability.

In 148 countries around the world and with 50 years' experience in Australia, Nissan has earned a reputation for reliability and economy.

And, with an Australia-wide service network of some 300 dealers, you're never far from Nissan know-how.

So, when you're looking for 6-cylinder power and performance, you can't go past a Patrol.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE NISSAN KNOW-HOW

NISSAN NISSAN

AA6

Television
is spreading the word and
the word is greed

THE ELECTRIC CHURCH

BY MARK PLUMMER

American preachers are reaping huge profits from gullible Australians every Sunday morning. They're not doing it by passing collection plates among the dwindling congregations in local churches. Instead they reach vast audiences by exploiting the medium of television to crusade for the Lord and expand their personal empires. Seduced by the charisma of these Bible-toting superstars and unaware of the subtle techniques employed to fleece them, hundreds of thousands of God-fearing Australians are persuaded to send large sums of money to distant cities to build churches they will never see and to enrich people they will never meet.

The "televangelists", as they've come to be known, are understandably secretive about their incomes and expenditures. If the donors were to realise the size of the "take" and how it is really spent, the torrent of pious generosity would slow to a trickle in no time. So it's hard to determine exactly how much money the eight major televangelists have been able to extract from their Australian operations. However, the balance sheets of Robert Schuller have been lodged with Corporate Affairs in Sydney, the Ken Copeland machine has dropped hints about its Australian take, and

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

CHURCH

Herbert Armstrong's ex-followers here have revealed how much they donated before they saw the light. From the available figures, it's reasonable to estimate the combined annual Australian incomes of the televangelists at somewhere between $10 million and $20 million . . . all of it tax-free, and all due to God's greatest gifts: the television set, the computer and the satellite.

The Australian Network

After the USA, Australia competes with Canada as the televangelists' biggest market. A great many countries including the United Kingdom do not permit sponsored televangelism. A breakdown of Herbert Armstrong's worldwide programming (as at October 1984) shows Australia's position in the forefront of the foreign market. Armstrong's *The World Tomorrow* show appears on 237 US stations, 37 Canadian stations, 30 Australian stations, seven Filipino stations and 13 stations elsewhere, mostly in Caribbean and Central American countries.

Televangelism is generally in a stable condition in the US, but the leading lights are expanding their Australian coverage and new preachers are invading the market. Local ratings show the strongest support in rural areas, especially in Queensland's Bible Belt. All but eight of Australia's 50 commercial TV stations carry one or more of the televangelists' regular programs, with some rural channels broadcasting four or five segments each week. In Queensland's Darling Downs area viewers can watch a continuous procession of five preachers between 9am and 12.30pm on Sunday mornings.

Seventy-five to 80 percent of Australian religious television programs are produced by a handful of American evangelists. Herbert Armstrong heads the list, broadcasting on 30 stations. (Armstrong's magazine *Plain Truth* claims a total of 96 Australian stations, but he includes all repeater and translator stations in his tally.) Next come Jimmy Swaggert with 23 stations, Jim Bakker with 18, Robert Schuller with 14, Ken Copeland with 12, Rex Humbard with four and Oral Roberts and Fred Price with one each. The Seventh Day Adventists' program is headed up by another American, George Vanderman, and goes out on 16 stations. That makes a total of 120 transmissions pumping out 94½ hours of American holy rolling each week. The nearest locally produced competition, *Turn Around Australia*, is seen on only nine stations, with most of the Australian product struggling to get out on one or two channels. These low-budget, amateurish productions are no match for the slick, glamorous and potent packages churned out by the Americans.

Fleecing The Sheep

In recent years the rapid advance of technology has made it cheaper and easier for televangelists to spread their outstretched palms around the world. An international reputation and following can now be developed in a matter of months.

Televangelists have adjusted with miraculous ease to the shifting tastes of viewers. The old-fashioned fire and brimstone stuff is on the way out, with experience teaching the electronic church that well-dressed, softly-spoken, gracious evangelists are now far more effective than Elmer Gantry ever was. Today's performers are adept at addressing the camera as if it were a congregation of sinners. They may be forceful, but always in a low-key style. The message is streamlined, simple, and upbeat — compatible with techniques used in television advertising. By adopting those subtle, manipulative techniques, televangelism has become a billion-dollar multinational operation.

Televangelists have come to realise that they can package and sell religion as profitably as they could a laundry detergent, and as unashamedly as Papal indulgences were dispensed in the Middle Ages. Dr Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman, American communications experts who have made an extensive study of televangelism, conclude that TV preachers use the same recruiting devices as tent show holy rollers and street proselytisers: they target thought and feeling by suggestion and indirect command. In the view of these critics, when televangelist tactics are administered to mass audiences the supernatural promises, insupportable claims and other frauds and deceptions clearly breach the ethics of communication.

According to Associate Professor George Conklin of the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California, the televangelists' underlying message carries much greater power than an exhortation to use a certain product in order to be loved. Rather, the suggestion is: "Send money to us and God will love you. *If you do not send money, God will know you have failed to do so and will punish you.*"

Few televangelists are prepared to push their luck by making direct on-air appeals for money. Instead, viewers are typically invited to write in for "free" gifts and literature. Such gifts create a feeling of obligation on the part of the recipient — a feeling that is later exploited by the televangelist through appeals for "urgently needed" donations.

The techniques involved in this process are often very sophisticated. For example, Robert Schuller makes a practice of providing gifts of a religious nature; one such "gift of the week" was a cross pendant described in a persuasive voice-over as "golden, with a glittering jewel and chain." Psychologist Robert Liebert of the State University at New York asserts that Schuller's wording was sheer advertising agency-style deception. "Golden" did not necessarily mean "gold", but merely one of a family of yellowish colors; "jewel" meant only something shiny, and did not

HIGH-RATING HOLY ROLLERS

Herbert Armstrong

The grandaddy of televangelists, 92-year-old Armstrong started his radio program *The World Tomorrow* in 1934. It was an interesting career change from selling aluminium pots door-to-door. Now *The World Tomorrow* is broadcast on 390 TV stations and 152 radio stations worldwide. Until 1978 the program featured Armstrong's son Garner Ted, but in that year disenchanted former followers published an article entitled "In Bed With Garner Ted" revealing that the charismatic preacher had indulged in innumerable affairs with female followers. After the ensuing uproar it was with great reluctance that Herbert Armstrong forced his oversexed son to resign. The old man soldiers on, making alarmist prophecies, giving dramatic descriptions of the world's destruction and hinting at God's imminent intervention. Many such prophecies, including a prediction of the exact date of the end of the world, have been hopelessly wide of the mark.

Armstrong's Worldwide Church of God has an international membership of about 75,000. The role of his followers is to send the church between 25 and 40 percent of their incomes, the precise amount being based on an elaborate tithing system. Former World Chess Champion Bobby Fischer donated $94,345 before he realised he was being checkmated.

Herbert Armstrong has been the subject of numerous court cases and scandals. There have been so many books, pamphlets, articles and films exposing his activities that one ex-devotee in Sydney was able to compile a biography of more than 100 pages listing the critical material. The thick-skinned evangelist ignores the flack, maintaining a gruelling schedule of world tours. He also has no problem with changing doctrines to suit himself. From 1934 to 1975 the Worldwide Church of God was against divorce. The rule was abruptly overturned in 1975 to enable the then 82-year-old Armstrong to marry a divorcee, and last year he divorced his second wife. Armstrong seems to be defying death; perhaps he's in no great hurry to meet his maker.

Jim Bakker

Bakker started his evangelical career with Christian puppet shows on the US West Coast, and has only been into televangelism since 1973. He developed the Christian TV talk show with effusive hosts, gushing guests, lively music and computer-generated graphics. Each show presents hardened criminals, weepy housewives and frustrated businessmen describing how they came to Jesus and were reborn. Bakker throws in commercials urging viewers to join his "PTL Club", the initials standing for "People That Love" or "Praise The Lord." Cynics claim they stand for "Pass The Loot." The club has made baby-face Bakker a televangical superstar in just 11 years. His program is now seen on more than 200 American commercial TV stations and 3000 cable stations. In just three years he's built up an extensive following on Australian networks, trailing only Jimmy Swaggert in local airtime.

Bakker now runs religious-orientated programs 24 hours a day on his American cable network. He's expanding the format to include Christian sports coverage, sitcoms, variety shows and soapies, believing that "Christian television will be the tool that ushers in the triumphant return of Jesus Christ." He'll be somewhat peeved if the Lord chooses another network to make his reappearance.

Jimmy Swaggert

A full-on fire and brimstone "Bible basher", Swaggert waves the Good Book in the air, screams, stamps his feet, wipes his fevered brow, and delivers his sermons in the classic holy roller's Southern drawl. Heavily repetitive, his messages fly in the face of rationality, calling for absolute obedience. When he pauses from preaching to tinkle the ivories, Swaggert sings "real smooth", mouth close to the microphone — a style which makes him popular with Southern Americans and rural Australians. However, together with Oral Roberts he's slipping behind his competitors in the States despite his dominance of Australian airtime and his claim of 3,500,000 viewers worldwide.

Robert Schuller

Flamboyant Robert Schuller, dressed in a purple cape, preaches from the pulpit of his enormous Crystal Cathedral, bringing "possibility thinking" to a congregation of 3000 seated inside the monstrosity, another 7000 in their cars outside, and a claimed three to four million worldwide viewers of his *Hour Of Power* TV program. Schuller presents a cultivated, upmarket package tailored for the television medium — in fact his show is rather like an extended commercial. His $20 million Crystal Cathedral, bigger than Notre Dame and with more space inside than two football fields, is located one freeway exit past Disneyland. It represents the end of a hard road which began with drama classes in the Forties. When Schuller moved to California in 1955 he conducted Sunday church meetings from the top of a refreshment stand at a drive-in, catering for the American desire to go anywhere in a car. He began to produce the *Hour Of Power* in California, using the profits to finish the cathedral, which opened in 1980. It's "Australian Balcony" is so named in gratitude to those who contributed to the cost.

Oral Roberts

When Oral Roberts came to Australia in 1956 there were brawls and stinkbombs at his rallies and newspapers called him a fraud, a cheat and a charlatan. An attempt was made to burn down his tent. Roberts fled the country vowing never to return, but his image returns weekly on Australian television.

In his early days on the Southern Bible Belt circuit Roberts was a Pentecostal healer, shouting: "God, heal these people. Heal." But he switched to a more respectable Methodism in 1966 and now films his sophisticated TV shows in a studio on the campus of the $15 million Oral Roberts University in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The university, equipped with state-of-the-art facilities, has 4500 students and an annual budget of over $50 million. Roberts' grandest project is the $100 million City of Faith which aims to combine the most advanced medical care with the healing power of God. According to Oral on May 25, 1980 the City of Faith was "lifted" by Jesus Christ himself, who was 300 metres tall and able to raise the 200-metre high complex with his bare hands. Roberts, normally loquacious about miracles, constrained himself for three months before telling his followers of the incident.

Kenneth Copeland

Copeland is a former Country and Western singer and footballer who became a disciple of Oral Roberts and now conducts his Bible-thumping raves in similar style. Backed by a large choir and orchestra, Copeland implores his audience to "come to Jesus and be saved", interspersing the message with frequent ejaculations of "Hallelujah" and "Glory Glory." Off air he administers healing and lapses into talking in tongues, inferring that he communicates directly with God. His TV program *Believers' Voice Of Victory* portrays salvation as a wonderfully luxurious experience for troubled viewers around the world.

Rex Humbard

In 1952 Humbard, the son of an itinerant evangelist, made his first TV program with $65 in his pocket. Now aged 62, he's one of the old-timers of televangelism with 30 years experience on the screen. Throughout the Sixties and Seventies his old-fashioned clothes, terrible hairstyle and lack of charisma saw him slip behind the newcomers. But he revamped his show in 1980 and now claims to broadcast to 100 million viewers in six languages — a rather dubious statistic. Humbard uses his 14-member family to project clean-cut virtues of togetherness and wholesomeness from his base at the 5000-seat Cathedral of Tomorrow in Ohio. Recent analysis of audiences suggests that Humbard's simple folksiness tends to grate, and his tomorrows will be shared with fewer viewers.

Jerry Falwell

Televangelism is not normally viewed as a pathway to political power, but through the medium of TV Falwell has become a potent force in US politics. Now 50, the leader of the Moral Majority has a 17,000 member church in Virginia and a turnover exceeding $1 million a week. His services are broadcast under the title *Old Time Gospel Hour* and appear on 400 TV stations worldwide. Falwell's program, promising salvation and offering free gifts, is carefully devised to generate heavy telephone and mail response. He has not expanded his broadcasting network into Australia except for a trial run on a Newcastle (NSW) station, but his concentration on American political issues was largely irrelevant to local viewers.

Falwell's 1982 visit to Australia was a disaster. Sydney's homosexual community had registered the title "Moral Majority" as a business name and sold T-shirts, stickers and badges bearing messages directly opposed to Falwell's views. Australian organisers of the visit could muster only 400 people for the main rally in Sydney. Humiliated by demonstrators, Falwell retreated to the US and in October 1983 pulled his program off the sole Australian channel.

In Australia the "new style" televangeslists such as Bakker and Schuller, who utilise the latest technolgy to produce slick, sophisticated programs, have achieved the most rapid expansion, while the traditional holy rolling, foot-stomping Bible bashers have generally had to reduce their airtime here. We have not yet been blessed with the appearance of **Ernest Angley**, who asks viewers to place their hands on the TV set while he implores God to "Heal, Heal." Nor has **Billy Hargis** shown up here. This leader of the Crusade for Christian Morality has had sex with at least four of his male followers and one female follower. He performed a marriage ceremony for two devotees who discovered on their honeymoon that Hargis had screwed (in the literal sense) both of them. The preacher justified his homosexual activities on theological grounds, citing the Old Testament friendship between David and Jonathan, but many of his followers didn't buy it. Another temporarily out-of-action televangelist is faith healer **LeRoy Jenkins**, whose syndicated program was still running when he started a 12-year sentence for criminal conspiracy.

imply a precious or semi-precious stone. The item itself was mass produced cheaply. But the diamond-like sparkle emphasised by the artful camera exerted enormous psychological appeal. Schuller's tactic was an update of the methods used by missionaries when they handed trinkets to natives with the same objective in mind.

When viewers write in for "free" gifts, their names and addresses are added to the voluminous computerised and coded mailing lists coupled with word processors and automated letter dispatch systems. Once on the list, the target can expect to receive the televangelist's glossy magazine and begging letters regularly. The appeals for handouts typically stress a current cash crisis, as in this letter dispatched to Australians by Rex Humbard's machine in May 1980: "Many television stations have threatened to take our programs off the air unless we catch up on our bills. The strain of the financial burden we face is almost too much at times . . . Satan has tried to destroy the work we are doing. He has used inflation and the increasing cost of purchasing television time to try to force us off the air . . ."

Another begging letter, sent out to Australians in 1983 over the signature of Ken Copeland's wife Gloria, stated: "We had 650,000 people we ministered to with our monthly newsletter, *Believers' Voice Of Victory*. Only 180,000 (28 percent) had responded during 1982 with a financial donation of any amount. I understand the figure for Australia and internationally is even lower than 28 percent. I was shocked at the people that had *never* done anything . . . When Jesus returns I want him to look at you and see *FAITHFUL*."

One of Rex Humbard's letters utilised a peculiar appeal to the recipients' acquisitive instincts. The letter told the story of a single mother and her children who had saved a small sum of money for Christmas. After seeing Humbard's Christmas special, the family had decided to donate the money to him in order to help him "reach the world." A few weeks later, according to Humbard, the mother found a cheque for more money than she had given — a sort of theological chain letter.

But the kudos for straining the credulity of the "sheep" to the utmost must go to Oral Roberts, who in one begging letter stated that Jesus had personally appeared to him and told him that if each recipient of this letter sent in $240, a "supernatural" cancer cure breakthrough would occur at Roberts' Tower of Faith research centre. The letter brought in millions of dollars, but the cancer cure has yet to be revealed.

The televangelists' begging letters may be printed so as to appear hand-written, or at least to make it appear that passages have been underlined by hand. They also have every appearance of being personally signed by the televangelist. But in the quest to personalise the begging letters, to create the impression of *individual* concern for each of the recipients, the word-processor is the ultimate tool for God's messengers. Unsophisticated fans of televangelists, particularly in rural areas, often have little or no knowledge of computers and so have no difficulty in believing that the preacher has personally answered their letters. Viewers who write in with specific problems may receive a reply with the viewer's name typed in at the head of the letter and included in the text, which may also contain references to the stated problem. If the original letter had mentioned, say, post-menopausal depression, the reply will contain a standard paragraph (say, number 68) dealing with post-menopausal depression in a caring tone. One word-processing technique used by Rex Humbard involves programming the computer so that begging letters contain references to the precise amount previously donated by the recipient; the letter then asks for a one-time emergency gift of the same amount. It continues: "I know this is a lot to ask of you, but without your gift of $XXX I won't be able to broadcast our program more than another week . . . Eternal souls are at stake. For if our program goes off the air, there are men, women, boys and girls who will spend eternity in Hell. People will miss Heaven . . ."

> Televangelists tend to live very high on the hog. Herbert Armstrong owned five luxurious homes including a $500,000 mansion

Televangelists receive far too many letters even to read, let alone answer personally. That doesn't deter Oral Roberts from claiming to read and answer every letter. In view of the volume of mail he receives, Roberts would have to be capable of reading and answering a letter every two seconds.

The gigantic "boiler rooms" which process and package the begging letters are staffed by small armies of clerical workers. Robert Schuller's American boiler room, managed by former scrap metal merchant and used car dealer Fred Southard, employs 150 staff to handle the computerised mailing system. Although the money Herbert Armstrong has collected from Australians would have paid for churches to house many of his 50 congregations, the only building he has erected in this country is his 14,000 square foot boiler room on the Gold Coast. It was designed to efficiently handle the 200,000 requests for literature Armstrong receives from Australians annually. In reply the Armstrong machine dispatches one and a half to two million pieces of correspondence. One in 45 Australian households receives a copy of Armstrong's glossy magazine *The Plain Truth*; Ken Copeland claims to have distributed 225,000 copies of his magazine to Australians in 1983. With each "free" magazine containing personal testimonies and details of world-wide campaigns, there is the inevitable begging letter.

Boiler rooms, however, don't always function perfectly. Jim Bakker suffered boiler room trouble in 1978, and later claimed on a national American telecast that Satan had entered his office and prevented him from answering correspondence, resulting in a loss of $13 million.

Some televangelists actually sell their mailing lists to competitors. *Religious Broadcasting* magazine has carried advertisements for a donor bank service that "can help you feed the sheep and raise the funds." Some of those sheep have particularly valuable fleeces. Relatives of one woman who died in 1983 at the age of 77 found that she had donated almost all of her life savings of $66,000 to a number of televangelists. Her sons found piles of letters detailing current financial crises. Needless to say, they kept on pouring in after her death.

Dispensing pulp from the electronic pulpit isn't the only way televangelists extract money from viewers. The sale of a huge range of items — overpriced tapes, books, records, Bibles, prayer keys, even playing cards with the Heavenly Host printed on them — keeps the coffers overflowing. One study showed that the average price of Bibles offered for sale by televangelists was more than $200. In 1983 Ken Copeland was able to sell 100,000 tapes, 120,000 books and 10,000 records throughout Australia and the Pacific. From Jerry Falwell viewers can buy an *Armageddon* book, a Bible prophecy book, eight cassettes and a personalised certificate for $100. For $12 a month they can receive Jerry's Hotline report, and for an extra $50 he'll toss in a flag kit and parchment "Christian Bill of Rights." Robert Schuller's fans can pay for seats in the Australian Balcony of his Crystal Cathedral or buy Crystal Cathedral T-shirts. More serious believers can enter a Covenant Agreement with certain televangelists and God by signing an impressive-looking certificate.

Again, Oral Roberts appears to be the most inventive of the televangelists when it comes to marketing divine knick-knacks. He told television viewers that he had felt a supernatural heat in his right hand, and

Why the new Fuego goes so fast.

The new Fuego boasts a potent 2-litre alloy overhead-cam engine. A top notch 5-speed gearbox. And front wheel drive that keeps the wheels where they belong.

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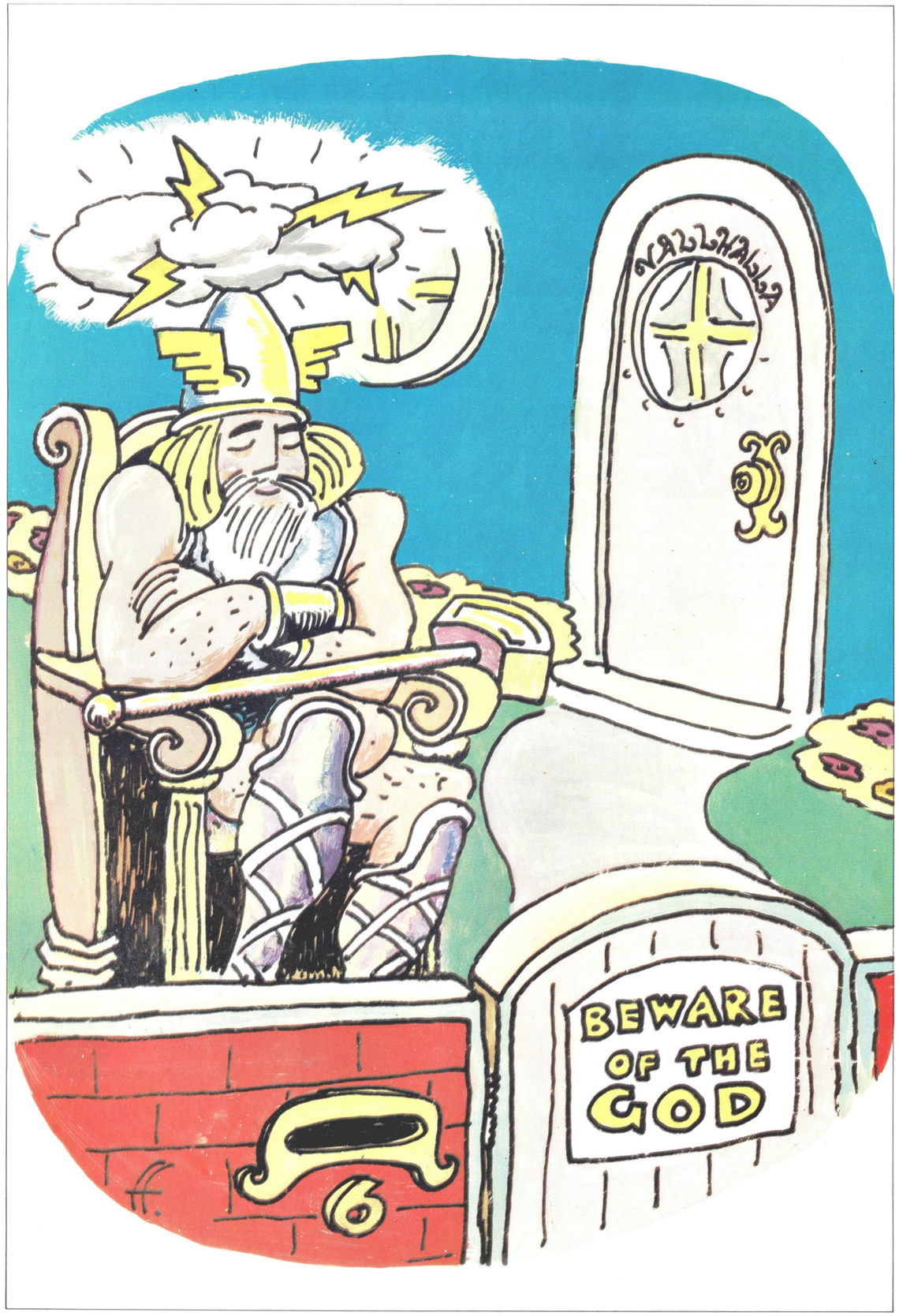

CHURCH

that God had instructed him to imprint that hand on towels. Roberts offered these towels to anyone who would enter a Blessing Pact by sending an appropriate donation.

At least two American televangelists have made false statements on programs broadcast in Australia by claiming that gifts sent to their organisations were tax deductible. A complaint to Channel 9 in Melbourne about one such statement resulted in an alteration to the announcement. In fact, it may be possible for Australian donors to take legal action to recover their money if they can show evidence of undue influence.

The Organisational Take

Estimating the total incomes and expenditures of televangelists is not easy. Religious organisations are not required to make their balance sheets available to the public, nor to have them independently audited, nor to lodge income tax returns in many countries in which they operate.

However, due to the efforts of former devotees, accurate figures for the operations of Herbert Armstrong are available. In July 1984 accounts were released showing the Armstrong worldwide income for 1983 at $132,182,000, up nine percent on the 1982 figure. Total expenses also rose nine percent to $126,489,000. The statements and accompanying notes revealed travel and related expenses of $3.7 million, professional and performing artist fees of $5 million, and mysterious "other" expenses of $8.3 million. As for Armstrong's competitors, the best figures for annual revenues resulting from the investigations of American reporters are: Jerry Falwell $57 million; Jim Bakker $50 million; Oral Roberts $48 million; Jimmy Swaggert $45 million; Robert Schuller $23 million; and Rex Humbard $22 million.

The only detailed breakdown of any televangelist's Australian operations appears in Robert Schuller's balance sheets lodged with Corporate Affairs in Sydney. Schuller paid under $400 per hour (a fraction of the rate for normal advertisers) for airtime on Australian commercial television in 1981, totalling $140,000 for all his airtime Australia-wide. The following year that figure dropped to $128,000. Over the same period his income rose from $525,000 to $635,000. Schuller's trust account shows Australians donated $118,369.96 between 1980 and '83 for Crystal Cathedral balcony seats. The balance sheets clearly show that funds were remitted to the US; however, the organisation's 1983 submission to the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal stated: "All funds were used for the direct costs of the television ministry in Australia."

Other hints as to the Australian take can be gleaned from snippets in the televangelists' magazines and begging letters. In a letter dispatched in June 1984, Ken Copeland's Australian director claimed that 2500 people in this country were contributing an average of $240 each year — yielding a gross income from donations alone of $600,000.

Only two organisations in the US attempt to report on the financial affairs of religious corporations. They are the Council of Better Business Bureaux (CBBB) and the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability (ECFA). To qualify for CBBB approval organisations must meet 14 standards. If they've announced charity or research or some other cause as the object of a fund-raising drive, at least half of the money raised should be so spent. They must also disclose exactly how the rest is spent and be able to substantiate the truth of their advertising. The televangelists who have chosen not to meet CBBB standards include Rex Humbard, Oral Roberts, Jerry Falwell, Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggert and Robert Schuller. The ECFA's 232 members have an annual revenue of $1 billion. The council's members do not include Rex Humbard, Robert Schuller or Jimmy Swaggert.

> Falwell has espoused such totalitarian operations as the registration of all communists by stamping a sign on their foreheads

The Personal Take

Not surprisingly, the televangelists tend to live very high on the hog. A 1978 report compiled by former followers of Herbert Armstrong showed that the grandaddy of televangelists owned five luxurious homes including a $500,000 mansion in Pasadena. Armstrong travels throughout the world in his luxury jet aircraft (worth $9.6 million in 1983) and always stays at the most expensive hotels. An incomplete investigation by the California State Attorney-General revealed extravagant expenditure; $44,000 for a week in Paris and $1519 for dinner at a Japanese nightclub were among the items listed. Armstrong has a seven-year employment agreement which provides for basic annual compensation of $258,000. In 1980 he received parsonage allowances and other remuneration totalling $156,000. Chief executives also do well for themselves. Armstrong's former legal counsel Stanley Rader had a salary of $219,000 in 1980 and in 1981 received a bonus on top of salary of $250,000.

Jerry Falwell has two Cessna executive jets and lives in a $500,000 home surrounded by a high wall. All of Falwell's property has been placed in his church's name so that he pays no personal taxes. The guiding light of the Moral Majority shrugs off critics with the observation that material wealth is "God's way of blessing people who put him first."

Jim Bakker's $375,000 home near Palm Beach, California has floor-to-ceiling mirrors and gold-plated plumbing fixtures. Bakker once issued a direct mail message claiming that he and his wife Tammy were "giving every penny of our life's savings to the PLT Club." In the same month he purchased a $24,000 houseboat. Similarly, Rex Humbard bought a $650,000 Palm Beach unit (where he now lives) a mere nine months after telling his followers he needed $3,200,000 to pay off his ministerial debts.

In 1981 Jimmy Swaggert claimed a salary of $19,142, which seems rather low compared with his wife's earning capacity of $50,526 and his son's of $58,500. An investigation revealed other benefits including expenses for housing and clothes. In 1981 Swaggert's ministry lent him $183,529 and his son $158,605 for the purchase of land.

Oral Roberts' former copywriter Jenny Scholes has attacked his extravagant lifestyle, claiming that a $250,000 home, $500 suits and a Mercedes-Benz did not become a preacher who constantly stressed his humble origins. But the most severe inside attack has come from Oral's former daughter-in-law Patti Roberts Thompson, whose book *Ashes To Gold* describes the Roberts family's storybook existence. Thompson tells of expensive clothes and jewellery, travel in a company-owned eight-passenger fanjet, and membership of the Southern Hills Country Club (which carries an initial joining fee of $35,000). After several years of employment under Roberts, Patti Thompson had come to regard the Oral Roberts Evangelical Association as not primarily a spiritual endeavor but a corporate one. She said it was difficult to justify playing golf with senators and vacationing with the heads of multi-million dollar corporations on funds supplied largely by widows on social security who faithfully supported the ministry with their $10 offerings each month.

Social And Individual Dangers

British writer David Henshaw has commented on the strongly apocalyptic element in the teachings of the televangelists: "Preachers are constantly emphasising that these are the 'last days' prophesied in the *Book Of Revelations*; pointing to news bulletins, they talk of 'wars' and 'rumors of wars' and the final unfolding of

God's plan." If Ronald Reagan ever turns his fantasy of sparking a nuclear war into reality, viewers conditioned by televangelists will no doubt see the holocaust as part of "God's plan." Instilling a belief in the prophecy of Armageddon is clearly advantageous to the televangelists themselves: if you can convince the viewer that the world will end very soon, he'll be less inclined to save his money and more inclined to hand it over to you . . . particularly if you stress that only those who faithfully make their donations each week will be saved. Instead of encouraging people to grapple with the world's problems in the hope of ensuring that there will be a world for future generations, many televangelists instead suggest that they sit, watch the screen and wait for the end.

An American study released last year showed that 75 percent of televangelists referred to personal problems in their programs, implying that repentance, prayer and trust in the Lord would set everything right. When this doctrine is extended to apply to health problems, the results can be disastrous. When Ken Copeland has advocated that viewers pray to heal themselves, some have discontinued medical treatment with predictable consequences. Herbert Armstrong's teachings on the role of medicine have been well documented by former followers. Armstrong suggests that modern medicine should play virtually no part in healing the sick, and that trusting in medical science is a sin. His advice is to call in God's ministers and let them pray while anointing the sufferer with oil. Many who have taken that advice have died — including Armstrong's first wife and one of his sons, both of whom refused treatment and asked God to heal them of illnesses which proved fatal. Some of Armstrong's ministers have been given detailed instructions on what to do in the case of death to prevent an investigation by authorities. (At the same time, 92-year-old Armstrong places his own heart condition in the hands of the best doctors that money can buy.)

Sometimes the damage caused by televangelism is less dramatic but no less real. The constant pressure to tithe and donate has placed great stress on devotees. Columnist Phillip Adams has received many letters from people who handed over large sums of money to Herbert Armstrong's machine. The pressure exerted on these people has precipitated nervous breakdowns and caused marital disharmony and divorce. The sheep are forced to go without while the shepherd leads a life of extravagant self-indulgence.

The political content of the televangelists' programs is equally contentious. A study released last year by Doctors Robert Abelman and Kimberley Neuendorf of Cleveland State University showed that politics accounted for 17 percent of all topics discussed on religious television. The Pope of political evangelism is Jerry Falwell, who pushes his right-wing "secular" organisation, the Moral Majority, on his *Gospel Hour*, cementing an alliance between fundamentalist Christianity and right-wing causes. According to a member of the US Federal Control Commission, Tyrone Brown, a principal aim of the Moral Majority is to repudiate the American commitment to equal opportunity. Brown asserted that central to this idea was the notion that people were to be divided into "them" and "us" — minority groups falling into the "them" category. He believed this theme would become the basis for sanctioned racism in the US. In fact, Falwell has espoused totalitarian operations such as the registration of all communists by stamping a sign on their foreheads.

There has been considerable backlash in the US against the preaching of politics by televangelists. Patricia Harris, Health and Human Services Secretary for the Carter Administration, described the propagation of extreme right-wing views as dangerous, intolerant and a polarising influence. "We may yet have an Ayatollah Khomeini," she said, "but instead of a beard he would have a television program."

> When investigations could find no trace of the $337,000, Bakker responded by explaining that Satan had entered the computer and lost the money

Stemming The Tide Of Televangelism

In summary, televangelism causes concern through its misuse of the medium of television as an instrument for profit-making, for dispensing political propaganda, for manipulating vague feelings of unease, and for presenting simplistic solutions to complex problems, all under the guise of religion. Critics have become aware of the immense danger posed by mass communication media. Associate Professor Gorney of the Psychiatry faculty at the University of California has raised the question of what may have happened if the late Jim Jones had been a televangelist. Professor Gorney said: "Given the enormous powers of the television medium, religious convictions and mental derangement, it is very possible at some future time that a charismatic religious personality who is equally disordered might bring about the deaths of thousands of people."

However, apart from some exposes by investigative journalists in the US, little has been done to curb the excesses of televangelism. The Federal Control Commission (FCC), responsible for investigating abuses of balance and fairness on American television, is clearly wary of the issue of televangelism. It's aware that word processors and direct mailing lists can be turned against it. Yet the commission has taken some positive action by revoking the licence of a Californian TV station after the licensee, an organisation called The Faith Centre, used obstructive and evasive tactics when the FCC was investigating fund-raising practices. In another case in Dallas, Texas, a station suspended televangelist James Robinson after he produced a ranting diatribe against homosexuals. Robinson complained to the FCC, which upheld the station's action.

But the most important moves to date have involved Jim Bakker. In 1978 Bakker's empire nearly collapsed under the weight of debts worth $6 million. These had been brought on by a too rapid expansion of his broadcasting facilities and by escalating construction costs on his $100 million recreation and entertainment complex. In the following year newspaper articles claimed Bakker had diverted $337,000 in donations solicited for overseas missions in order to pay his domestic debts. When the FCC investigated and subpoenaed his financial records, he screamed religious persecution. The FCC could not find any trace of the missions or the $337,000. Bakker responded by explaining that Satan had entered the computer and lost the money.

The other American government bodies with cause to be interested in the televangelists are revenue collecting departments. In 1984 the State of California Board of Equalisation, investigating Robert Schuller's operations, found that the selling of tickets to concerts featuring popular entertainers and the renting of space to outfits such as the Southern California Grocers' Association were commercial activities that took place on a regular basis, and so imposed property taxes. The Ohio Securities Commission investigated Rex Humbard in 1973 and found he sold $12.5 million in notes and other securities without the required prospectus. Jerry Falwell dismisses evidence that the Moral Majority made a secret unlawful donation of $31,000 to a political candidate. But generally, government bodies of all sorts tend to put accusations against televangelists into the "too-hard basket."

The FCC's Canadian equivalent, the Canadian Television and Radio Corporation (CTRC), has taken a harder line. The

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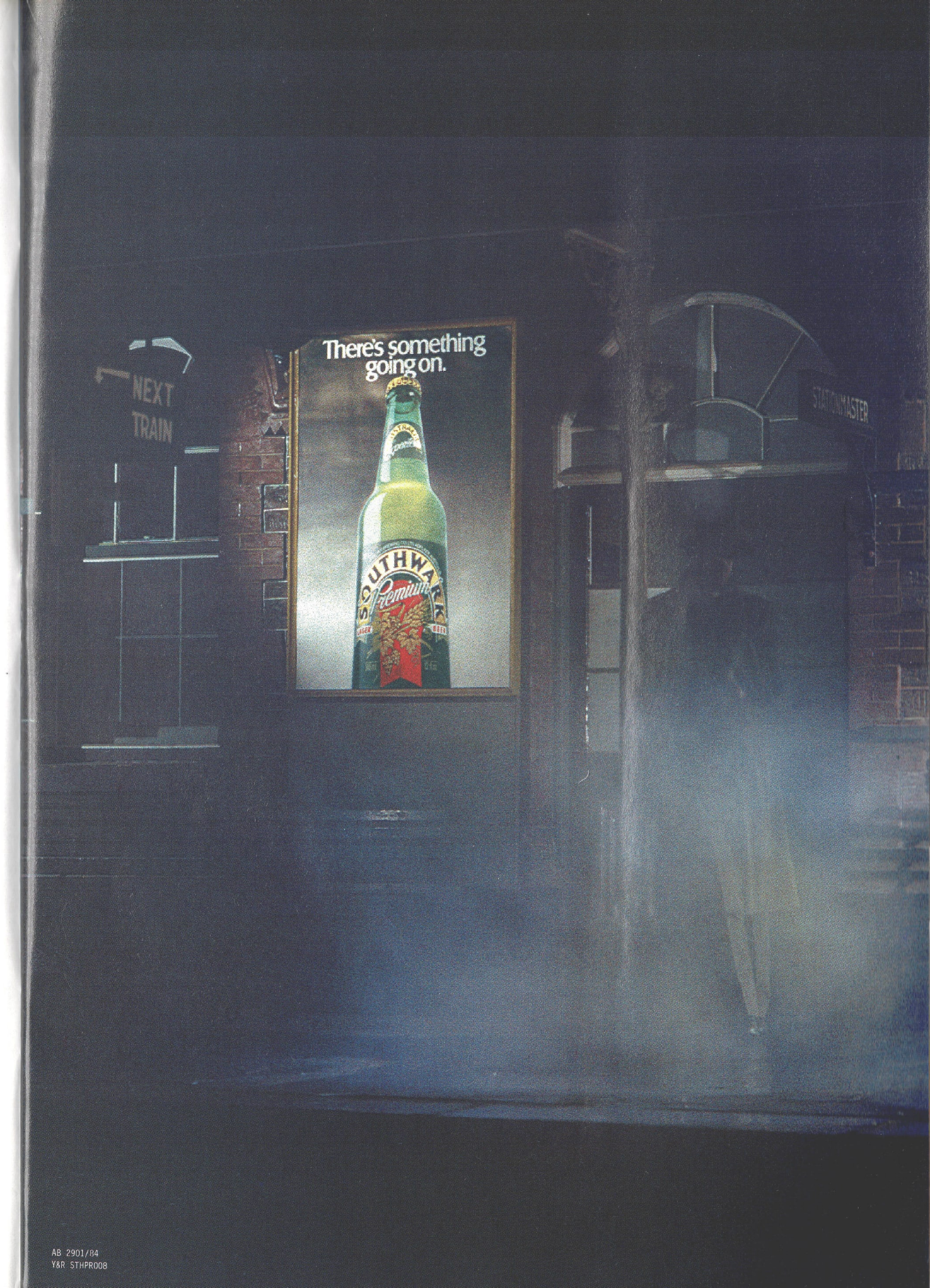
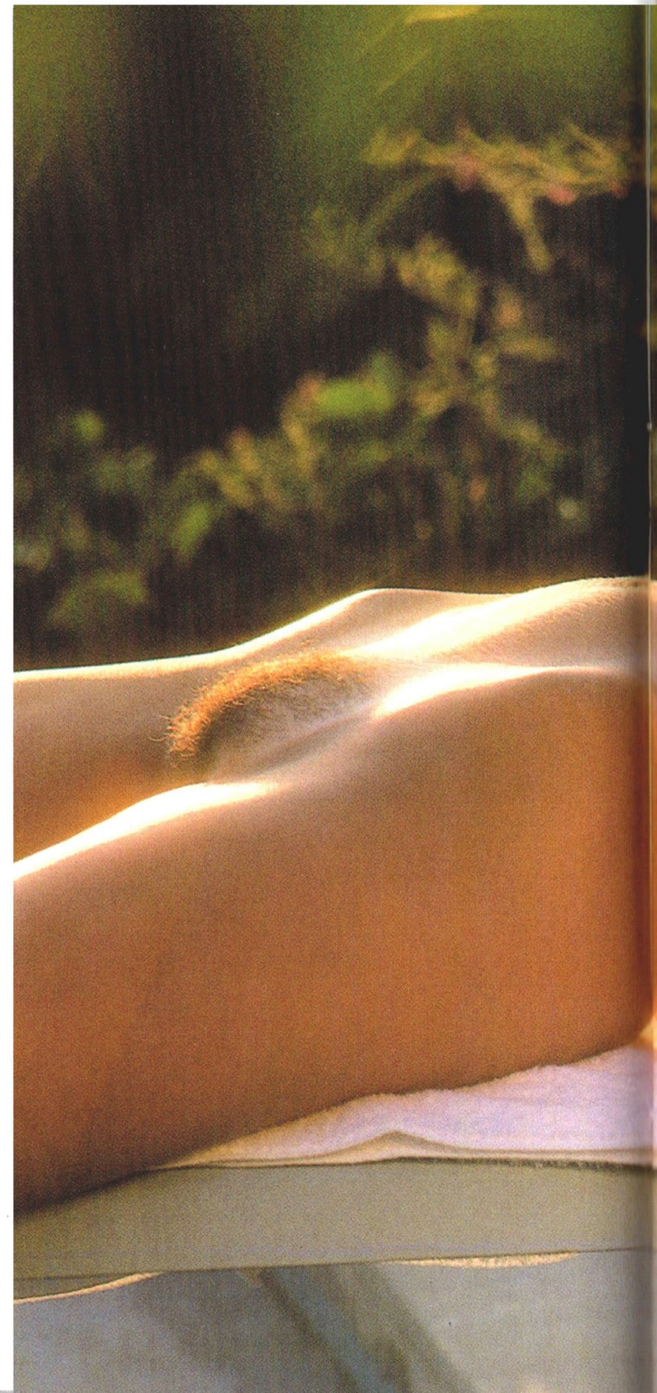


WORTH WAITING FOR

A body like Mindy Farrar's can soak up a lot of sun — but she's got the sort of radiant personality that returns the favor. "People have always classified me as the cute, sweet, bouncy type," she admits. "And I suppose that's right, since I do have a lot of energy, and I'm hardly ever in a bad mood — unless it rains on the weekend." Even so, Mindy has enough imagination to devise ways to expend her excess energy indoors.

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN J. HICKS

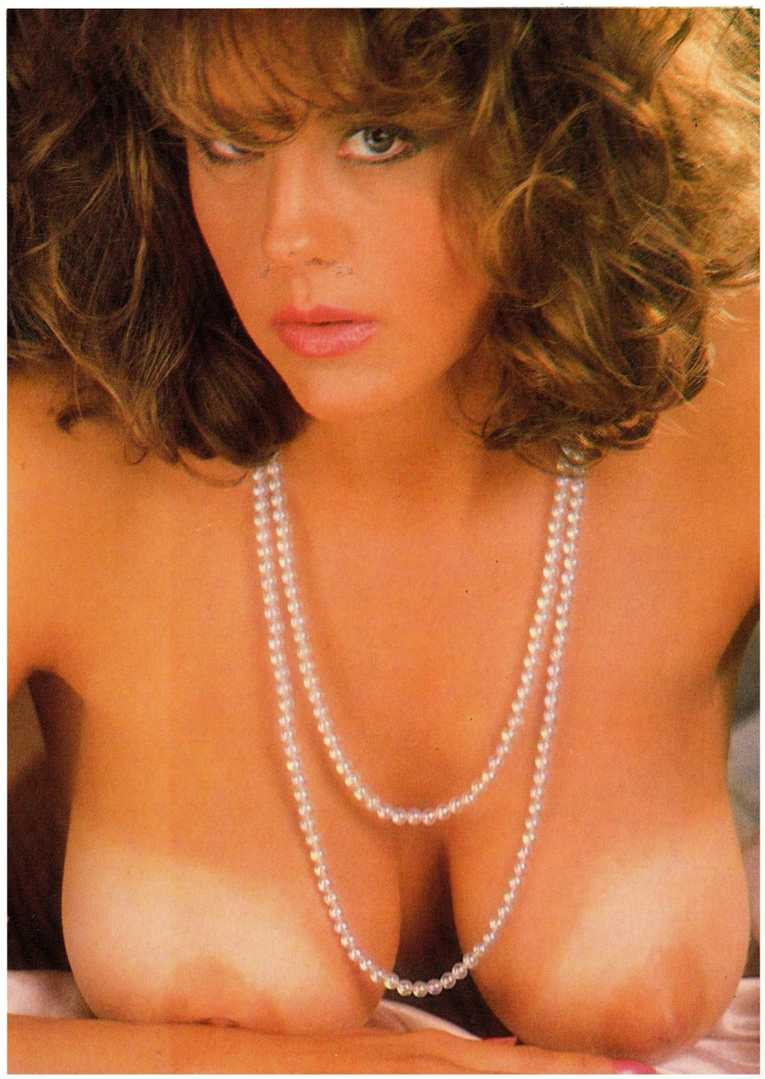
Mindy calls herself a bit of a square. "I'm the kind who gets up at 6am, wears normal clothes and goes to a secretarial job." She looks askance at the growing punk scene in her home city. "It burns me up to see malcontents with purple hair slouching around acting superior." Her type of man wears a three-piece suit.



She says she fantasises about really athletic men, gymnasts in particular. "Watching some of those handsome men at the last Olympics going through their routines on the parallel bars . . . it really set my mind, and my heart, racing," says Mindy. "Imagine what they'd like in bed."

Unlike many of her peers, though, 21-year-old Mindy takes a long time to get to know a man. "My mother and father convinced me that I should stay a virgin till I married. But when I got engaged two years ago I decided to take the plunge.

Mindy's engagement is over now. There is no shortage of suitors, of course, and she's getting a lot of practice in her technique of stalling men who want to race her into bed. "I figure I'm worth the wait," she says.



THE CARNAL COAST

Far North Queenslanders have got plenty to smile about

BY JACK RANSLEY

The painting hung a little drunkenly in one of Cairns' riotous "Barbary Coast" hotels. It depicted a group of men and women paddling naked off a beach fringed by coconut palms, and beyond them a few trawlers at anchor on an azure sea.

Technically it was an amateurish work, but what interested me was the subjects' expressions. Or I should say, their *expression:* most of the picture's impact was in the uniformity of the faces — lips raised minutely, suggesting a sort of serene, contemptuous smirk. All the figures were young, tanned, sleek as porpoises. But that *look* . . .

For almost an hour I stared at the scene, annoyed at not being able to decide just what it meant. What seemed most likely was that these people had been surprised at their frolics by some ghastly shutterbug tourist whose unwelcome snapshot had been converted in slavish detail to canvas. And somehow, via their collective expression, the sun worshippers give an unsettling impression of *communication*; their eyes, heavy-lidded, gleamed with covert messages.

On subsequent visits to Cairns I began to notice that same enigmatic expression on *living* faces. Shop assistants, barmen, hippies — even spotty clerks in airline offices — every damn one of them became a smirking replica of the water color people I had begun to think of as The Conspirators. And with each hurried business trip it became more irritatingly obvious that I would never learn what the Cairns smirk meant. Unless — it came to me one spring day — I made it my business to find out.

Unless I went to Far North Queensland with the specific intention of solving the mystery; unless I learnt the language of smirk. I had a fair idea where to start. Even from my brief exposure to the place, it seemed clear that Cairns had become HQ for hedonists of the South Pacific — a Mecca for those who think, or at least *feel*, that pleasure in any form is the chief good.

ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY OLIVE

COAST

Further from Sydney and Melbourne than New Zealand and virtually ignored by the rest of us, these tropical sensualists displayed to me signs of decadence worthy of Rome before the fall, and of parochialism rivalling that of Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen. My investigation of tropical pleasures spanned three days. Not long in which to examine what amounts to a new religion, but they were lengthy days (and nights), and none of us are as young as we used to be.

DAY ONE

I'm resting in a cane chair beneath a lazy ceiling fan. It's 10pm but the air is warm, moist, scented by bougainvillea, ozone and cannabis. Outwardly I resemble a hibernating lizard, barely breathing, yet my heart thuds like a rogue diesel. Beyond the French windows I see girls on bicycles gliding to and fro; girls with direct inquiring smiles and few clothes, girls with long chocolate legs and no apparent destinations.

A nightclub singer who insists her name is Coco de Bana croons to herself across the room, scribbling down lyrics as she invents them, finally growling out a verse I later discover on my tape recorder:

"Arm practised in gibbon
An' up for de grabbin'
Arm gibbon — whose grabbin'?
Arm hot below decks
Come on into mar cabin . . ."

When we applaud the girl inclines her head graciously, then falls instantly asleep in her armchair. She is tall, part-Asian (like many women I have seen during the day) with masses of blue/black curls, full lips and a body designed to make men groan — even before they hear her songs. She wears tight faded jeans and a T-shirt bearing the letters ASDIP.

"It stands for Another Shitty Day In Paradise," she explains. Then she says: "If you're really investigating pleasure, you better try some local hooch." A group of us walk through the sultry night to the apartment of a young engineer, who begins immediately to structure a vast, trumpet-shaped joint.

He passes me the bag to examine; it bulges with heads the size of corn cobs, sticky with resin, their bouquet sweetly sinister. Several tokes convince me of their claim: this is among the strongest dope on Earth, its effects more reminiscent of the snarling goodwill induced by quality acid (once, long ago) than mere marijuana.

I pass the engineer's handiwork to a travel agent who had earlier remarked: "I wouldn't say we were smug — we just know we're better off than anyone else in the world." Now he gloats, working at the joint: "We have . . . *ffft!* . . . a farmer friend . . . *ffft!* . . . great bloke, up on the Atherton Tableland. He grows vegetables too. We go up once a fortnight for . . . *fffffffttt!* . . . everything we need."

He slumps back, smiling beatifically, then leaps to his feet, eyes blazing, and tells me in a high, unpunctuated monotone: "There's a greater desire to please the visitor in this resort than anywhere else I know! this area Cairns Cape York and the Gulf has a greater gross national product than South Australia so while tourism makes us wealthy we wouldn't starve without it hell no! whereas Noosa and the Whitsundays *would* starve and that's where the inherent rip-offs come in born of desperation and that's why we're so cool and that's why we smirk if you must know and now if you don't mind I have a prior engagement see you all later."

He clatters down the stairs and away.

"Overworked," says a young barman from Wellington, who admits to sleeping with 20 women since his arrival three month's earlier.

"He's had more roots than meals," snaps the engineer maliciously.

The handsome barman looks pleased.

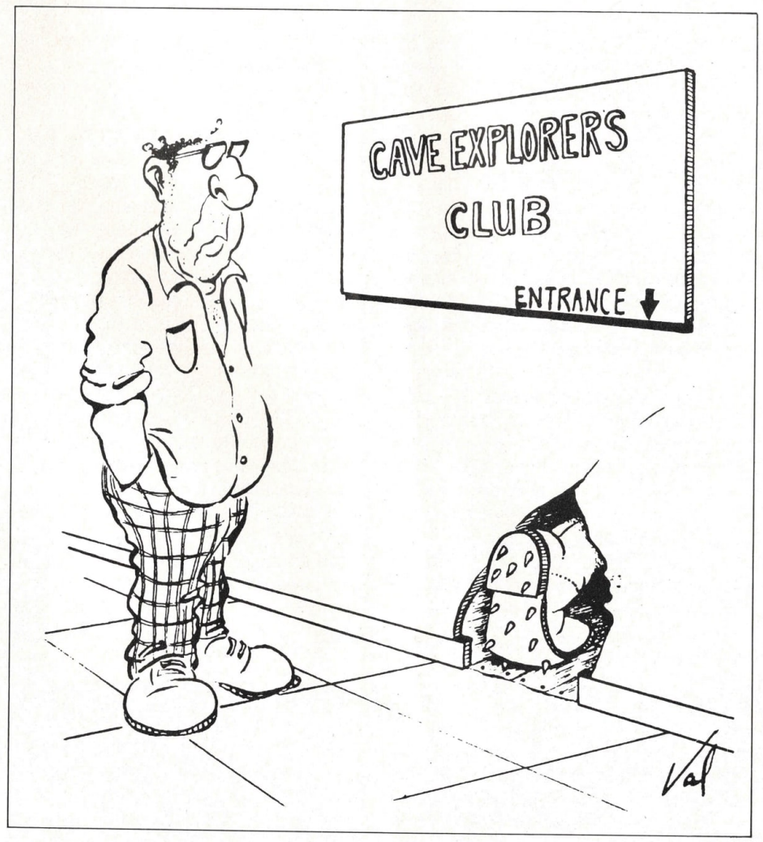
"It is a single man's paradise," he concedes. "I mean, I'm quite . . . sated. Things happen here I thought were the stuff of sexual fantasy. At the club where I work I get propositioned all the time. The girls say, 'You've got a nice arse, turn around and give us a look' or 'Are you going home with anyone tonight?' I've had them as blunt as 'I'd *really* like to screw you!' *Honest!*" he adds, laughing to show he can afford to be modest about all this. "The girls here have a different attitude. They're not after a lifelong marital partner, just a bit of fun on the side."

Preceded by more furious clattering, the travel agent reappears. Behind him, smirking gently, are two blondes in their twenties whom I'd seen dancing together at the nightclub. They wear identical dresses — tiny denim outfits that barely cover their deeply tanned thighs. Originally from Sydney, they've been working here as waitresses for a year and are at this moment overcome with contempt for the pick-up techniques of tourists.

"Honestly!" sighs one, flopping carelessly on to a pile of cushions, "I'd rather *wank* than screw some of those insincere creeps." She settles back with the joint, apparently unaware that her panties are exposed — or even that the engineer is lazily (but sincerely) stroking the inside of her thigh.

"Wank like this?" he croaks, unable to sound as cool as he would like.

"Mmmmm," she says, wriggling down into the cushions, smiling peacefully through bluish acrid smoke. Moving closer, the engineer becomes *more* sincere about his task and the girl's flawless legs loll obligingly apart. There is a general catching of breath in the room, a significant meeting of eyes, and a veritable epidemic of smirking.



The travel agent leans across the sleeping singer, administers a lingering kiss. "Coco," he sighs. "Speak to me!"

She snores musically, the ASDIP shirt expanding and contracting in a way I am beginning to find strangely soothing; even in sleep Coco's lips smirk as though she is reviewing guilty secrets.

". . . the girls and I were on a long stretch of white sand," continues the barman dreamily, as though no interruptions existed. "One of them had the nicest tits I've ever seen and . . ."

Giving up on the singer, the travel agent lights another joint. "The difference between Sydney and Cairns," he drones, back in his professional rut, "is that in Sydney the average suburban housewife gets bored. In Cairns, of course, she . . ."

"Gets *screwed!*" yells the unoccupied blonde, scoffing huge prawns from a glass bowl ($6.80 a kilo, says the travel agent, cooked).

". . . and on the pianist's last night at the club," the barman intones, "all his girlfriends were clustered around the piano. We took bets on which girl would get him for the night. Competitive! Anyway, when . . ."

The singer wakes with a start and stares, blinking, at the couple near her on the floor, the engineer with his busy fingers and the waitress spread across the cushions like a burnished starfish emitting little *oooos* and *ahhhs*.

Then the second waitress lies down near her friend and the watchful travel agent is beside her in a flash. I am considering the etiquette of getting down there myself when Coco says: "Take me dancing." There is a look in her eye that suggests I would be a very silly pleasure investigator if I refused.

Later she walks me to my hotel. She is wearing perfume made by an old hippy in Kuranda, a blend of tropical blossoms that seems like a distillation of the scented air around us. We pause by a singular building, its long walls striped by half-metre-high pieces of tin cut into the shapes of musical notes. Coco says each note was fashioned and screwed to the wall by an old Italian composer, now dead. They form two complete tunes, one above the other, and she hums them both, which entails circumnavigating the house twice.

"Years ago in a cyclone they all blew away." Coco laughs and takes my arm. "Old Primo the composer rounded them all up and stuck them back again."

Outside the hotel I am about to ask if she will come up for a drink when Coco says: "How big is your bed?"

"Huge," I tell her, enchanted by this practical inquiry — until, a second later, it occurs to me that she may be planning to invite the travel agent and God knows who else up there with us. And, sure enough, the moment we're in the room she's on the phone. I busy myself making drinks, wondering how to explain that my research — and my bed — has no place for travel agents, however fraternal the locals may be in their pursuit of pleasure.

But 15 minutes later it's the waitresses who tap on the door, and within moments they're bouncing on the bed with yet another joint, while Coco undresses to the bizarre tune of her own little song and I, in a chair by the verandah, watch developments with thinly disguised wonder.

"You're smirking," the singer chuckles, drawing me into the wondrous tangle of tanned flesh and fine hairs made golden by sunshine . . . into a nest of pleasure which, over the following two hours, becomes downright slippery with usage. There are moments when your researcher believes he will die of joy; moments when he thinks he has reached the limit of his endurance — but no, one of them always has some new idea, a contortion overlooked by all humankind before this night, an innovation made possible by the sheer bounty of soft wet places at your disposal. Suicide has never been further from my mind.

> "It's a single man's paradise. I mean I'm quite . . . sated. Things happen here I thought were the stuff of sexual fantasy"

DAY TWO

Sailing to Green Island on a 15-metre yacht, we pass False Cape at about four knots and gather pace as the south-easterly freshens, occasionally heeling the big white boat over when wind "bullets" (as locals describe them) blast out from the mountains.

At the island, 20 kilometres north-east of the city, we tie up at the tourist jetty alongside six other yachts for a time-honored ritual called Loopy Taunting. It's a simple, malicious game requiring only an expensive yacht, a few semi-naked girls to adorn the deck, and time in which to enjoy the tormented stares of passing loopies (budget-conscious tourists, to the uninitiated).

Green Island being the main destination of scores of day-charter vessels from Cairns, there is never a shortage of victims. We arrange ourselves on deck with icy stubbies, pretending (as the rules dictate) to be supremely unaware of how fervently the poor ugly swine clomping past on the jetty are wishing they were us. But when a bronzed Amazon spread-eagles herself on the for'ard deck of a neighboring yacht, her bikini covering less than half a mons venus the size of rock melon, I can't resist monitoring her toll of human misery.

The most devastated victim is a middle-aged man in Target clothing, wearing a bright blue hat with the message: I'M AVAILABLE! LET'S HAVE FUN TONIGHT! blazoned in red around the rim. He stops, heedless of the continued progress of the stout woman and a clutch of noisy children behind him. He stares in abject longing at the scene below, at the rock melon girl on the varnished deck; he stares even after his wife — cursing — collides with his back and his yammering kids collide with her; he stares back across his shoulder as they propel him forward by weight of numbers up the jetty toward the souvenir shop in search of conch shells and tea towels and coat-hangers that play "Waltzin' Matilda."

"Rock oysters and reef fish!" hoots Rob McVey, a plump and jolly yachtsman sitting next to me on deck. "Fresh, fresh prawns! Calamari in feather-light batter! Mackerel steaks with lemon and pepper! God I love this local tucker!" Moans of agreement rise to the ears of the tortured loopies, along with a great smacking of lips and fizzing of stubbies. Women arch their backs off the hot decks, some donning face masks and slipping over the side to watch fat tame fish nibbling weed from the keels.

Looking along the rows of yachts I see a middle-aged playboy, bare-topped, his neck festooned with gold chains, applying sun screen lotion to the sharply conical breasts of a sleeping teenager. He lingers over the job — a drop or two in his palm, a gentle and studious application of cream to each nipple — unaware, naturally, of the effect this is having on male tourists (whose spouses march past with faces averted). As he rolls the girl over and goes lovingly to work on her peachy little bum, Rob McVey — once a harried insurance salesman from Toowoomba, near Brisbane — confides: "Yuh know I've barely worked at all since 1979. Life is so good now I alternate between feeling guilty and thinking something *must* be about to go wrong."

He has a mate, another yachtsman, who often advertises in a local shop — HORIZONTAL FEMALE CREW WANTED — and gets "more applicants than he can handle."

McVey sighs. "No point using false pretences up here," he explains, lying back and cradling his belly. The company talks about how much they enjoy sunset when the last tourist boat departs and the island becomes "ours" — which surprises me until I realise there is another facet to Loopy Taunting. Once demoralised, the tourists must return to their cheap motels, allowing the yachties the bonus of feeling smug over *their* freedom to remain. As McVey puts it: "Seeing the poor old loopies heading

home reminds us who *we* were in the past."

Later, I am allowed to steer the yacht back to Cairns, all sails aloft and the stereo up high so that music swirls around us in the cockpit before being whisked away on a warm breeze. A solitary dolphin smirks attentively in our wake.

DAY THREE

Loafing in bed with the *Cairns Post*, I learn that hippies who "scrounge and pick" at the tip now face lightning raids by council inspectors. I learn that hundreds of businesses are temporarily closed while the owners go fishing for a tagged "grunter" with $110,000 on its head. I learn that a man called Michael Coombe, 24, has been convicted of behaving in an indecent manner in the beer garden of the Criterion Hotel on June 22, and has been sentenced to 14 days jail with hard labor.

I read on, discovering that Coombe was arrested after police saw him naked in front of a cheering crowd of 250 men and women, "carrying out a simulated sex act with a woman covered in mud."

I order breakfast, and over it discover that a man known as "Diamond Harry" acted as master of ceremonies in the beer garden, announcing mud wrestling bouts and calling for volunteers, of which Coombe was one. Unrepresented, Coombe told the magistrate: "I was up here on holidays and didn't know anything like this could happen to me . . . the woman wrestler kept after me, trying to pull me back in the mud." Police confirmed this, the report said, saying they saw a woman wrestler grab hold of Coombe, pull off his pants and drag him into the mud pool. Coombe got out, but was grabbed again by one of the women, "whom he picked up and they acted out a simulated sex act."

It happened, naturally, on the Barbary Coast — a name borrowed from an area of San Francisco infamous for its debauchery during the Californian gold rush. It happened at the very hotel where I saw that disturbing painting of the collective north Queensland smirk.

The course of my final day's investigation is clearly defined by the fate of the hapless Coombe and this comment from the magistrate, Mr Bert Nolan: "That there were hundreds of people cheering at the scene shows they must have experienced some pleasure from the exhibition. It is not my function to criticise them. It rests with their conscience, not mine."

Cairns' version of the Barbary Coast is basically three pubs near the docks, pubs that use displays of eroticism in a fierce and sustained battle for custom.

Today things are quiet at the Criterion (which, a couple of weeks later, will have its licence revoked after a "jelly-wrestling incident") but at the Oceanic — a rambling old wooden boozer known locally as The Big O — an expectant hush settles upon the beer garden.

It's 12.25pm and a couple of hundred men jostle grimly for positions around a rough wooden catwalk, one end of which adjoins a sagging tent. When the music starts, 200 more men clutching stubbies flood into the beer garden: toothless fishermen trailing scarred bull terriers; sleek, besuited types who look like solicitors; tourists with Instamatics; pony-tailed hippies in sarongs . . . an astonishingly mixed bag of voyeurs, we stand on the bare dirt shading our eyes against the sun, silent, watching the tent like pilgrims awaiting a sign.

Then two girls burst forth on to the catwalk in tattered black stockings and wisps of undergarment, thrusting their groins, bums and breasts at the cheering men, kneeling one before the other with pelvic gyrations, licking fingers and rolling eyes and sending the boys hoarse with lust.

In Cairns, they have made life into a kind of sustained foreplay, nibbling slowly at the treats around them and missing nothing

There are three girls performing, all lovely, changing costumes every few minutes. As their imaginative cavortings become ever more suggestive, the men's faces register a range of emotions from delight to a kind of savage, yearning fury.

Next to me a bull terrier, perhaps detecting some primitive smell in the air, starts to bark a single demanding note. Its owner, distracted finally from his pleasure, looks down and grins. "Wanna fuck, boy?" he says. I swear to God the ugly brute nods.

Afterwards I go across town to a little office where the girls are waiting to talk about their work. They are employed by a local promotion studio called Topps, owned by a large expatriate Kiwi, Gary Davies, and his wife. Davies takes his girls all over north Queensland in a mini-bus (it's parked outside, a school bus sign in the rear window) to perform in mining towns, pubs, footie clubs — sometimes before 1500 men. But in more than two years, he says, they've never had any trouble on the job.

The girls are bright, animated, all talking at once about how the act of exciting men with their bodies makes them feel sexy. It's no pretence, they say. When they get up there in the hot sun and see all those guys getting horny — well, it's a real buzz and they just let themselves go. Because of a shortage of chairs in the office, some of the girls are sitting on the laps of others, a detail I find distracting.

"Our pleasure is giving pleasure," drawls Wendy, an American, during one of my concentration lapses.

I ask the girls why, in a city where women appear to outnumber men about three to one, their shows are so popular.

"Up here men are titillated all the time," says Lee-Anne, a tall blonde. "Every day in the streets they see beautiful girls in really high-cut shorts, or dresses with nothing underneath. When a show like ours comes on they think, 'We might see a bit more here than we see in the streets.' "

Another girl confides, "You'd need at least six months here to discover the real secrets." She rolls her eyes. "The places we know about that tourists never see . . . the things we get up to. Really, the fun is just impossible to describe!"

Gary Davies hunches forward at his desk, keen to elaborate. "The locals feel smug," he says, enjoying this, "because they know most tourists are looking for something — that special *something* which, like you, they can see in the faces of those who live here. And the locals grin and think, *'No way will they discover what we know!'* See, the tourist is paying through the nose for us to go right on enjoying what he's looking for and can't find!"

When he laughs delightedly, I have an urge to lunge across the desk at his throat (on behalf of all of us, you understand). Davies has just confirmed what I suspected since first laying eyes on that infuriating painting. It's not just the magical beauty of the place that the hedonists are smug about; not merely the superb climate or the fine nightclubs or the rich bounty of natural gourmet food; not the Roman holiday atmosphere of unbridled sexuality or the dynamic drugs or even the proximity to the wondrous Great Barrier Reef. No, what the buggers really get off on is that they have learnt how to enjoy these things and *we haven't*. And the key to their enjoyment is leisure. To use a sexual analogy (which seems appropriate), they have made life into a kind of sustained foreplay, nibbling slowly at the treats around them and missing nothing, while the tourists attempts to scoff everything at once, fails, and goes home feeling cheated.

In the evening, my last in Cairns, Coco the singer and her friends the waitresses are nowhere to be found. I try club after club without success, wondering if I had perhaps dreamed of our rapturous encounter two nights before.

Sulking in the Marlin Bar, I meet the travel agent. "They've all gone white water rafting on the Tully River," he smirks. "They'll be back in three days, mate. What's your hurry?"

No hang-up is hung up on at Australia's multiplying telephone sex agencies

AURAL SEX

BY C.J. MACKAY

Sandy is telling her celebrated choo-choo man story and she's cracking up. The fact that the six other women in the room are squealing like excited schoolgirls isn't helping matters much. Every time Sandy composes herself enough to continue her story, the girly gallery drowns her out. When the uproar subsides a moment while they catch their breath, Sandy chances a run for it.

"He was very much a mummy's boy, in his fifties, I think. He had a toy choo-choo train that ran on a circular track around his loungeroom . . ." Her voice is pure Double Bay-Toorak, rich, resonant and drawlingly snobbish. When she's not choking with giggles the words pop out of her mouth like plums.

"He asked me to sit naked in the middle of the track and when he gave the all clear I had to jump up and piss into the last compartment of the moving train. 'Oh daaahling, I'd love to oblige you,' I said, 'but how about a lovely gin and tonic to get things moving.' So while he toddles off to get me my G and T, I race out and get a glass of water and a saucepan. When he gives the word, I pour the glass into the saucepan, making sighs of relief as I piddle for all I'm worth into the choo-choo train . . ."

There's more to her story — a lot more — but Sandy is cut off midstream by the ringing of a telephone. She straightens her face and the front of her silk jumpsuit, picks up the receiver and for the fifteenth time in the past half hour she purrs the words: "Fantasy Hotline, Sandy speaking."

Sandy is one of 12 women dispensing "aural sex" at one of Sydney's largest and most popular erotic phone call businesses. She's in her early forties, slender, attractive and immaculately groomed. Each day she leaves home and her kids in Sydney's exclusive northern suburbs to drive her Merc to work at an office on the beachfront at Manly. In an eight-hour shift she may take as many as 20 calls from men (and occasionally women) who are prepared to pay $30 to have their most inti-

PHOTO BY BOB WATSON

AURAL SEX

mate or unusual fantasies enacted by a woman they will neither see nor touch, except in their imaginations.

Sandy loves her new line of work. "I enjoy doing something different, not the usual secretarial jobs," she says. The other girls at Fantasy Hotline are equally keen about the opportunity to talk dirty for fun and profit.

Most of these "call" girls are in their mid-twenties. The youngest is Cyndi who, at 20, has recently completed her Higher School Certificate exam at technical college. In the stu-vac before the exams, she was swatting up on maths and history in between asking callers whether they'd prefer the missionary or doggie position. Formerly working for an insurance agency, Cyndi got wind of the Fantasy Hotline operation when she and her mother started receiving strange calls at all hours. It turned out that their number was very similar to that of the erotic phone call agency, and when Cyndi's mum rang up to complain she was so impressed by the nice, apologetic ladies that she asked if there were any jobs going. Cyndi was hired the next day, and now when her mum gets wrong number calls she sets them straight and tells them to ask for Cyndi.

Nikki is a deserted wife with a daughter in infants' school. She says the job is ideal for her because she can organise her shifts around her daughter's school hours and make enough to support both of them. Such is Nikki's skill at giving good phone that she's even received bunches of roses from admiring phone partners. One of her telephone mates once sent her a poster of a leggy blonde beachgirl with a note declaring that this was how he pictured her. Nikki, a small brunette, was flattered. While she's not centrefold material, at 21 she has an approachable "girl-next-door" physical appeal. At Fantasy Hotline she's considered one of the best, but a lot of the other women find it difficult to work in the same room with her because she's a very heavy breather who screams for minutes when she comes.

Some of the others are on working holidays from New Zealand or from other parts of Australia. Some are saving up for an overseas trip, about half of them are married with children, and a couple are actresses waiting for work. When *Penthouse* visited, one of the girls was handing out tickets to a local production in which she was appearing — *Anything Goes*.

The atmosphere is chatty and friendly most of the time in the two-bedroom duplex office. A lot of the women were friends before they began working at the agency and as the business grows more friends are being introduced into the phone fold. The mood during the 4pm shift change, when seven or eight women sit around chatting over glasses of cask wine, is reminiscent of a racy Tupperware party. But here, instead of running out to put on the kettle, the girls retire to a corner or to lie back with hooded eyes in one of the bedrooms, there to change a Wollongong steelworker's nappy, spank an executive's bottom, dress a South Australian farmer in a bra and knickers or have an old-fashioned, energetic screw with any number of Joe Blows from as far away as Papua New Guinea and the Ord River. No-one is forcing any one of these ladies to talk dirty. They're being paid by the hour, with additional incentive bonuses, to do a job. And they're having so much fun it's indecent.

The telephone fantasy business is relatively new to Australia. The first agencies started setting up shop here 12 months ago, about five years after some enterprising soul had dreamed up the idea in America. What seemed such a presumptuous notion from the outset — charging money for a 10 to 15-minute masturbation aid which involved nothing more than talk — took off in the States in a way no-one had dreamed possible.

In the beginning it was a joke, a giggle. What sort of wimp would pay $30 or $35 for a call, or take the three-for-$50 deal offered by more competitive businesses, when for the same money he could sample the genuine article at his nearest knock shop? It was Claytons sex — the root you're having when you're not having a root — so why bother? But people — wimps, nerds, macho men and regular guys — came out of the woodwork for the privilege of having sweet and not-so-sweet nothings whispered in their ears down a phone line. Many did it out of curiosity and tens of thousands rang as a gag they could lay on their buddies at the bar; still more dialled for the chance of sex encounters in which they would not be judged, in which they would always make their partner come, and in which they could share with another what they guiltily believed to be "abnormal" sexual fantasies. Enough continued to call eroto-phone companies to boost the profits of this industry in America last year into the tens of millions.

The mushrooming success of this rather abstract version of the oldest profession prompted psychologists and sociologists to herald the phenomenon as the hallmark of The New Celibacy. The sexual revolution had shunted to a halt, the experts opined, and the Me Generation — stricken with fears of intimacy, VD, herpes, AIDS and sexual cancer — was now turning in upon itself. The predicted impersonality of 1984 had arrived, said the stories that began appearing in magazines like *Rolling Stone, Newsweek* and *Time*. Everyone seemed to be talking about talking dirty.

In Australia the attitude towards the phone fantasy business remained for several years one of "it could only happen in America." It held firm until the proven success of phone sex houses in Europe as well as America proved too enticing for a few adventurous entrepreneurial types. A couple of "run it up the flagpole and see who salutes" businesses began operations in Sydney and Melbourne early last year. They were set up by women as cottage businesses which might make a few dollars out of novelty value, then close up and move on when it all died in the bum, as most believed it would. Those early businesses are still operating and thriving, along with about 30 more which have sprung up across the country in the past 10 months. The industry here is admittedly in its early days, but those calls keep rolling in and many proprietors are making big plans for the future. In short, they're laughing all the way to the bank.

Jim Subritsky is one of the chucklers. The 25-year-old New Zealander is a partner in Fantasy Hotline, and when he and his business associate Melissa (pseudonym) aren't plotting ways to expand or better advertise it, they're smiling smugly to themselves like a pair of castaways on Lasseter's Reef.

Jim has been criss-crossing the Tasman since 1976, most of his journeys taken at the government's expense during his days in the navy. As well as his interest in Fantasyphone he runs a burglar alarm installation business from the same premises. He is very proud of his status as a pioneer in the dirty phone call business in Australia. The fact that his dad in New Zealand doesn't talk to him any more because of it worries him a little, but not unduly. Jim became a national mouthpiece for the fledgling industry in September last year when the *Willesee* program filmed an amusing report on his business. He still kicks himself for tripping over the word "lesbianism" when he was asked what fantasy was most requested. After three botched attempts at it he settled for: "You know, two women."

Melissa is also in her twenties. She's an angelic-faced and bosomy blonde whose main line of business lies "in real estate." She says it's because of her property associates "who can be pretty hoity-toity" that she prefers to keep hush-hush about her connection with the business. That and the fact that her frail and elderly mother mightn't be able to stand the shock. Like Jim, she's gregarious and attractive with a keen sense of humor. Like Jim she gives the impression of being able to smell a dollar at 50 paces in a rainstorm.

It was Melissa's idea to start the business. A couple of years ago she was making frequent trips to the States and the burgeoning success of phone agencies didn't escape the scrutiny of her baby blues. Back home she suggested the idea to her acquaintance Jim in 1983. Being "a conservative bloke" he told her she was crazy. But Melissa, with her experience in sales, talked him round.

"The crunch came when I showed him two copies of *Hustler*," Melissa remembers. "In a 1981 issue there were seven businesses advertised. In an early 1984 issue there were 70. And that was only *one* magazine," she enthuses.

While the pair had their proposal closely reviewed by an accountant and a solicitor, Melissa conducted her own research survey which involved asking her male acquaintances whether they masturbated and what their fantasies ran to. Then, after finding their Manly premises and installing two phones, they placed an ad in *Truth* and sat back to wait for the response.

"The first day we made $40," says Jim. "And the second day we made $40. We'd had two calls at that stage. The next day it was $380, then $580, then $780, then ding, ding, ding upwards."

They were heady days on the Manly waterfront, and when the *Willesee* show was aired business skyrocketed. Such was the number of calls coming through the local exchange that the place blew a fuse.

> Sacha admits that sometimes when a farmer calls and she can hear sheep in the background her heart drops

Business reached its peak in the weeks after the show and the number of employees swelled to 12. In that time, when the girls were taking calls around the clock, Melissa remembers daydreaming: "There are 15 million people out there. If they all called . . . out of curiosity . . . just once . . ."

Every man, woman and child did not take up the phone and dial, however, and after about a month business had settled down again. But there are still well over a thousand names and credit card numbers listed on card indexes at Fantasy Hotline. Seventy percent of those listed have called more than once, while some have called as many as 20 times. Jim has taken a business step further than the three calls for $50 deal the company now offers its customers. He has recently inaugurated the Fantasy 500 Club, whereby members can receive 50 calls for $500 and a quarterly newsletter detailing happenings on the phone front, the girls' favorite fantasies, opportunities to acquire tape recordings of their calls or the panties of their favorite phone friend. He and Melissa have also put together attractive gift vouchers for that special Christmas or birthday surprise and they're working on a mail order service to sell peek-a-boo underwear, vibrators, dildos and the like. Fantasy Hotline is currently advertised in seven publications and Jim wants to "print up matches, and why not bloody coasters and serviettes to leave at pubs and discos around the country?" Everything in this corner of the erotic phone industry is rosy.

Not all Australian phone fantasy agencies are run along the same lines as the Manly operation. Dial-A-Delight in Melbourne is run from an advertising agency by a 27-year-old female executive who for this story prefers to use her "nom de phone", Sacha. She began advertising and taking calls at her office while working on accounts last October. When she realised she couldn't handle all the work herself she enlisted the help of a couple of friends and had Telecom install diverter lines from her office to their homes. Now Sacha takes enquiries and checks credit card authorisations, then asks the general nature of customers' fantasies before diverting their calls to the girl she thinks can best handle the job. Her friends Christina, 22, and Susan, 37, are free to potter around their homes doing the housework between calls. Christina is a model and her forte lies with schoolgirl requests. Susan is an unemployed chef who shines with older woman calls, bondage and discipline and the occasional animal call. The latter are not nearly as frequent as the schoolgirl, lesbian and transvestite fantasies according to Sacha, and she admits that sometimes when a farmer calls and she can hear sheep in the background her heart drops.

There are four women working at Cheeky Chats, another Melbourne agency. The business has now been running six months under the supervision of a 27-year-old university graduate who uses the name Suzanne. Last year Suzanne completed her BA, majoring in humanities. She professes "a genuine interest in people; if I wasn't doing this, I'd be a social worker." Cheeky Chats operates as a co-operative, each of the girls sharing in the profits.

Fantasy Chicks, also in Melbourne is one of the few erotophone businesses that operates in conjunction with an escort agency. The vast majority of Australian phone agencies adhere to a strict code of no-see, no-touch and their employees wouldn't have it any other way. Like all such businesses Fantasy Chicks will take on any subject, including transexual and gay fantasies. This place, however, also has facilities to provide calls in French, Spanish and Italian. A male spokesman for Fantasy Chicks said: "The fact that calls are coming in proves there's a need for this kind of stuff. There's a lot of weirdos out there and as long as they pay their money we'll keep 'em happy and off the street. They can pay in stamps for all I care."

Operating a sexy phone call business is

AURAL SEX

completely within the law in Australia, as Jim and Melissa found out when they presented a solicitor with their venture proposal. The Telecom Telecommunications Act concerns that company's maintenance of a level of service to their subscribers; it has no jurisdiction over what its subscribers do with their phones once they're installed. A spokesperson for Telecom in Sydney said: "Telecom is not a moral watchdog. This situation is not unlike the one we face with SP bookmakers. We provide the phones, but we do not and cannot police what they do with those phones. If one of these businesses wanted to use a four-letter word in a Yellow Pages advertisement we wouldn't allow it, but that's about the extent of our control."

The only possible threat the phone businesses face comes from the credit card organisations on which they rely for 95 percent of their transactions. Customers of phone firms are asked to quote the account number of their American Express, Bankcard, Visa, Diners Club or Mastercard. These numbers are authorised while the customer "hangs on." The service is provided and the customer is billed to his account under an innocuous business name that may indicate that he has bought anything from a bunch of flowers to a carton of party balloons. In Great Britain the phone sex industry was nipped in the bud when Access and Barclaycard Visa made the moral decision to withdraw their facilities from a phone sex company which they had initially believed to be a mail-order cosmetics firm.

According to major credit institutions in Australia, there seems little chance of a repeat of the British experience. In reference to the use of Bankcard and Visacard, Mr Tim Blue, Chief Information Officer of the State Bank, said: "We are a more advanced society here. We provide a convenience service for merchants and customers. The needs of our customers come first, whatever those needs may be. The State Bank is progressive in its policies, and no part of the institution makes moral judgement. Our only concern is that our customers pay their accounts."

Other credit institutions echoed Mr Blue's comments. Mr Fred Gatte, National Marketing Director of Diners Club, went a step further. "We have been closely monitoring the growth of this industry," he said. "We have received no moral complaints from members but in so far as these transactions are made over the phone and dockets are not signed by members, they are not strictly valid charges in our context. Some members have complained that they have been billed for services they never received. In that regard these operations are being watched."

So it would appear that as long as everyone plays by the rules, there's no stopping the phone fantasy industry in Australia. As far as individual phone businesses are concerned, there aren't many rules to abide by. One of these is that no calls are to be taken from underage callers, the main reason being that anyone under 18 doesn't have a credit card. One agency admitted bending this rule when a young caller showed the maturity necessary to organise a money order and post it to the right address. Such a display of responsibility in one so young deserved reward.

Another rule is that the customer always comes first, and preferably within half an hour. Special customers like the members of Jim and Melissa's Fantasy 500 Club are entitled to longer calls but it does put a strain on the girls, who find that after 30 minutes they can seldom do much more than breathe heavily and squeal delightedly — very taxing on the vocal chords. Happily, the average length of calls reported by all agencies is 10 to 15 minutes.

> "Honey, some of these guys are so dumb they'll hold their dick and waggle the phone"

The Golden Rule of the industry is: Thou Shalt Not Give Samples. The dirtiest word in the dirty phone call game is "freebie" and as it is human nature to want something for nothing, all agencies can tell tales of the low-down tricksters who've tried to have a lend of them.

"They're wanking when they call," says Cyndi of Fantasy Hotline. "You can be asking them the number of their credit card and all you hear is aarrrgh!" At that agency the employees either hang up in disgust, set a vibrator loudly buzzing in the mouthpiece or, if the girl senses that there's still a chance of doing a deal, she'll give it a burl. According to Cyndi: "If they don't have a credit card, I'll give them our mail order address. I'll say: Now take your hand off your cock and pick up a pen. When they ask me how I knew what they were doing I tell them I'm psychic."

Then there's another type of phone "cheat" who'll legitimately pay for a call but not let on when he's had his money's worth. "You'll be talking on and on, doing everything right," says Melissa. "Finally you've just got to ask them if they've come and they'll tell you they've made it three times." This is a one-shot business and guys like that get on the girls' goat.

Most of those who call up to have their fantasies enacted for them or to slot into someone else's fantasy and quietly go along for the ride are prepared to play by the rules. But what sort of people are prepared to settle for a sexual experience that many who've never tried a call would equate with dial-a-prayer as opposed to actually attending church — impersonal, hollow, but better than nothing?

One of the more cynical members of this new industry put it this way: "Honey, some of these guys are so dumb they'll hold their dick and waggle the phone."

When faced with the question Jim Subritsky gets stroppy. "There's more than a thousand names on our files. Take your pick. Check through them — maybe your boyfriend's in there." It's an offer he extends to most women who visit, and most take him up on it. "There's no-one under 18 in there and there's no-one over 80. They're people like you and me."

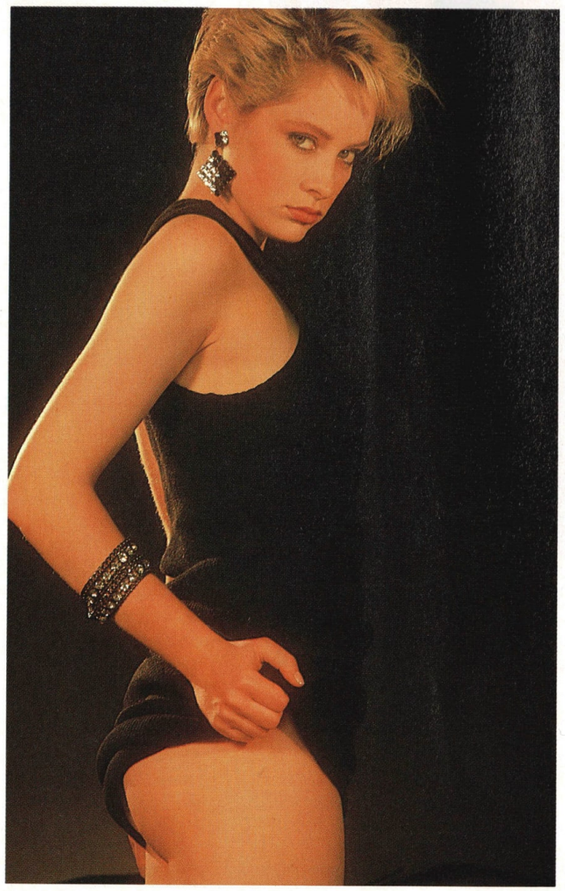
Sacha at Dial-A-Delight is less defensive. "All types of people. Lonely people who need company — not all the calls we receive are sexual. Some people just want to talk," she says. Her statement was backed up by most agencies, one reporting that the office of Lifeline in Brisbane had called to applaud the service they were providing and ask if some Lifeline calls could be referred to the agency. "Couples call us while they're making love to introduce the element of a threesome," Sacha continues. "Men's sporting organisations call us and have fantasies amplified into their porn and prawn nights. Insecure or shy people who want to assert themselves and dominate; husbands who get a thrill from cheating, but not really cheating, or risking disease; wives who entertain lesbian or negro fantasies; people like you and me . . ."

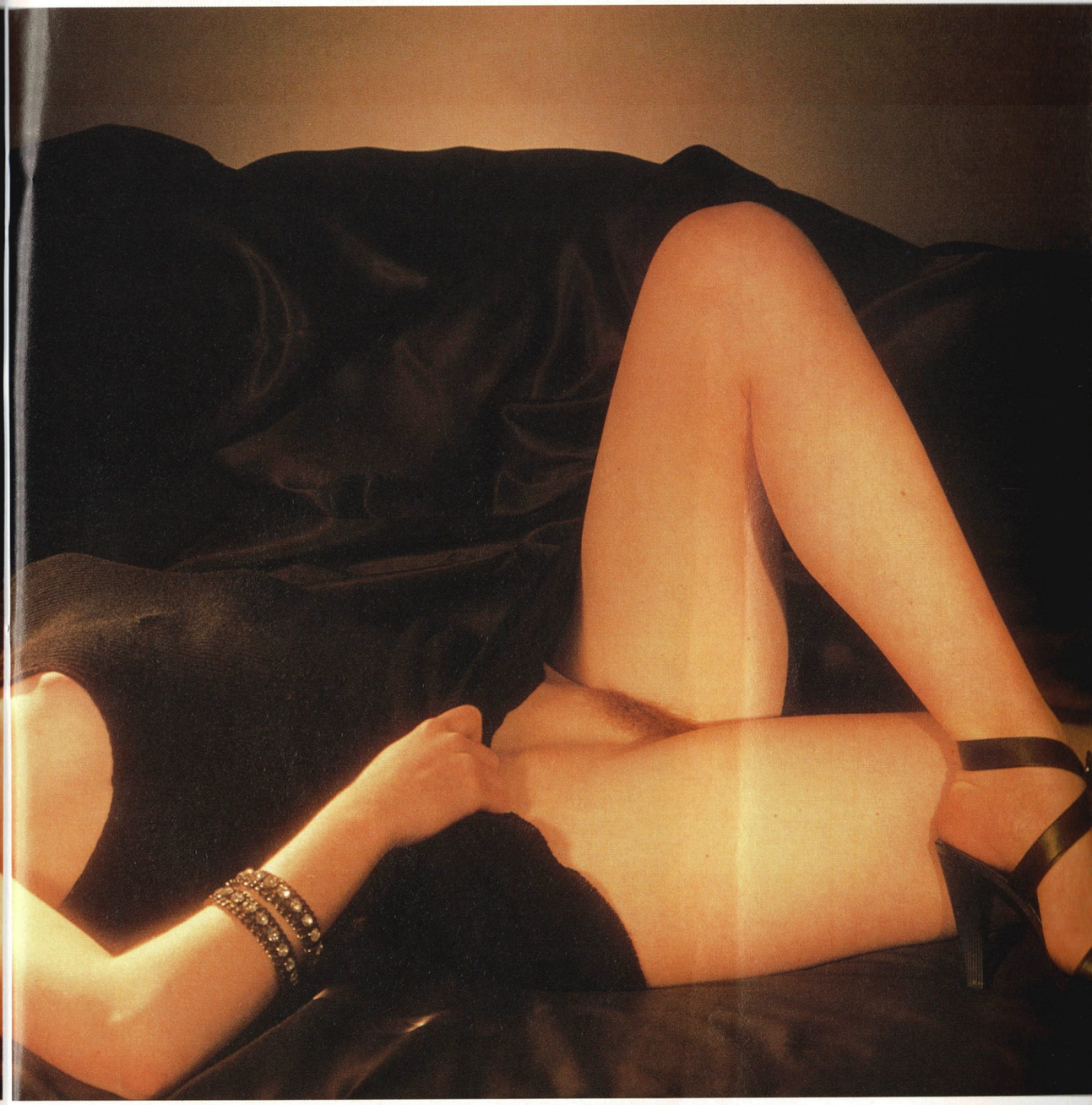
So while the "you and mes" continue to dial up for whatever reason, the phone industry will continue to prosper and expand here. The girls at Fantasy Hotline will continue to slap themselves until their thighs glow pink to realistically evoke spanking fantasies. They'll continue to drop objects into pans of water to simulate anal antics and stuff their fingers in their mouths to create the sounds of oral sex. The four o'clock shift change gaggle will be laughing delightedly as they swap fantasy of the day tales. Like the one about the guy who rings up for a girl to loudly snort imaginary cocaine while he hangs upside down from a chandelier, and the one about the quizmaster who bites the naked bottoms of unsuccessful contestants on national TV . . .

It's theatre, a telephone game of let's pretend where talk is not cheap but can be fun for the money. It's a forum where no hang-up is hung up on. And those calls just keep on rolling in. While that's happening there's little chance that telephone sex will be disconnected in Australia.

FRANCESCA

Centrefold styled by Fiona Joseph; Make-up styled by Monica Fetzer; Chair courtesy of Arredorama, Sydney; Shoes and lingerie supplied by Raymond Castles; Jewellery courtesy of Hampshire & Lowndes; Dress supplied by Dotti Boutique, Sydney; Manchester from Sylvron Manufacturers; Tiles from Armstrong Nylex.



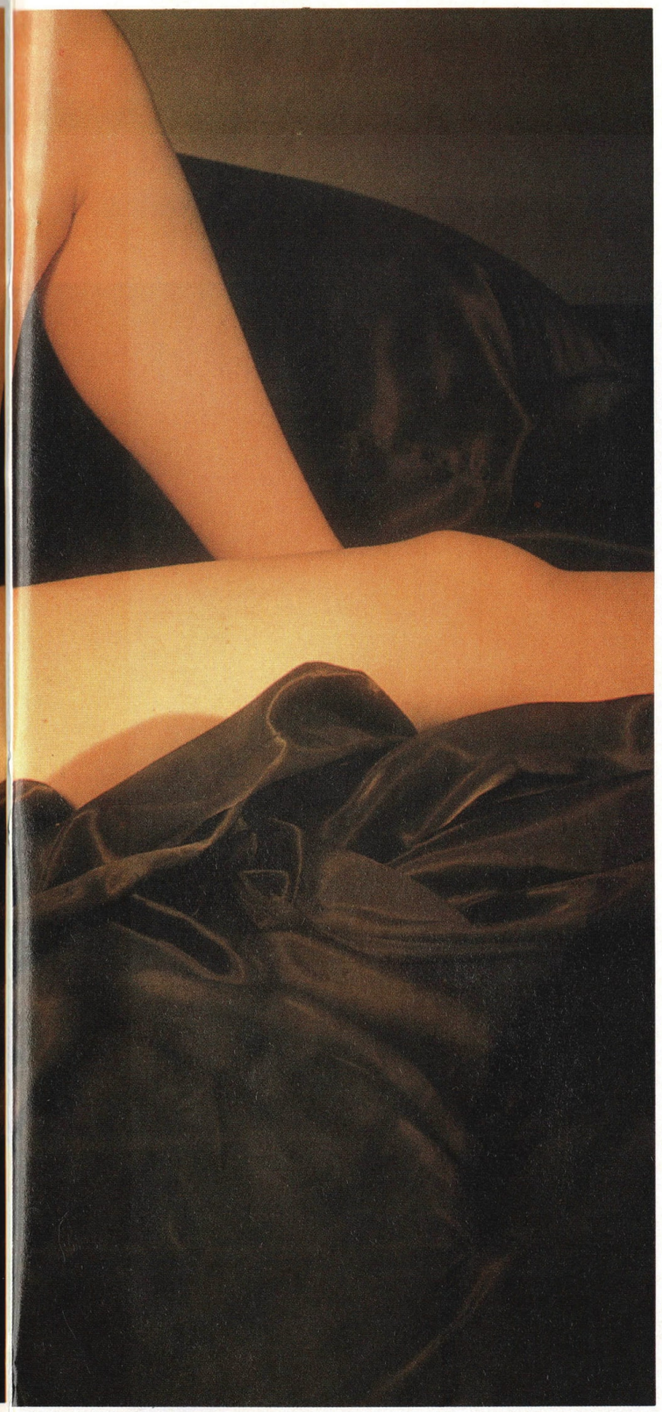


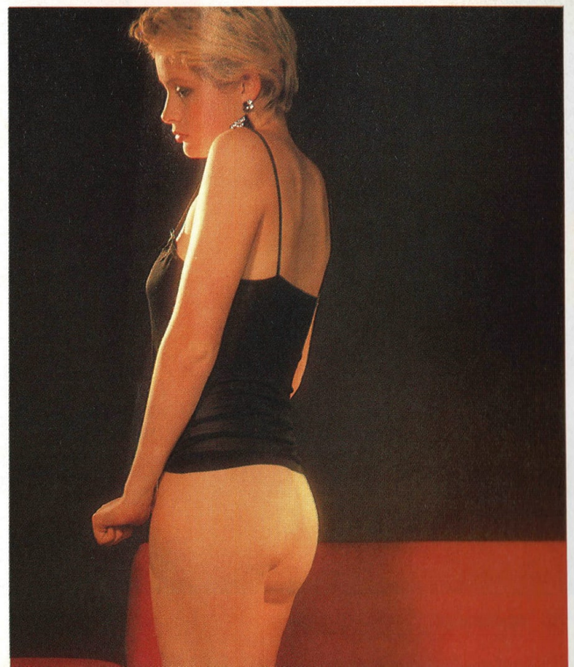
THE FIRST TIME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

At 17, Francesca Van Der Made is the youngest Pet Of The Month to fly solo in *Australian Penthouse* for several years. There was that little matter of the family double act a few months ago but the minor who caused a major controversy on that occasion appeared with parental permission. Francesca, fresh out of high school in Sydney's exclusive eastern suburbs, needed no such permission. She makes all her own decisions these days.

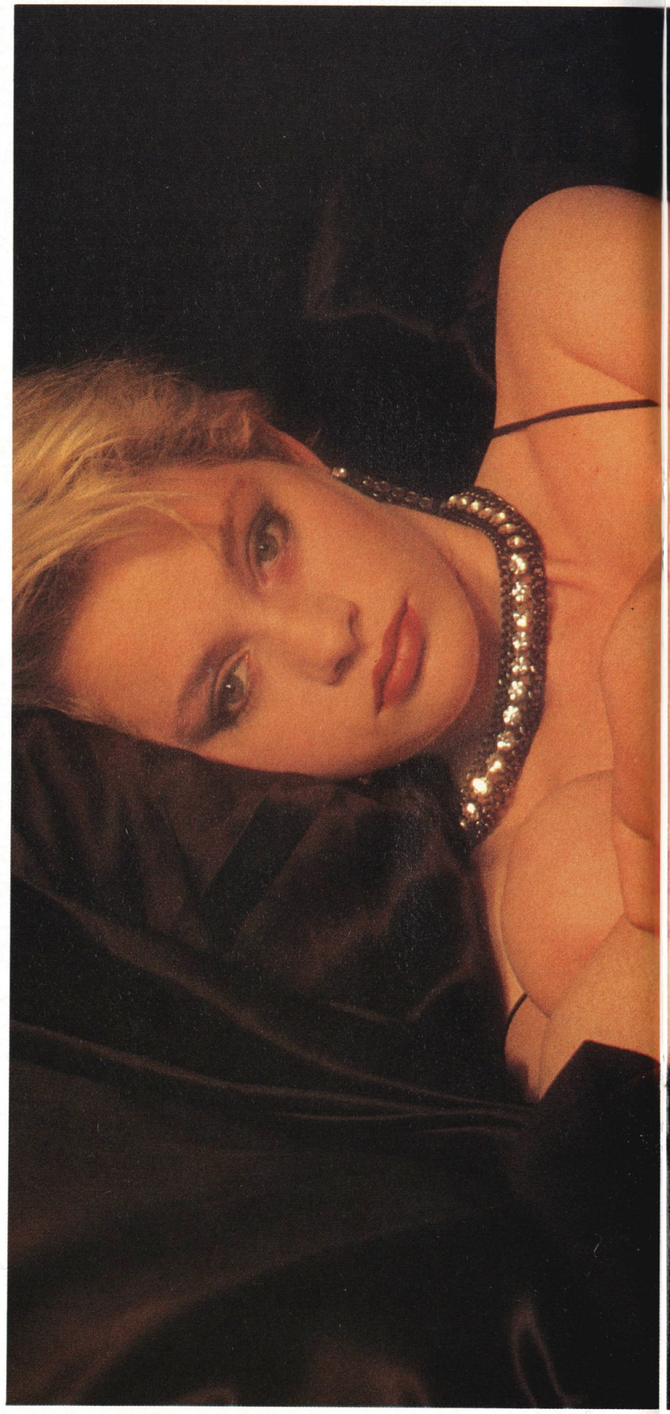
Not that Francesca has ever been one to be constrained by formalities like asking permission. Those green eyes are windows on a strong mind. Not surprisingly, Francesca hasn't had a great deal of difficulty in getting whatever she's wanted since she was a very little girl.

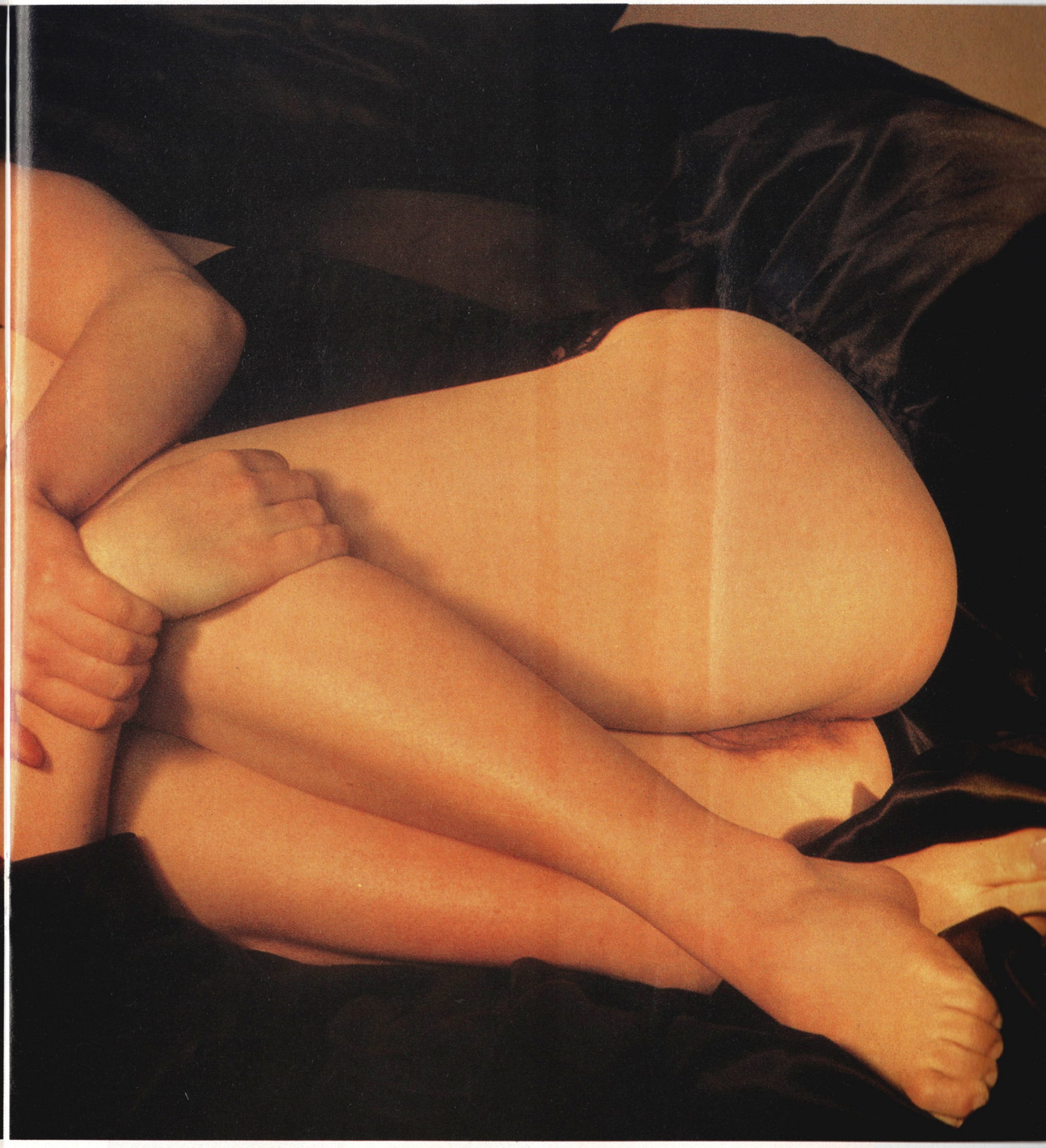


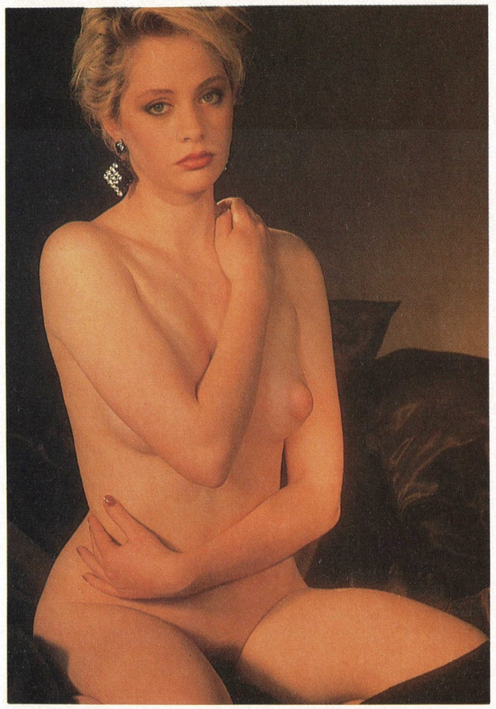


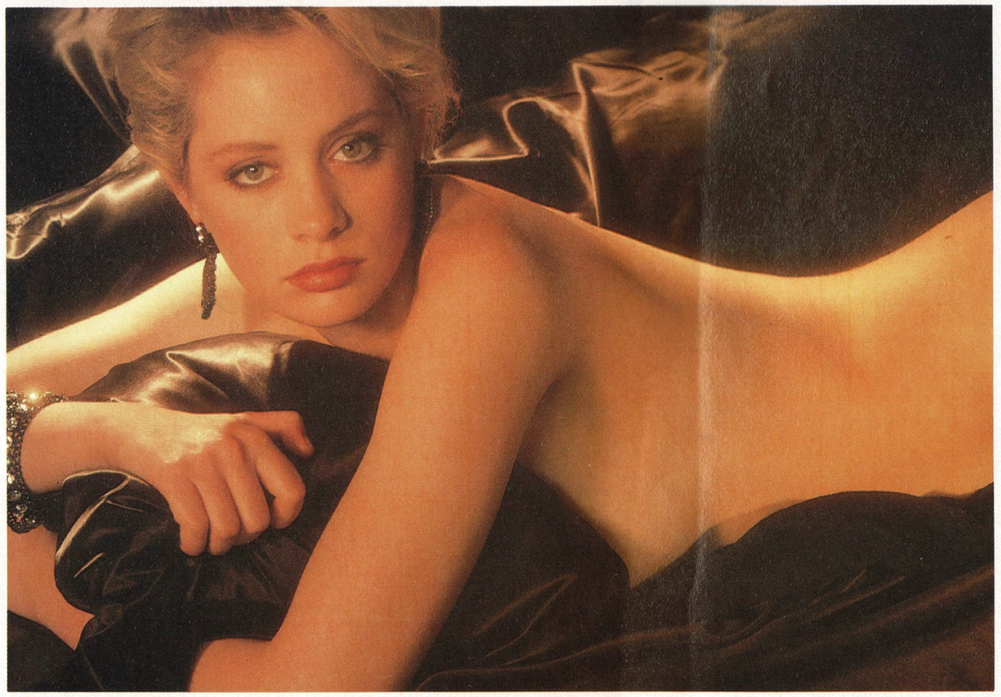
She has never been outspoken in achieving her aims. In fact, when she talks it's in a whisper, and she gives the impression of child-like shyness. That may be belied in the poses she strikes on these pages, but it's true that Francesca can be timid.

Although this was her first modelling session it didn't take her long to relax, shed some of her inhibitions and slowly reveal what no-one could doubt is one of the most perfect female bodies.









Francesca's not sure as yet whether she wants to be a model or to concentrate on drama, as an actress or a theatrical make-up artist. Whatever she decides, at 17 and with her physical assets, for Francesca the next few years are going to be all bright lights, cameras and action.

MISS FRANCESCA VAN DER MADE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Two-up, the original Australian gambling game, is going the way of pounds, shillings and pence

MUG'S GAME

BY DAVID HICKIE

Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. 11.30pm. A European-looking gent hovered near the inconspicuous doorway between two shop windows. Behind him, an unlit narrow staircase led to the mysterious floors above.

My confrere nodded in the direction of the "cockatoo" as we approached. Their glances met for an instant, and we walked quietly past.

That was the first big letdown.

What had happened to the legendary ritual, as much a part of the folklore of Thommo's Two-up School as the ring itself, which required patrons to pass through a

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY LUNN

series of covert checkpoints and along a maze of narrow corridors and back lanes in order to reach the revered inner sanctum of Sydney's most notorious landmark?

Where were the shady-looking guards, replete with torch and dark hat, directing you onward? Where was the excitement of the prolonged entry detours around the corners and through various shadowy passageways in the Surry Hills blocks behind Central Railway which so enthralled visitors to Thommo's in the past?

Instead, entering what passes for Thommo's today involved a quick trip up the stairs from Oxford Street, along a corridor and into a bare room where about 25 desperates — including a few women, which would never have done in Thommo's heyday — gathered on stools and benches around the small ring.

The apparent lack of security engendered a constant feeling of fear and suspense.

Early on, the betting was not particularly big. Most coves seemed to be sticking to a standard $20 unit. We followed suit.

A big Greek with a fistful of $50 notes took the kip and bet $200 on himself. A scurry of bodies about the ring followed as the punters laid their cash down.

"Get set on the side, gents," boomed the ringkeeper, a man in his mid-thirties. "There's $200 in the guts. The centre's set. Are you all set? Right? Come in, spinner . . . Fair Go!"

The coins rose toward the tattered ceiling. They came down heads and the Greek and his supporters cheered.

Four times more they came down heads and, having stuck with my initial flutter on a tail, I was quickly $100 light.

For a period the game moved slowly as ensuing spinners threw a head then a tail, with no winning streak established.

Suddenly it was my turn to throw the pennies, their head side polished to a brilliant finish and a large white cross painted on the tail.

I lost on my first spin — and, relieved to have done so, quickly shrunk back into the crowd.

According to a few of the regulars, the modern proprietors of the game are a group headed by a prominent SP and gambling figure. The size of their rake-off was not immediately obvious to my untrained eye, and I didn't wish to make my interest in such details too clear. Certainly the system of collection seemed haphazard to an outsider, but it appeared that "shop" was extracted from the players at the rate of 10 cents in the dollar, with players mostly being "shopped" after they'd placed three winning bets.

The amounts bet around the ring on each toss averaged about $40 per player. With 25 players, that's around $1000 a pop, which shows how the figure can quickly build into sizeable totals. And when someone hit a lucky run, the amounts invariably got much bigger.

But still, at the average rate of $1000 a spin, I estimated that the pennies flew every two minutes — that's 30 spins an hour.

From that cash flow I estimated the house took about $1500 to $2000 — a tidy sum even without any of the colorful characters or atmosphere of the Thommo's of old. Despite the fact that the players are missing out on something these days, the few operators able to draw enough suckers together are obviously still doing nicely, thank you very much.

After about an hour I'd duly lost my $200 bankroll and my accomplice had suffered a similar fate. We left the scene disappointed, not at our luck but at the changing state of two-up art. Down on Oxford Street, the heartland of Sydney's gay nightlife after midnight, the boys were out in force. We live in an era far removed from the days when hordes of servicemen and prominent entertainers and the racing set brought color and excitement to a night on the town at the two-up.

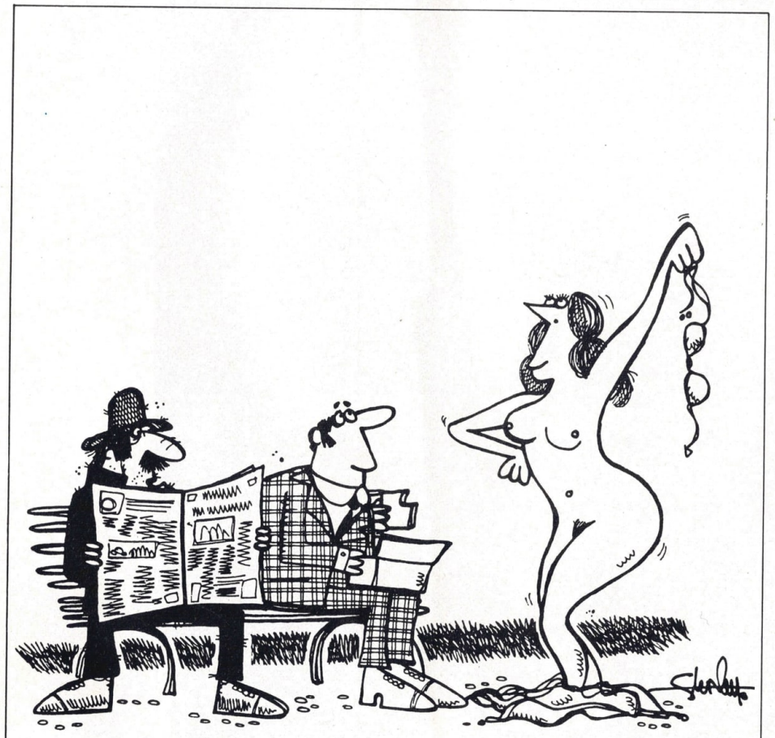
For all the nostalgia of the old days, it has long been a myth among experienced two-up patrons that the game originated in Australia. Certainly Roman children played *caput aut navis* (heads and tails) with coins over 2000 years ago.

The modern form of two-up developed in Sydney from the old English version of pitch and toss, popular among the early settlers. In that game, pennies were tossed towards a wall and the player who landed his penny nearest the wall without touching it then tossed all the coins in the air and kept those which landed heads up. "Two-up" quickly developed as a shorter version and received its greatest boost during the gold rush of the 1850s. In the decades before the turn of the century, every suburb and country town had its own two-up school.

Many a player began his career in the army, where two-up became known as Australia's national game. Australian servicemen introduced it to Europe, Africa, Asia and America during two world wars; indeed wherever Australian soldiers met overseas, the familiar two-up ring started, and the pennies flew skyward. Former NSW Premier, the late Sir Robert Askin, always prided himself on the fact that during the Second World War he had been both the battalion SP bookie and organiser of the two-up game.

Nobody knows for sure who has spun the most heads in a winning streak — though the night in 1942 when an AIF private named Batten spun 18 heads in a game at the Banka Banka staging camp in the Northern Territory has often been touted as the record.

In the early Sixties the game boomed among workers in the lonely construction camps of the Snowy Mountains hydro-



"Ignore her, kid . . . She's an illusion . . . Her sort only exist in paper- backs."

electric scheme. But out in the suburbs a generation of young Australians has grown up since World War II and never seen a two-up school in full flight.

While serving as NSW Police Commissioner, Fred "Slippery" Hanson cheerfully boasted that during his RAAF days he had often set the two-up ring. "I don't think the young blokes can even play it now," he moaned.

Whereas Thommo's was still a household name during the Fifties, today it is little more than a part of our folklore in a society which has moved toward less overtly working class forms of gambling.

The decline of two-up is due to a combination of factors. Certainly, there were signs it was dying as far back as the Twenties but the onset of the Depression, followed quickly by another world war, tended to postpone the inevitable. Two-up thrives in tough times, when there are large numbers of desperates with little money looking for an easy route to instant riches. These people are mostly working class and at the two-up the dress regulations and the language were always a touch less formal than at the Members' Enclosure at Royal Randwick or Flemington.

Today, Australia is mostly a middle class suburban society and there are fewer obvious candidates for a regular game of swy. Hence the game's demise, so close back in the Twenties, seems once again upon us. It is probably a natural death — two-up was largely a sideshow-style attraction and the age of the sideshow is all but dead.

Two-up's demise has been hastened by the changing habits of the family breadwinner. No longer does the father regularly linger about the hotel until closing time, or disappear to the races on weekends and then on, with his mates, to the pub and two-up. The Eighties are an age when husbands are more inclined toward, and better able to afford, family outings on Saturdays. The companionship of the family has largely supplanted the ritual outing with the boys for the day. And, of course, there's the effect of the multitude of alternative forms of legal gambling in the Eighties. The bloke with a few quid to spend can indulge his urge on Lotto, the soccer pools, instant scratch lotteries, poker machines and at the TAB. The amounts funnelled through these choices are staggering.

The national total for TAB bets alone is $3500 million annually. Add to that a similar figure bet with the bookmakers at the track and official estimates of about $4000 million through the SP network and Australians are plunging upwards of $10,000 million annually on the neddies alone.

Viewed against the easy access to the alternatives, it becomes obvious why two-up, and the obligatory journey to some sleazy site hidden among rundown suburban warehouses, has quite simply gone out of fashion.

Around the nation the plight of the swy schools is largely the same. In Sydney in 1985 you cannot jump in a taxi and ask the driver to take you to the nearest two-up ring. The days of the institutions — Brown's game in the North Shore bushlands, Melton's schools at Rookwood Cemetery and Strathfield, Daniel's game at Leichhardt, Bub Brown's outfit in the Maroubra sandhills, and the school on the rubbish dump behind Trumper Park at Paddington — are long gone.

According to NSW police, two-up in Sydney is now very much a "dead argument." One senior officer put it bluntly: "As far as I know, it's not being played except on Anzac Day."

That, of course, is not strictly accurate, as my visit to Thommo's 1985-style shows, but certainly the days of large crowds

THOMMO'S; THE TOP TWO-UP SPOT

Australia's most famous two-up den is Sydney's legendary swy school, "Thommo's." For over 70 years its address fluctuated mainly in the Central Railway/Surry Hills/Paddy's Market area. But in recent years Thommo's has developed into a floating game, stopping and starting at a series of venues around the Darlinghurst end of Oxford Street.

In one famous raid during the campaigns of the celebrated police gaming squad "Beck's Raiders", the two-up players found themselves under attack, stormtrooper-style, with some of the wallopers even crashing through the skylight.

Thommo's was started in 1910 by gambler, boxer and racehorse owner George Joseph Guest, who'd fought professionally under the ring name "Joe Thomas." From a small backroom operation before the war, his game quickly mushroomed and during the Twenties he was running four games at once around the city catering for thousands of men.

During the halcyon days of the Thirties and Forties, Thomas employed a permanent staff of 40 ring keepers, cockatoos, bouncers, doormen, clerks and cashiers — all expert at what was known as "plucking the geese", or simply cheating drunk winners and naive newcomers out of their winnings. Thomas would walk around the ring, with thumbs hooked in the top of his vest, and always carried a .32 revolver.

During the Forties American servicemen were the big punters at Thommo's and single bets of 1000 pounds were commonplace.

By the Fifties it had become a popular nightspot for Sydney's smart set, and during this period the shrewd Joe Taylor, racetrack personality, mammoth gambler and owner of the fashionable Celebrity Club, became one of Thommo's hidden principals. Taylor had worked as a floor manager at the swy school since the Thirties and after George "Joe Thomas" Guest died in 1954, Taylor carried on the game until his own death in 1976.

The famous characters of Thommo's became etched into the folklore of Sydney — Bondi Jack, Billy The Greek, Snowy The Lair, Paddy The Rat, The Lemon Drop Kid, and ring keepers Big Itchy and Nixy The Flea (a tiny 45-kilo gentleman, always endowed with a colored handkerchief around his neck and a long cigar).

Radio star Jack Davey was always there. One night he headed the coins until he was 4000 pounds in front, then threw down all his winnings and called to the ring keeper as he left: "Look after the boys."

Another famous radio man, John "Gravel Voice" Harper, who used to arrive at the game dressed as he was when he felt the urge to toss the coins, once "headed 'em" 14 times in a row in the early Fifties. He'd arrive at the Reservoir Street game at 2 am in his dressing gown, pyjamas and old slippers. By the 14th head he's won everyone's money so for the 15th toss he promised to bare his backside if he lost the spin. The coins came down tails and according to an eyewitness, "Up went the dressing gown, down came the pyjama pants and Old Gravel bent over to keep his promise."

Other regulars included Errol Flynn, Peter Finch, Eddie Ward, Lennie Lower, Pat Farrell and Eric Baume.

It was a strict rule at the old Thommo's that women weren't admitted. Once the Andrews Sisters, then performing at the Sydney Stadium, were allowed to take a quick look at the ring. Suddenly Big Itchy grabbed one of them, swung her up on the table and, to everyone's horror, expressed a most indecent desire. But it certainly wasn't to her horror. In fact she accepted, and that incident put the kybosh on any more women until very recently.

In 1953 a police driver caused a sensation when he revealed that on many occasions he drove police to Thommo's game, where bribes were accepted, and that he shared in them. Later an assistant at the two-up school was taken to police headquarters and made a statement in which he admitted having given money to police. At the time Thommo's patrons talked arrogantly of 200 pound a week payments to police.

GAME

thronging around the ring every night of the week have disappeared amid the official clampdowns of recent years.

In the NSW country towns, once the strongholds of the game, it's mostly the same sad tale.

Broken Hill stands alone as a stubborn bastion of a bygone era. Officialdom has always turned a blind eye to breaches of the gaming and licensing laws in that outback mining town, and more so since the near riot during the famous police blitz back in December 18, 1952, when the then officer in charge of Broken Hill police, Inspector Gilroy, aroused the proverbial hornets' nest with a decision to attempt to enforce the liquor and betting laws.

The Hill's permanent two-up school has always been an eye-opener to visitors, thriving under strictly enforced rules since the first shafts went down after silver more than 90 years ago. The unofficial attitude since has been that as long as it is not taken over by hardened criminals, all is well and good.

In Melbourne over the last decade persistent police patrols brought an end to the action on the banks of the Yarra River at Richmond, in the scrub at Footscray, and at other smaller games. So much so that in recent years the activity has been confined to two "floating" games — Brewster's school in the Prahran area and Nappy's game in the North Melbourne district.

Lionel V. "Nappy" Ollington, for decades Melbourne's two-up king, has pushed for the last 10 years to have two-up legalised and played at an official venue. After one meeting with Victorian police and government ministers he joked: "I've been a photo-finish ahead of police for a long time. If police could ever turn a blind eye, two-up operators would need a venue like the Melbourne Cricket Ground to play it . . . if it was legalised it would become a great tourist attraction."

Nappy, short for Napoleon, who played rover for Footscray in the early Fifties, started his first school at age 15. More recently Ollington boasted that the organisers of Wrest Point's legal two-up first came to three sessions of his game to see how it was played; or, at least, that's what the police who brought them said.

Nappy had his game knocked off by the Gaming Squad several hundred times and, on occasions, up to three nights in a row. After a bust a man is left on the premises for a week or so to pass on the new location of the floating game. But in the Eighties he has found it increasingly hard to find new sites.

Nappy admits that in recent years things have turned sour in the two-up world, and swy games are just about extinct. He often declared: "I'm a patriot. This is our national, beloved game of two-up. It's not harming anyone. Why don't the police spend their time chasing young louts . . ."

In Tasmania the old forms of two-up are as close to extinction as the long lost Tasmanian Tiger. The last rites were read when legal two-up began in Hobart at the Wrest Point casino in October, 1973. In accord with both the Anzac spirit and battlefield traditions of the game, all 20 living Australian and New Zealand Victoria Cross winners and their wives were guests of honor at the opening spin.

Two-up, Wrest Point style, is a far cry from the den-of-thieves atmosphere which prevails at Thommo's. The scene is one of amateur punters — housewives, young marrieds, and families on holiday — all relying on the patient employees to explain the rules over and over again.

Much of the personal contest is missing, too. At Wrest Point you don't bet against another spectator; rather, everyone bets against the House. And it's all so neat and tidy — what with little marked boxes around the ring where you put your cash on either heads or tails.

> Many argue that two-up's correct place these days is in legal, officially administered venues which can be exploited as tourist attractions

Even in the Wild West the old style swy schools are mostly a fading memory. Around Perth officialdom has acted to effectively stifle the game from operating on any major scale. Which leaves the legendary Kalgoorlie goldfields and a tradition that goes back as long as the town itself.

For most of this century the bushland two-up ring was the town's major social centre and tourist attraction. And it certainly operated without disruption from the authorities. (Indeed the only major official interest occured in November, 1946, when a linesman named Harry Bale burst into the school, handkerchief mask over his face and gun in hand, and tried to hold up the joint. He fired a few shots over the heads of the players as he ordered them to put all their cash on the ground. But then his revolver jammed and the crowd set upon him, took him to the local police station where he was charged, and he copped 18 months for his folly.)

Then, in late 1952, uproar broke out in the Western Australian State Parliament when the government moved to close down Kalgoorlie's most famous site. One minister described the move as a "very grave injustice" and declared the game "part of the life of the community."

The status quo was quickly restored, and the swy school continued to operate unhindered for another 20 years on the concrete floor behind a shed, adjacent to Broad Arrow Road about seven kilometres out of town, on a goldmining lease in the names of Nick Turich and William "Dave" Sheehan. It had been officially accepted to the point where the local council bitumenised the area of the ring and toilets were installed.

In recent years at Kalgoorlie's big game you could get set for two or three thousand dollars on race days. But new gambling laws in early 1983 forced its closure with fines of up to $10,000.

Mayor Ray Finlayson branded the closure "the death of part of our heritage." He declared: "Now they expect us to play this girl's game of instant lottery where you scratch a little ticket and have a remote chance of winning something." He even suggested it might be time goldfields people thought again about secession from Western Australia.

Others noted that the two-up school was advertised in brochures circulated by the WA Government's own Department of Tourism. Even a local cleric was moved to announce: "I predict muggings, fights, robbery . . . the school was well-run and controlled . . . it will be driven into the bush."

Heeding the popular tide, the ALP Burke Government legalised the school in June, 1983, but it highlights the cynical approach of authorities that in one part of the state the game is outlawed while in another it is legal.

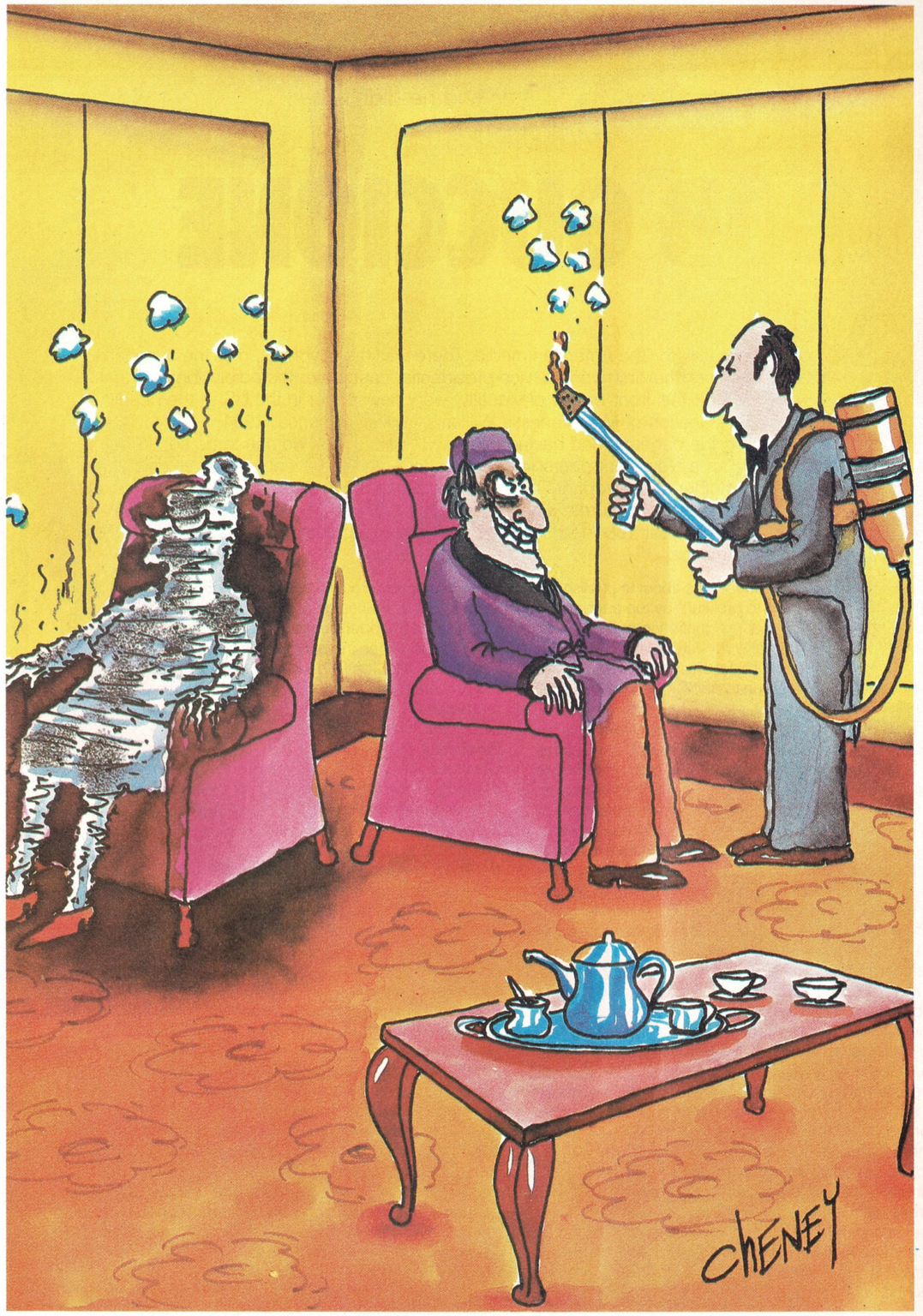
It is a contradiction which has become more apparent in recent years with the different approaches between the states. Two-up is now also played legally in the Northern Territory at Darwin's lavish new Mindil Beach casino.

All of which all leaves the game so many diggers consider our national sport somewhere in limbo.

Many habitues, like Nappy Ollington and his ilk, argue that two-up's correct place in this day and age is in legal, officially adminstered venues where they can be properly exploited as the obvious tourist attractions they would prove to be. Certainly the current hotchpotch, with the game legally sanctioned in some places but repressed in others, is confusing.

So far, the legal versions have been virtually restricted to casinos in smaller cities like Hobart and Darwin. The likely size of regular patronage in the big population centres in Sydney, Melbourne or Brisbane remains a matter for speculation.

With the increasing move toward lavish legal casinos around the nation, the oldtimers live in hope that their beloved game may yet find a home befitting its unique place in our heritage.



"Will that be all, sir?"

"The most offensive thing to Hugh Hefner was that I had the pictures and he didn't."

BOB GUCCIONE

July '84 was a big month for the American media. There was the Olympics, plus the nomination of Geraldine Ferraro as the first woman vice-presidential candidate. Incredibly, both of these stories were pushed off the front pages of virtually every newspaper in the US — the headline-grabber was the forced resignation of Miss Vanessa Williams as Miss America, 1984.

One year before winning the pageant (and having become the first black woman to do so), Williams had not only posed nude for a New York photographer, but repeated the event in even more bizarre style one month later for another photographer. Those latter pictures are the subject of this month's all-new Vanessa pictorial. The first set of pictures, which included sexually explicit lesbian poses, appeared in *American Penthouse's* September 1984 15th Anniversary issue, coincidentally the last month of Miss Williams's reign as Miss America.

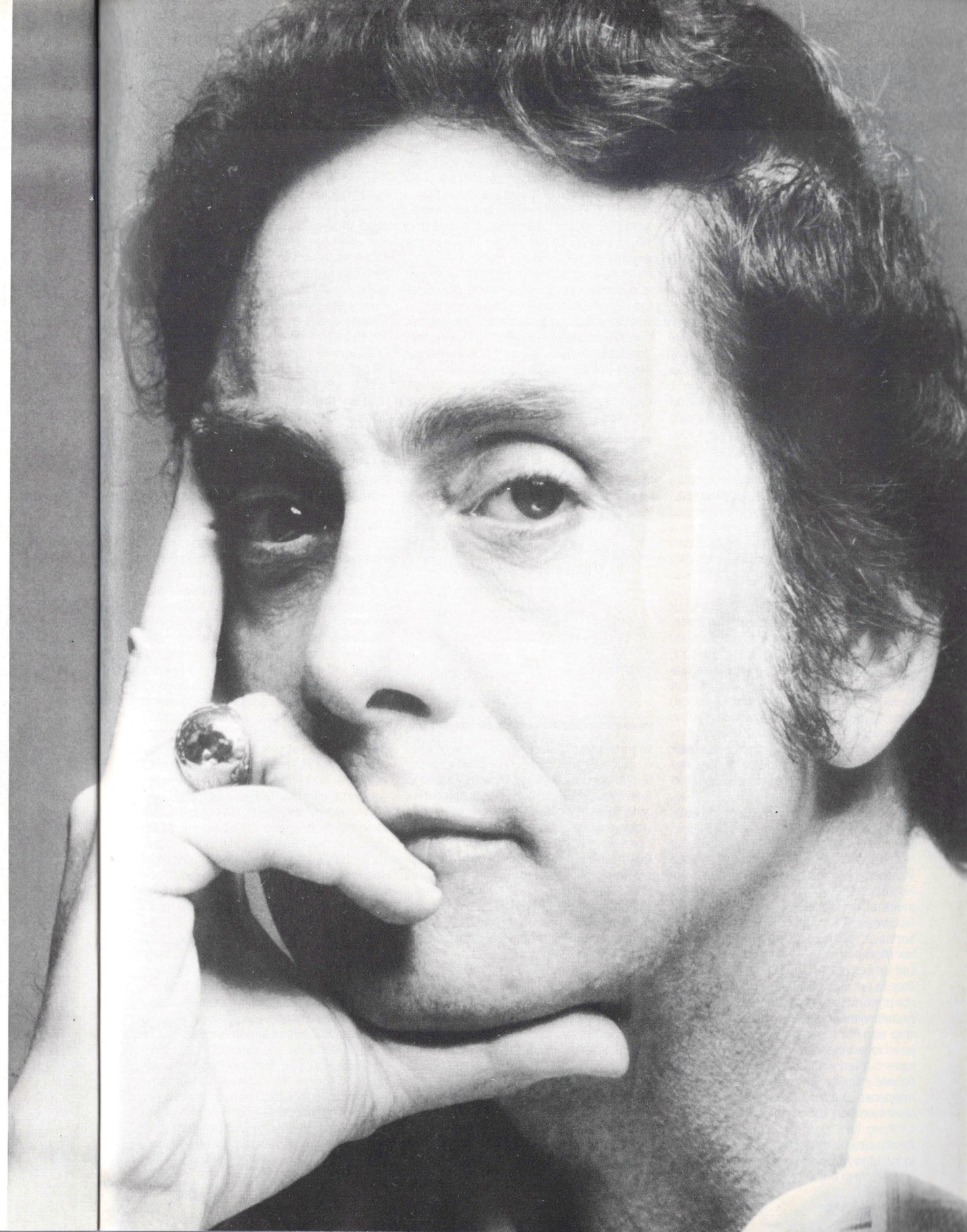
The discovery that *Penthouse* was about to publish the controversial portfolio led to pressure by the pageant on Williams to resign. And that resignation immediately set off an international morality debate that divided the world's population into two factions: those who agreed with the *Penthouse* decision to publish the pictures, and those who did not.

Interestingly, the central figure in this controversy is not Vanessa Williams, but the man who secured the pictures and later made the decision to publish them, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione. From his New York headquarters, Guccione has watched the debate somewhat bemusedly — an attitude occasioned by a good deal of sanctimonious claptrap from many of the characters involved.

Guccione, of course, is no stranger to controversy. Ever since he began publishing *Penthouse* in 1965 the magazine has probably become the most controversial publication of our time. Its reputation is composed of equal parts of no-holds-barred investigative reporting along with its famous ground-breaking photography. Very few people are indifferent to *Penthouse*. The magazine's September issue sold a record six million copies, and became the all-time hottest item in publishing history; copies were being sold for $30 each by the third day of sale. Guccione's decision to publish the pictures represented at once his conviction of what was newsworthy, and at the same time his philosophy that such institutions as the Miss America Pageant represent a fundamental form of hypocrisy.

To get some insight into the figure most central to the controversy, *Penthouse* engaged an unaffiliated journalist to probe Guccione's views on the Williams matter — and some of the related implications. The conversations, which took place in Guccione's New York town house, centred on why he made the decision, and why he still thinks he was absolutely right.

Penthouse: Mr Guccione, do you go out of your way to encourage controversy?
Guccione: I'm outspoken, I have strong convictions and I'm a bad loser. I'm also highly visible in a very volatile industry. That makes me an easy target for the press. Every season is open season on sex. There's an old political adage: When in doubt, attack sex. It always works.
Penthouse: Wouldn't it be wise of you to encourage this kind of controversy? Doesn't high visibility of this sort sell magazines?
Guccione: Indeed it does.
Penthouse: You agree?
Guccione: Only that it sells magazines. I do not agree, if I read you correctly, that I *court* controversy as a method of selling more magazines. That simply isn't true. If, on the other hand, I *am* controversial, it just means that I'm being true to myself.
Penthouse: Wasn't this whole Miss America thing just a well-timed gimmick to sell more magazines?
Guccione: It was much more than a stunt. It was a legitimate scoop and a super news story. I can't imagine any editor turning it down.
Penthouse: What makes nude pictures of Miss America so newsworthy?
Guccione: The public's basic distaste for hypocrisy, their love for scandal... for punching holes in the establishment.
Penthouse: Do you really believe that the story deserved the kind of attention it received in the press?
Guccione: It's not for me to say. The attention any story gets in the press is really a factor of the public's interest and not that of the media. If a story sells, it's only because the public is buying.
Penthouse: What about the press that openly resented your publication of the Vanessa Williams pictures — the magazines and newspapers that campaigned against your claims of newsworthiness and "having an obligation to your readers."
Guccione: Sour grapes! If they had uncovered the story they would have printed it just as quickly. The press, by its very nature, has a particularly vile and lip-smacking approach to human indiscretion. They thrive on human fallibility.



GUCCIONE

Penthouse: You seem unusually bitter.
Guccione: Not bitter . . . just disappointed.
Penthouse: How do you feel the press treated you throughout the Vanessa affair?
Guccione: Insincerely. They jumped to conclusions that were invariably erroneous and unfair.
Penthouse: Why unfair?
Guccione: Well, they painted me and Tom Chiapel, the photographer, as if we had done something genuinely evil and un-American. As if we had manufactured the pictures . . . almost without her knowledge. And they treated the pageant as if it were an all-American institution, bristling with real ideals and national pride. You would have thought we had desecrated the Lincoln Memorial.
Penthouse: Didn't you, in a sense, destroy something very American and very traditional?
Guccione: Of course not! The Miss America Pageant is really a commercial enterprise; a business proficient in the exploitation of women for profit; an organisation created 63 years ago to promote business in Atlantic City. All we did was puncture a very pompous balloon. The pageant was failing, its Nielsen ratings were on the decline, and the whole lumbering affair was out of sync with reality.
Penthouse: Why out of sync?
Guccione: Because social tastes, attitudes, and mores have changed, progressed, matured, while the morality of the pageant, its image of the untouchable and asexual girl next door, its whole philosophy of "look, don't touch!" have not changed. The mystique of the perennial vestal virgin is unrealistic and, perhaps worse, uninteresting. The public at large doesn't care.
Penthouse: Are you suggesting that the pageant, rather than *Penthouse,* was in the wrong?
Guccione: If anyone was in the wrong, yes.
Penthouse: How do you figure that?
Guccione: Because they acted in a very high-handed and arbitrary way. *They* fired Vanessa; we didn't!
Penthouse: I don't think you gave them much of an alternative.
Guccione: They had the best possible alternative. All they had to say was, "During her reign, Vanessa Williams conducted herself in a proper and commendable way. That is our business; beyond that, we do not pretend to control the lives of our contestants either before or after their relationship with the pageant." The public would have loved them and the pageant would have landed right-side-up with both feet squarely in the Twentieth Century. As it happened, public opinion ran heavily in her favor and very much against the pageant for firing her.
Penthouse: A moment ago, you referred to the Miss America Pageant as a business "proficient in the exploitation of women for profit." Isn't that an equally appropriate definition of *Penthouse*?
Guccione: Not really. *Penthouse* offers a variety of entertainment and information. Not just girls. Sex may form a principal focal point of our editorial profile, but that's no more than it does in real life. By comparison, the pageant is one-dimensional. And our girls are different . . . they're real. They may live next door in the traditional, folksy sense, but they're sexually alive and responsive and they make love just as eagerly as you and I.
Penthouse: Is the fact that they're sexually more active, or more visibly active, to their credit and yours?
Guccione: Let's put it this way. The fact that they're not ashamed of their sexuality, that they treat sex naturally and openly, is very much to their credit . . . and ours.
Penthouse: Do you feel that by encouraging a sexually freer and more permissive society that you're performing some kind

> She lied to the pageant, she lied to the public . . . what's to stop her from lying to a court?

of public service?
Guccione: Providing you're not confusing the term permissive for promiscuous, the answer is yes. If we can encourage society to take a more liberal view of itself, I would say we did something genuinely important and constructive.
Penthouse: On one hand, you talk about the liberalising and beneficial effects of *Penthouse* magazine — about women whose open sexuality would set an example for us all — and on the other, you take a real woman like Vanessa Williams and punish her publicly for participating in the same sexual adventures you praise in others.
Guccione: I didn't *punish* Vanessa Williams, I *published* her! I did precisely what she wanted me to do — me, or anyone else. I published the pictures she posed for. That's why she signed a model release, because she wanted to see her pictures published. That's the *only* reason people sign model releases.
Penthouse: What about the girl herself? You knew the story would destroy her career. Didn't you consider any of the moral implications of such a move, and now having gone through with it, do you feel any remorse whatsoever?
Guccione: Firstly, looking after her career is her business and not mine. My business is publishing magazines and providing a service to my readers. My first obligation is to them. Everything else, especially the Miss America Pageant and Vanessa Williams, comes second. Number two, what career did these photographs destroy? Miss America? Two more months and she would have passed into oblivion, like just about every other title-holder before her. Instead, she has become the most famous Miss America that ever lived.
Penthouse: You feel no remorse?
Guccione: Not now. I did in the beginning. The moment I saw the way things were going, I got in touch with her lawyers and offered to help. I said that if she lost her job with the pageant we would hire her to do precisely the same work for us that she was doing for them at twice the price — namely $250,000 per annum. No more photographs, just travelling around the country, promoting the magazine, meeting the press, appearing on radio and television, representing advertisers, etc, etc. I also offered, assuming she lost her crown, to fully finance any action she cared to bring against the pageant by way of seeking damages and/or the reinstatement of her title. Her lawyers said they would consider it. Twenty-four hours later they called back and rejected both offers. We certainly tried, and with her co-operation we might even have won. The fact that she posed for nude pictures is no big deal. Hedy Lamarr did the same thing; so did Sophia Loren, Jean Harlow, Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, etc, etc. The list goes on forever. Today, some of the most successful and prestigious actresses in the world are appearing in all kinds of sexually explicit scenes — not only in films, but in men's magazines as well — and for reasons that have nothing to do with business.
Penthouse: Why, in your opinion, did Vanessa do it?
Guccione: Vanessa's reasons were more traditional. Like most young, pretty girls who want to break into modelling or motion pictures, a magazine like *Penthouse* offers all kinds of marvellous advantages. In one fell swoop, everybody who is anybody in the entertainment business will get to see her, all of her, in the most flattering possible manner. Nineteen pages of color in the world's top-selling magazine for men is nothing to sneeze at. In my opinion, that's what Vanessa wanted.
Penthouse: She says that she agreed to the pictures because she thought they would be silhouetted. She also said that they were intended for her own personal use.
Guccione: In that case, why did she sign a model release?
Penthouse: There seems to be some dispute about that. To this day, she continues to maintain that she never signed the Tom Chiapel release.

Guccione: In that case, let me assure you that she's lying. And I have the release to prove it. Furthermore, I would never have gone to press without it. Nor would Vanessa and that pack of vultures she calls lawyers have waited so long to sue us. They would have swooped the minute the magazine hit the street.
Penthouse: But she *is* suing the photographer.
Guccione: Sure, for $10,000 — not even enough to pay the legal fees. That suit is just a tactic, a means of employing the discovery process in law to determine whether or not we really have the release. She knows she signed it, but I have good reason to believe that she's under the impression Chiapel lost it when he moved out of his studio. This is their way of finding out. Kind of corny and a little bit insidious, of course, but still a tactic.
Penthouse: Why insidious?
Guccione: Because if Tom *had* lost the release and we published the pictures purely on his word that a signed release *did* exist, they could, and no doubt would, take the position that there never was a release and sue us for the unauthorised publication of her photographs.
Penthouse: Isn't that reaching a bit far?
Guccione: Why else are they suing Tom and not us? Tom doesn't have any money.
Penthouse: How do you know the release you have is real?
Guccione: Because we took the trouble to bring in two eminent handwriting experts. We left nothing to chance. There is no question that Vanessa Williams signed that release.
Penthouse: You have been asked on numerous occasions, particularly by the press, to produce it. Why don't you? Why don't you settle the dispute once and for all?
Guccione: Because Miss Williams, in my opinion, cannot be trusted. That is the single, most valuable piece of evidence we have. Should they decide to sue, our case could stand or fall on the production of that document.
Penthouse: But why? If the release is such a crucial piece of evidence, wouldn't showing it make her go away forever?
Guccione: Not necessarily. Once you've seen your opponent's defences, you can strategically build your attack around it. For example, let's assume they see the release and the release is dated June 1, 1983. That piece of information could be critical. Why? Because if they were so minded, they could set out to prove that she was out of town when the photographs were alleged to have been taken.
Penthouse: You don't appear to have a whole lot of respect for her.
Guccione: Why should I? Particularly at this stage. She lied to the pageant, she lied to the public . . . what's to stop her from lying to a court? She swears up and down she never signed the Chiapel release when we know that she did and she continues to threaten us with lawsuits.
Penthouse: Couldn't she just be a frightened little girl trying to defend what's left of her honor?
Guccione: The image of Vanessa Williams as a naive and trusting little girl ravaged by photographers and pilloried by the big-city publisher is wearing a bit thin. How innocent can she be? One month after posing for Tom — believing, of course, that the photographs were for her eyes alone — she gets picked up in the streets of Manhattan by another photographer. Once again, in a burst of innocence and trust, she takes off her clothes and slips into a pair of handcuffs, chains, and leather harnesses — believing no doubt, that the resulting photographs would be for her own use . . . to make silhouettes, I suppose. Her next step, to ensure the absolute privacy of these photographs, was to sign yet another model release. And those are the pictures in this issue.

> Two more months and she would have passed into oblivion. Instead, she has become the most famous Miss America ever

Penthouse: Didn't she try to get them back?
Guccione: Sure. She went back to Jonathan Aaron, her new photographer, and brought her boyfriend with her. I read that he carried a kitchen knife in his back pocket, in the event that her otherwide persuasive and trusting innocence didn't work.
Penthouse: Nonetheless, a lot of people still believe she was badly mistreated.
Guccione: By whom? Tom Chiapel, Jonathan Aaron, me? If anyone treated her badly, it was the pageant. But one has to look at the other side of the coin. How did *she* treat the pageant? Firstly, she entered the pageant under false pretences. She deceived the officials by not informing them of her recent past. Remember she was under a contractual, not to mention moral, obligation to disclose those events in her life which, if they surfaced, could prove embarrassing to the pageant. Clearly, she knew that the photographs represented a real danger. She's a bright girl and it doesn't take much to figure out how valuable the photographs had become now that she was Miss America. She made no effort to contact the photographers and negotiate their return. She took a chance that nothing would happen, and it did. It always does. So whereas I may not agree with the pageant or the repressive morality it promulgates, I have to agree that every man has the right to set the rules in his own home. And once you accept his hospitality, he should have every reasonable expectation that you will abide by them.
Penthouse: How do you think people are going to feel about the new pictures, the Jonathan Aaron bondage portfolio?
Guccione: Well, if they've got a sense of humor, they have to laugh.
Penthouse: Why laugh? Wouldn't those who still sympathise with her take offence at what they might perceive to be harassment on the part of *Penthouse*?
Guccione: I doubt it. I think any lingering sympathy will evaporate the minute they see the second portfolio. No-one could look at Vanessa Williams appearing to go down on Amy Grier in one issue of *Penthouse* and then see her regaled in handcuffs and chains in another issue and still take her "innocence" seriously.
Penthouse: Hasn't it been reported that the original Chiapel portfolio was offered to *Playboy* at the same time it was offered to you, but *Playboy* turned it down, saying that they didn't want to be known as the magazine that cost Miss America her crown?
Guccione: Bullshit! *Playboy* turned the pictured down for two reasons. They didn't want to pay the price and the documentation was insufficient. I also turned them down on the lack of proper documentation. It wasn't until I met the photographer himself that I learned a properly executed model release did exist. I saw it, sent it over to our lawyers, and had the handwriting authenticated. The rest is history.
Penthouse: Hugh Hefner appeared on television saying, in effect, that what you had done was immoral. How did you feel about that?
Guccione: Hefner is an unmitigated hypocrite! He's also a liar and a fool. I happened to see that little interview and I couldn't believe my eyes.
Penthouse: Perhaps he was genuinely offended.
Guccione: The most offensive thing to Hugh Hefner was that I had the pictures and he didn't. And what about the Suzanne Sommers episode? They had tested her years ago when she was a nobody and turned her down for not having the proper *Playboy* image. Once she became famous, however, they dug up the original tests and published them. They didn't ask her permission. Furthermore, how concerned was Hefner about the possible impact on her career . . . especially in television, where they're so paranoid about sex and nudity? What about the various policewomen, and the cheerleaders and lady marines who lost their jobs because they appeared in *Playboy?* I didn't see Hefner offering to help them out.

VANESSA EXPOSED

In September last year the lead-up to the United States presidential election was wiped off the front pages by a scandal in another great American institution, the Miss America pageant. Vanessa Williams, the first black Miss America, resigned her title when it was revealed that she had posed naked for photographer Tom Chiapel. The publication in US *Penthouse* of Chiapel's explicit lesbian scenes depicting Vanessa and a white model, resulted in a six million issue *Penthouse* sell-out. Censorship regulations forbade the publication of Chiapel's photos in *Australian Penthouse*, but subsequent nude studies of Vanessa, by Jonathon Aaron, have recently emerged. Here, for the first time in Australia, are those photos.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN MICHAEL AARON

"Vanessa Williams has never been a victim," says Jonathon Aaron, a long-time acquaintance of the former Miss America. "She made choices to do the things she wanted to do. She knew what she wanted in life." A report in US *People* magazine told of the efforts of Vanessa and her boyfriend to retrieve the negatives of Aaron's "secret" portfolio in the aftermath of the Chiapel scandal. Vanessa's boyfriend was said to have taken a steak knife along to the encounter.

"My impression was that Vanessa felt comfortable with the photos," says Aaron, "but she was being pressured by her boyfriend. She's a sexy lady and she wants to be admired as a sexy lady. People should realise that a woman is a woman and also a sexual creature. Vanessa had enough drive to transform some of the Miss America image into that. She should have fought for her crown."

The case was running smoothly for the eavesdropper — until he tried to join the conversation

FICTION BY SUSAN GEASON

PARTY LINE

Grigor, professional eavesdropper, connoisseur of dirty linen, opened the drapes for a better view of the dying light over the Brindabellas, poured himself a Scotch, and settled back on the leather couch to listen to one of his favorite tapes from the "Parker-Mainwaring Affair."

Olivia Mainwaring's voice rang out from Grigor's loudspeakers. It was unusual, slightly mannered, and she used it with the skill of an actress.

"The word's out they're going to dump you, Nick."

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE McGOWAN

PARTY LINE

The senator's voice was light and pleasant. It was less dramatic, unsuited to fire and brimstone political oratory, and tended to give out under stress.

"Well, they'd better be ready for a fight then."

"I don't know. You could lose this one, mate. Rafferty isn't a great admirer of yours."

"Rafferty is a yob."

"Maybe. But he's also the Prime Minister. Don't underestimate the man. If you go all upper-class and turn up your nose you'll get killed."

"It's Rafferty's rules, is it, Olivia?" he asked joking, nervous.

Olivia broke the tension for him. "No. RAFFERTY RULES, OK."

They laughed and Grigor felt a twinge of jealousy.

"I sometimes wonder if I've got the stomach for all this, Olivia."

"It's a bit late for that, Nick. You've had a dream run, that's the problem. It's all been too easy. You've never had to fight for anything, so you haven't developed any scar tissue. Maybe you're just not hungry enough to be a good politician."

"I'm not sure how badly I want it all, how dirty I'm prepared to fight. How much shit I'll put up with."

"That's fine, that's great, Nick, but do your agonising in private. People want their politicians to be sure. They want slogans, not philosophical questions. That's what did Hayden in."

"Aren't you being cynical?"

"No, darling, realistic. If I sit on the fence I'll be praised for professional objectivity. In your game it's called weakness."

"But I'm not sure about anything. That's the problem. My marriage, my career . . ."

"It's probably just a pretty normal mid-life crisis, Nick. But you can't go on wearing your heart on your sleeve for much longer without damaging everybody."

"But I can talk to you about it, can't I Liv? I haven't got anybody else I can trust."

There was a pause. "What about Mary?"

"Mary and I haven't done much talking in the last couple of years. She doesn't want to hear any more, and I think she's tired of holding me up. Aren't you?"

"I don't mind helping you, Nick. I love you."

"It's all going too fast, Liv. I need more time."

"You haven't got it, Nick. You're running out of time all round."

Grigor snapped off the tape and said: "You sure are, baby."

This conversation had made Grigor curious when he'd first heard it, so he'd gone back through the files and re-read the long newspaper interviews Olivia had conducted with the senator two years earlier. Parker had been in Opposition then, and his particular brand of starry-eyed privileged socialism had seemed attractive to his party leaders and the public, possibly because they thought there was no danger of it ever being put into practice.

"You're fortunate. Not everyone can wear camel hair."

Hindsight showed Grigor that Olivia had fallen for the senator during those early discussions. He was dazzled by the skill with which she had interpreted what she had seen and heard. She had taken Parker apart and put him back together — in her own image and likeness. She'd left things out, changed emphases; his weaknesses almost became strengths. It was a masterpiece of propaganda.

The senator, of course, was the last to recognise the deception. He was flattered. When he looked into her eyes he saw only himself, and naturally fell in love.

Grigor wondered if Olivia was beginning to realise what she had done. The image was crumbling. Parker's open-mindedness was beginning to look like indecision. Other people were beginning to make the decisions for him.

Grigor spun the tape until he found his favorite, the "Guilt Tape."

Parker's voice was unhappy. "It's all sliding out from under me. My wife's a mess; I don't know my kids."

"That's pretty normal for politicians, isn't it?" said Olivia, cruelly. "I don't see the rest of them cracking up about it."

"But I'm starting to feel guilty about it . . ."

Grigor heard the impatience in Olivia's voice. She had heard all this before. "Maybe you are guilty."

"Would you feel guilty in my place?"

"I wouldn't be in your place, Nick. Guilt is a second-rate emotion. It's also unnecessary. If you can't handle something, don't do it. Simple."

"You're not helping much, Liv."

"Jesus, Nick, what do you expect! If I tell you to go home and do the right thing by your family, you don't feel guilty any more, you just hate them for ruining your career. And I lose you. If I say to hell with them, I'm a home-wrecker."

"But you're in this too. You have a say."

"Yeah. And it helps to be able to shift the blame."

"Maybe I could move them here," he said. "It would solve all our problems."

"All your problems, senator."

That stopped him. Then he said petulantly: "I don't want to go back to Owen Dixon Chambers. Or Melbourne University. I'm too young to die. Somebody has to compromise."

She sounded tired. "Nick, everybody has to compromise. It's just your turn, that's all."

Grigor cut the sound. He liked Olivia in her tough, no-nonsense mode. He liked her definition of guilt, too, although he had no first-hand experience of the emotion — it would have been a drawback in his line of business. He did know quite a lot about human weakness, however.

Grigor leafed through the senator's dossier and pulled out a photograph of Sarah, Miranda and Lucy Parker. They stood, smiling into the camera, squinting into the sun, in front of the music block of their ladies college. Their three round, empty little faces, framed by blonde fringes and unbecoming school hats, stared out with all the vacant happiness, the unsullied innocence of immense privilege. He flipped the photograph back into the file. Little girls cut no ice with him.

Grigor had, quite simply and unaccountably, fallen in love with Nick Parker's woman over the telephone. Obsessed with the woman, he had to know everything about the man. He knew the contents of the senator's dossier backwards, could reel off the major events in his life, knew what his wife looked like, could recite his children's names.

He scanned the newspapers for stories about Parker, staring at his photographs until they dissolved into meaningless black dots, trying to link the public person and the private lover. He wanted, to put it in a nutshell, to understand what Olivia Mainwaring saw in Nick Parker.

In the normal run of events, Grigor didn't hob-nob with politicians, but he wangled an invitation to a reception to watch Parker in action.

The senator was tall and slim, unusually graceful for his height. He dressed with quiet elegance; suit by Christian Dior, shoes, regulation politician's Italian loafers. The only idiosyncratic touch was a fine gold antique ring worn on the little finger of his right hand.

Parker was attractive without being handsome, Grigor decided, with a low-key sex appeal women found irresistible and men underestimated. People responded well to his easy-going charm. He didn't threaten anybody.

Grigor was slightly disappointed. He had expected Olivia Mainwaring to be attracted to someone more . . . vivid.

Grigor was fascinated with Olivia. He indulged himself, took a few risks. He watched her in the mornings, on those cold Canberra mornings when she went swimming at the Deakin Pool. The building reeked of chlorine; steam rose from the warm water. She would emerge shyly from the women's dressing rooms, wearing her one-piece black bathing suit, tugging it down over her behind. He took in her long, white legs, the swath of dark hair.

She would kick off her old thongs, tuck her hair under a white rubber cap, put on her goggles, and dip her toe in the water. Then she'd step on to the starting block, stand still as time, as death, as his heart as he watched her, then arch into the water. Grigor would breathe again.

Back and forth she'd swim, 20 laps, then out, into the showers and home, hair damp, no eye makeup. Home to breakfast, alone.

She never once looked at him.

But her voice kept him company through many long, subterranean nights in the concrete bunker where he did his work.

In another brightly-lit room in the Parliamentary Press Gallery, Olivia was at work.

Her boss, Bureau Chief Francis Xavier O'Rourke, came over one night, stood close by her desk, and said very softly: "They're going to dump Parker in the next Cabinet reshuffle."

For a moment her fingers stopped typing. So it was true. She finished the sentence. "I didn't think he was doing such a bad job," was all she said. She liked O'Rourke — he didn't judge. She was nowhere near as professional.

"He's not," admitted F.X. "He's just not selling well. He doesn't come over tough enough. He hasn't got the killer instinct. This Prime Minister has no time for Labor patricians."

"Nick should have been a left-wing Liberal," mused Olivia. "You know, like those Adelaide types."

> "For God's sake, Olivia, they're not interested in catching adulterers," he laughed. "There wouldn't be anyone left in Cabinet."

"Could he hack the backbenches, do you think?" asked F.X., relentless.

She paused to imagine it. "I don't know. He's been such a high-flyer. He's used to winning." She carefully rolled a page out of her typewriter, turned away from the old journalist, and said: "And I'm not sure how deep his political beliefs are. His commitment, if you like."

"She's woken up," thought O'Rourke gratefully. "You wouldn't write any of this, I suppose?"

"Of course not. It's pure speculation. I have my reputation to think of." She smiled at him, absent-mindedly, still surprised at what she'd said.

Later that week, Olivia and F.X. were heckling and jeering a once-famous politician on the news as they watched the office television.

"How can anyone so complicated, so driven, be so boring?" F.X. exploded finally.

While they were laughing, the phone rang and a reporter came and got her. It was Nick. His voice was too controlled. Bad news. He asked her to meet him in the Rose Gardens.

She ran across the road, vaguely thinking how beautiful Canberra was in the long twilights. She found him pacing the rose beds.

"I'm finished," he said. "They've got me."

She grabbed his arm and stopped him. She had never seen him really upset before. He seldom lost his composure; but then, he seldom lost.

"The bastards have been tapping my phone."

"They've been listening in on us," she thought, horrified into silence. "It's like someone stealing your dirty underwear." Finally she asked: "Is it those Dad's Army types at ASIO?"

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose so. But there could be lots of people interested in my phone calls."

"Not our phone calls, surely?" she said, stupidly.

"For God's sake, Olivia, they're not interested in catching adulterers," he laughed. "There wouldn't be anybody left in Cabinet."

"Nick! Nick! Which phone calls?"

"With my father-in-law."

She didn't like it already. Mary's father was the biggest property developer in Victoria. "Conflict of interest," she said.

"My friends might see it as one small indiscretion; my enemies are calling it a breach of Cabinet security."

"How do you see it, Nick?"

He was choosing his words carefully. "The Greniers have been very good to me, Olivia. I wouldn't be where I am without them. I was still a law student when I married Mary. I had nothing but ambition. Jack Grenier opened a lot of doors for me. I guess I've always felt indebted to him." Almost to himself, he murmured: "And I haven't been very good to his daughter."

Olivia knew what she was being told. He watched her face, watched her figuring the odds.

She couldn't hide her scorn. "They're right when they say Jack Grenier never makes a bad investment, aren't they? He got a real bargain when he bought you, didn't he Nick? He got his plain daughter married off and put a stool pigeon in the Cabinet."

"I thought you might react this way . . ."

"How did you expect me to react? I mean, the best possible interpretation is that you're weak as piss; otherwise you're just a common criminal who's sold his party out for money. Oh, I forgot, and for some half-arsed notion of paying your debts to a notorious crook."

He didn't attempt to defend himself.

"Talk to me, Nick. Tell me it's not true. What happened to the man I wrote that starry-eyed story about? Jesus, I hope nobody remembers it."

"He didn't exist, Liv. That was the trouble. I've been waiting for you to find out."

PARTY LINE

"Well, now I know. What are you going to do?"

"I'll have to resign. They've given me a couple of days' grace so I can get the family ready."

"Jack's going to be sorry, losing a good little money spinner," Olivia accused. "Mary will be pleased though; you're really going to need her now. She'll be in her element."

"You're the only person who can help me now, Liv, and you despise me."

She softened. Concern was a habit. "I don't despise you, Nick. I'm hurt; I'm disappointed. I wish it hadn't happened. But I can't help feeling responsible. We all are. We've let you get away with too much. You're too soft on yourself." She paused. "I'll need some time to get used to this, that's all."

They looked at each other hopelessly. He was close to tears. She reached up and touched his cheek, an habitual gesture.

"You can cry if you like," she said. "You don't come from Balmain."

He laughed bitterly. "If I were a Balmain boy, I'd be too smart to get myself into an awful bloody mess like this."

He looked at his watch: it was nearly eight. "I have to go," he said. "I'll keep in touch."

"Not by phone," she warned.

He kissed her and strode off.

"Nick!" she called after him. "Are you sure Mary didn't tip them off?"

She would remember his shocked face, his sudden grin, his bark of reluctant laughter. Then he was gone.

It was Thursday night, around 10 o'clock, when it came in on the teletype. The office was almost empty. She was sitting idly, feet on the desk, thinking about wandering down to the Non-Members' Bar for a nightcap and a gossip. Only the prospect of running into some of Nick's enemies made her hesitate.

An AAP journalist came rushing in. "Jesus, this is awful," he exclaimed.

She shivered; someone had walked on her grave. She sat very still.

"There's been an accident in Victoria. Mount Buffalo. Nick Parker's wife and kids. They're all dead, I think. The car's all over the road. A head-on."

The boy was distressed. Nick was popular.

"All the kids?"

"It says two kids."

"He had three," she said absently.

In slow motion she picked up the phone and called Nick's office. It was engaged. She covered her typewriter, stuffed things into her handbag and went out, turning off the lights and locking the door.

She went down in the elevator, waved to the security guard and walked slowly to the carpark. "All over. Problem solved," she thought.

She unlocked her car. "Did I ever wish them dead?" she asked herself. She couldn't remember. Finally she started the car, turned on the headlights and looked up. She thought she saw a man in the shadows, but her nerves were bad and there were policemen everywhere.

Grigor tailed her home. She drove remarkably well, he thought.

She parked her car, went upstairs and dialled the number again. No answer. Then, realising it was almost 11pm, she dashed over and turned on the television and video.

Canberra Airport was clogged with newspaper men, curiosity seekers, television crews. Flashlights exploded, lighting up the scene in tense bursts.

The camera lights showed up every line and pouch on the senator's face. He looked older, all the boyishness gone. His press secretary seemed stunned, gamely trying to shield his boss, who was oblivous

"All over, problem solved. Did I ever wish them dead?" she asked herself. She couldn't remember

to the pandemonium. The senator was whisked quickly through the thicket of upraised microphones, refusing to answer questions.

Soon he was gone, a lonely figure striding blindly across the tarmac to the waiting VIP jet so thoughtfully provided by the Prime Minister.

She replayed the scene several times, stone faced, stone hearted. Then she jumped up, switched off the set and went into the bathroom.

Grigor could see her moving about for a time, then nothing. She had left the bathroom light on. He went to a phone booth and dialled her number. The phone was busy, or off the hook.

He called F.X. O'Rourke's house, and when the newspaperman answered, he said: "I think you had better look in on Miss Mainwaring."

F.X. had Olivia quietly removed to the Canberra Hospital, and made sure no whisper of the attempt ever became public. Discretion, after all, is the better part of power.

While Olivia was in hospital, Grigor let himself into her apartment. It was as he had expected. He could feel her presence everywhere.

He took books off shelves and looked for inscriptions, ran his eyes across her record collection, picked up family photographs and examined them. There were none of the senator. He explored the bedroom, looked in the drawers, tried her perfume, rifled through the clothes in the wardrobe.

He went through her desk with gloved hands and read a few letters, including the one in the typewriter. Then he took apart her telephone and inserted a listening device, checked to see that everything was in order — someone had turned off the refrigerator, he noticed — and left.

Grigor's efforts were rewarded three months later when he overheard F.X. ordering her back to work and bullying her into attending an embassy Christmas party.

On the 15th of December, Grigor dressed with care and surveyed himself in the mirror: tall, medium-built, with a well-muscled, tightly-sprung look. He had the perfect jawline of a comic strip hero and his teeth were white against the olive skin he kept tanned all year round. He was, perhaps, too good-looking.

The face in the mirror seemed perfectly relaxed, except for a certain cold alertness around the pale blue eyes.

Grigor favored Italian leather jackets and cashmere sweaters, but tonight he put on a well-cut navy blue suit, a white shirt, maroon silk tie and his grandfather's pearl cuff-links.

He found her quickly among the dowdy diplomatic throng. Her hair was cut shorter, and she was thinner, her cheekbones more prominent. There were interesting shadows under her brown eyes. She was wearing black and looked, to Grigor, inconsolable. He prowled the room and, after a decent interval, went up to where she was standing apart, alone.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"Do I know you?" she asked, without interest.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but I know you."

His ambiguous tone captured her attention at last, and he turned his disturbing eyes on her, full-beam. Olivia saw a handsome man, a dangerous and unpredictable man. The pause lengthened. Finally Grigor broke the silence. "I've often seen you at the Deakin Pool."

Then he fetched her a brandy, which she was drinking these days, and chatted to her so amiably, so engagingly, that she forgot her initial misgivings and relaxed under his close but benign surveillance.

Standing in the circle of her warmth, watching her lips move, listening to her voice, Grigor knew he would have to leave the tap on her phone. Her voice would keep him company through the long nights alone with the secrets of the Capital, with the petty conspiracies, the betrayals, the failures — through his lonely vigil on the rim of other people's lives.

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WIN A WEEK IN THE WHITSUNDAYS WITH MANDALAY

Fancy the idea of playing captain on a luxury yacht for a week? With three friends, cruising the protected waters of Queensland's magical Whitsunday Passage? It sounds like the formula for an adventure in paradise, with the added opportunity for sailboarding, scuba diving and the chance to explore some of the uninhabited tropical islands that dot what is acknowledged as one of the world's finest cruising grounds. You could easily be there. Just turn the page, answer the questions on the coupon and the seven-day holiday for four, courtesy of *Australian Penthouse* and Mandalay Sailing, could be yours.

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!

The winner of this month's competition prize, along with three friends, will be able to spend their seven days on a luxury yacht supplied by Mandalay Sailing of Airlie Beach, Queensland, the gateway to the fabulous Whitsunday Passage.

Transport from anywhere in Australia to Airlie Beach will be provided for the prize winners. Once aboard your yacht you and your friends will be able to sail away into a tropical paradise of sunny, lazy days and balmy, tropical nights. You'll have the chance to snorkel over coral reefs, try your hand at sail-boarding, or catch a 10kg mackerel and barbecue it on a deserted palm-fringed beach. If you are an inexperienced yachtsman Mandalay Sailing will offer you the choice of a motor cruiser, or alternatively you can hire the services of a qualified skipper at a cost of $70 per day. (This charge, if applicable, will be borne by the contest winner.) The skipper would not only take command of the vessel but would also offer sailing lessons to those on board.

An overnight bag will suffice when you come to the Whitsundays. The "Whitsunday survival kit" is basic indeed: a camera, sunglasses, suntan lotion, sunhat, sandshoes, swimmers and a track suit in case it turns nippy at night. Mandalay Sailing provide their vessels with all crockery, cutlery and linen, but not provisions. However, arrangements can be made to supply provisions at a cost of $14 per person per day.

To put yourself in the running for this holiday of a lifetime, simply fill in the accompanying coupon, answer the three questions and send your answer to *Penthouse*. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the Mandalay Sailing Holiday Competition.

Answer the three questions below, print your name, address and telephone number, and send your entry to **Mandalay Sailing Competition**, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062.

1) **What place is regarded as the "gateway to the Whitsunday Passage"?**

_____

2) **Name three necessary components of the "Whitsunday survival kit."**

_____

3) **Name two recreations you'll be able to engage in while cruising the Whitsundays.**

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. The Mandalay Sailing holiday must be completed before August 19, 1985 and will be subject to a vessel's availability (that is, confirmed bookings held by Mandalay Sailing).

Entry and participation in this competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* magazine and Mandalay Sailing and their families. All participants must be 18 years of age or older.

The winning entry will be the first correct entry drawn from the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, March 1, 1985. The winner will be announced in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

Under ordinary circumstances a bond of $500 is held by Mandalay Sailing against any damage/loss sustained during the period of charter but this will be waived subject to the prize winner signing a form accepting responsibility for any loss or damage incurred whilst the vessel is in his charge.

The promoters, Mandalay Sailing and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and partners for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the Mandalay Sailing Holiday Competition (including negligent acts or omissions.) On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. This competition is brought to you by Mandalay Sailing and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

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Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

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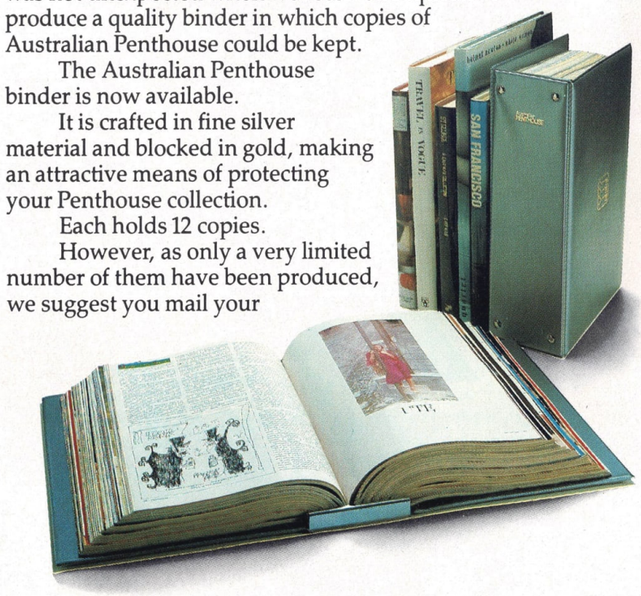

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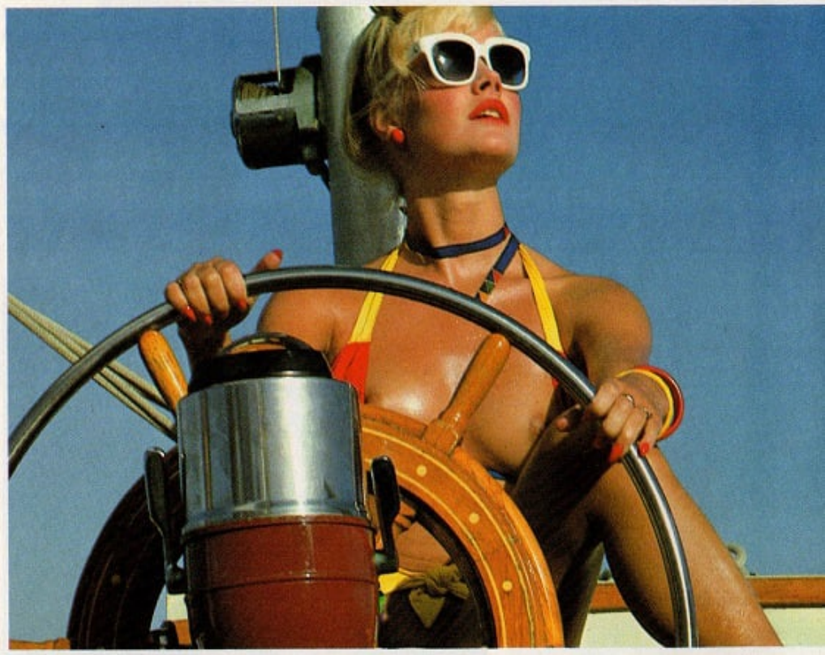


THE SWEET LIFE

Pipi Anderssen is sexy, sultry and Swedish. The 21-year-old blonde beauty left her small home town when she was 19 to discover the good life overseas. "I think if I didn't get the idea into my head that I wanted to be an actress or a model, I'd probably be selling ice creams at home. I started doing that when I was 16 and soon after I discovered a life far sweeter than any icecream," says Pipi.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

"At 17 I was going out about three or four times a week to dance at discos, and out to dinners and parties with sexy men. I love action, I really want to get into the movies. Still photos are okay, but I reckon in the movies I could really show what I've got to give."

"Although I love having sex, I'm by no means a nympho," she says. "I didn't start enjoying sex until I was 19, and now I'm really choosy about the kind of men I go out with. They must be gentle, nothing rough. I love to lay back and relax."

Pipi says her favorite fantasy involves a fortnight's South Sea holiday with either Warren Beatty or Mel Gibson — the kind of vacation you come back from exhausted. And if Warren or Mel aren't available? "Maybe one of your readers will be able to help me out."

Captain Mark Phillips' favorite four-wheeled beast doesn't shrink from the heavy going

A TOUCH OF CLASS

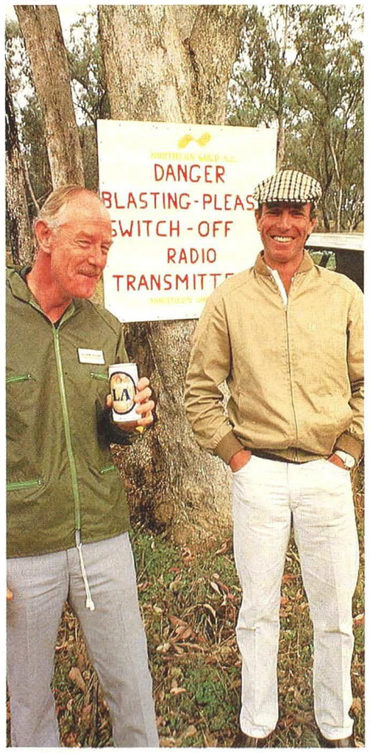
BY PETER McKAY

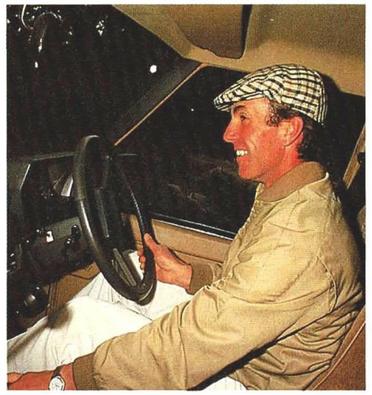
It was a bush bash with a touch of class. A celebrity tour — hardly pioneering, trail-blazing Ludwig Leichhardt stuff. Safari figurehead was well-known English farmer and horse-riding type Captain Mark Phillips — he of the funny checked cap.

The route followed some rugged old fire trails through the once prosperous gold-mining area north of Bathurst (NSW), meandering through places that have in the main steadfastly refused to march into the 20th Century. Places with strange and wonderful names like Madman's Territory and Split Rock Crossing and Hill End. Our steeds: a brace of 1985 model Range Rovers.

The good captain is state-owned British Leyland's subliminal super salesman. And occasionally he continues the unpaid work in the antipodes, doing the rounds for local importer JRA in conjunction with equestrian clinics he conducts in all states. Well, it's not exactly unpaid, though by law he cannot accept a salary. What happens is that JRA guarantees expenses during these lengthy visitations. It's hardly a financial goldmine but Phillips gets a big kick out of passing on his knowledge to 120

PHOTOS BY TONY LYON





CLASS

Australian horsemen and women. This was his fourth such work tour.

The tweedy, permanently-smiling Phillips is a pretty handy choice of front man for Range Rover. As the marketing lads put it, his image is just perfect. Apart from his upmarket connections, he's a successful sportsman, and a man of the land to boot. And, as events were to demonstrate, he's a man for all seasons who doesn't shirk the heavy going . . .

"He's a good bloke," said the JRA man reassuringly before we set off.

Phillips began slowly, easing himself into the curious group of strangers. In the usual defensive way of the rich and/or famous he spent time cautiously sussing out the handful of outsiders invited along to chronicle this two-day upmarket off-road flit. JRA had spoilt some of the fun by issuing a blunt warning: strictly no personal questions. The edict was not ignored — nor was it strictly adhered to.

A knock-up hamburger breakfast in a Bathurst carpark hardly set an appropriately regal tone. JRA made amends at lunch, however, though we had to mount a manic headlight-deep charge across a swift-moving Macquarie River ford in order to get at the food. Like magic, in the middle of nowhere, rear tailgates swung down to reveal gourmet fare fit for someone not exactly foreign to the Buck Palace dining room.

From the David Jones food hall, at $35 a head, was seasonal boneless guinea fowl, cold roast eye of beef, terrine of pork and veal on a green peppercorn base and more, sluiced down with *blanc de blanc* bubbly. Accoutrements included silver cutlery, real glasses and a colony of ubiquitous Aussie bush flies. All diners ate well.

As Persil-white serviettes politely brushed away the last few crumbs of dry biscuits and cheese — it rained. And then it rained some more on those rocky hills. Rushing water soon rutted the already scarred surface of barely-definable forest passages — it would be an overstatement to describe them as tracks.

Phillips, who much prefers to drive rather than be driven, looked comfortable steering the big aristocratic 4WD through the trying conditions. He says he "just picked up" four-wheel drive techniques during previous Australian visits. Of course he has driven off road at his farm, but never in conditions as menacing as in this country.

Outside, the rain had been superseded by hail. Phillips was unfazed, chatting easily as the Rangie pecked a path through sharp rocks laid bare by rivulets of rushing rainwater. He has that relaxed technique of an assured wheelsmith.

He has a theory about such matters: "Riding and driving and flying an aeroplane are all basically . . . a question of feel. If you have the feel for one, then you have the feel for the others. It's about balance and co-ordination."

Phillips plainly has what it takes when it comes to horses. Winner of an equestrian team gold at the Montreal Olympics, he is still rated among the top six riders in the world. At 36 he believes he has one more crack at winning an individual Games gold at Seoul.

Cars are his second love. Captain Mark and his wife are self-styled enthusiastic drivers. For personal transport he punts the sporty version of the Rover 3500, the Vitesse, and a Range Rover. He admits his driver's licence has been perilously close to cancellation at times.

His good woman takes to the byways near their Gatcombe Park estate in a Reliant Scimitar. The word is that she's a particularly competent driver and even slides the royal rump behind the wheel of the lorry that transports the family four-leggers.

Captain and Mrs Phillips have both driven a Williams-Cosworth grand prix machine, essentially the same 500-plus horsepower beast that Keke Rosberg drove to the world championship. Visiting the Williams factory at unfashionable Didcot, Frank Williams — with a knighthood very much on his mind — suggested they both must have a steer of a Formula One car one day.

They immediately forgot about the invitation until a year later when a letter arrived . . . "We both went to Silverstone. She covered 25 laps and enjoyed herself very much," Phillips related.

"It was an unbelievable experience. A sensation. It takes a long time to make the transition from saloon car to GP car. I took things quietly, using only 5000 revs for a few laps.

"The first time I was brave enough to put my foot down, it gave me such a kick I thought the front wheels had lifted off the ground."

Phillips was so chuffed he immediately leaned on Frank for a second session, this time at Donington.

"As the learning process went on, we became quicker. Donington is a demanding place physically. After 25 laps I began to feel ill; I was absolutely knackered. But I'd love to have another go."

Meanwhile, Phillips was having a go in the Range Rover, that enigmatic benchmark of four-wheel-drives.

Fourteen years after its launch in the Mother Country, and despite increasing sales pressure from the Japanese, it's more popular than ever. It's been a fixture in these parts since late 1972, first as a two-door and since May, 1982 in a more practical four-door configuration. Sales are ticking along at 1850 annually and the JRA men claim a two-month delay on delivery.

Yet it must be said that the Range Rover has succeeded in the face of some imperfections.

Its carby-topped, 3.5 litre engine — essentially the same all-alloy, small V8 employed in the Rover 3500 saloon — is found wanting in some conditions such as hilly highway work. It is simply short on power and when driven hard there's an intrusive noise from the manual gearbox. The factory automatic transmission — available for a couple of years now — has its deficiencies too, hunting up and down the box in search of the optimum gear for changing road conditions. The fact is that peak power of 93 kilowatts is not sufficient to lug around 1862 kilograms. This state of affairs should improve soon if the rumored fuel-injected model materialises.

The 1985 Rangie features one significant engine improvement: constant energy electronic ignition, said to improve starting and promote smoother running. It also enhances spark plug life.

The latest model does finally take care of a couple of shortcomings Range Rover owners have had to endure for too long. Drivers battling along rough mountain goat paths often faced the prospect of strangulation due to the location of the seatbelt mounting points. Not now, thankfully. The belts have been relocated to the B-pillars, with adjustable height mountings to accommodate a variety of physiques ranging from Darren Gauchi through to The Incredible Hulk. The facelifted machine also scores — direct from Solihull, England, after a 14-year dress rehearsal — front seats with adjustable recline, height and tilt. It's inconceivable that until recently a vehicle of such lofty specifications lacked seatback adjustment on the front buckets. A fixed backrest on a 30 grand car!

Gone too are the quarter windows. This and aerodynamically-efficient exterior mirrors have reduced wind noise. There's also a revised instrument and control layout which means the driver no longer need suffer a cricked neck to monitor all the gauges.

The basic vehicle now costs $29,450, with the Luxo High Line automatic (electric windows and mirrors, alloy wheels, metallic paintwork, air conditioning, wood door trim and more) topping the price list at $36,000.

Hill End (pop. 143) isn't exactly a mandatory stopover for royal tours. The late afternoon arrival of Captain Mark certainly didn't go unnoticed. Bar trade at the only pub in town, the Royal (nice touch, that), was brisker than usual. Almost as old as them thar hills, the Royal was pure country with bare floorboards and with a hand-written note pinned to a board advising that "By Big Demand Les Cambell (sic) Playing His Violin Next Friday Night at 7.30." Another poster gave notice that Squeezebox Billy would provide the music for a "Sunday afternoon soiree" at the Cross Cut Saw Gallery in nearby Sofala.

Phillips, his ever-present minder not far away, mixed easily with the locals, downed a middy of new at the public bar and then disappeared upstairs to prepare for the evening meal.

There was a choice between country-style roast pork or starvation. Between dessert and coffee Captain Mark matched the locals' dirty joke collection with gusto. Later he adjourned to the bar, passing up an offer to take on the Hill Endites at pool. He watched with a smile as the friendly bunch of miners, farmers and villagers trounced the visiting media people.

Befitting a humble sheepherder, this Pom doesn't stand on ceremony. He seems to like Australians and their casual lifestyle. Maybe there's even a touch of envy there. He certainly got a huge kick out of *Australia II* designer Ben Lexcen, whom he met sailing aboard *Gretel* on Sydney Harbor. "He christened me Flat Cap. And he thinks everyone else in the world is eccentric! He's a very funny man."

Hawkins Hill isn't funny. It isn't a place for the faint-hearted with its formidable one-in-three gradient that'd test out a mountain goat. It was certainly no easy meat for vehicular traffic, particularly since the previous day's soaking. Undenied, the Range Rover convoy edged up the incline for almost two kilometres in what was a stylish display.

The undoubted strong suit of the Range Rover is that it gives its occupants the best ride in the all-terrain vehicle business. By nature of their wide application, the suspension of all four-wheel drives must be a compromise. The big Brit does it better. On the black top it provides passenger car comfort levels, while it remains the master of demanding off road travel. That coil spring suspension soaks up the jolts like no other.

The irony is that the majority of Range Rover owners don't really give a fig about its supple ride qualities in the tough going. Only 20 percent are driven more than once a year in conditions that justify four-wheel drive.

The typical buyers are not the type to head bush and pitch a tent. They're more likely to head for a five star motel. Young professionals and senior management people operating at $40,000-plus salary levels make up the bulk of Range Rover owners. Significantly, 85 percent of first time purchasers come from the two-wheel-drive ranks. This same percentage applies to owners who'd back up again for another Range Rover. That's a high proportion of satisfied customers.

Research indicates that people identify with the rugged outdoorsy Marlboro man image. They like to be associated with adventure, as long as things don't become too dicky. Obviously 80 percent are not prepared to risk it.

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IMRAN KHAN

The cricket record books establish Imran Khan as one of the all-time greats of the game. In an international career spanning 51 Tests he has taken 232 wickets at an average of 22.91 and scored 2032 runs at an average of 31.12, those figures ranking him among an elite band of six cricketers who have scored more than 2000 runs and taken more than 200 wickets in Test cricket. The statistics don't record Imran's fire, his determination and competitive spirit, qualities that have earned him enormous respect from his adversaries and have inspired his supporters to dub him "the Lion of Pakistan."

Imran Khan was born in November 1952 into a wealthy family from Lahore, northern Pakistan. His English-educated father was an engineer in the civil service; his mother came from a well-to-do Muslim family that had to flee to Pakistan at the time of the Partition of India in 1947. It was inevitable that Imran would find himself immersed in cricket. The sport ran in his blood. An uncle had represented India, while two other uncles played first class cricket in India in the years before Partition. Two older cousins, Javed Burki and Majid Khan, both captained Pakistan. Imran was schooled at

BY JOHN ELLIOT

INTERVIEW

Aitchison College. — where the sporting facilities were superb, and his family had the money and contacts to belong to Lahore's exclusive Gymkhana Club. By the time he was 14 Imran was playing club cricket for Gymkhana in the Lahore competition.

Imran's first taste of international cricket came in 1971 when, as a raw 18-year-old, he toured England with the senior Pakistan squad. After the tour Imran stayed on in England, gaining entry to Oxford University, where he studied politics and economics, and playing county cricket at the same time. He had done well enough by 1974 to be named captain of the Oxford University XI. It was a vital year for Imran — his appearances for Oxford were sufficiently impressive to enable his recall to the Pakistan team for the tour of England at the end of that season. By the end of that series he was a regular in the Pakistan First XI; after the inaugural World Cup of 1975 and Test series against New Zealand, Australia and the West Indies through 1976/77, he was the mainstay of it.

In April 1977 Imran signed with Kerry Packer's World Series Cricket, where the intense competition turned him into one of the most formidable pace bowlers in the game, and certainly the fastest bowler ever to come out of Pakistan. In late 1978 he was timed as the third fastest in the world, behind Australia's Jeff Thomson and the West Indies' Michael Holding.

Without the reconciliation of the Pakistan Cricket Board and those who had elected to play with the World Series competition Imran resumed his place in the Pakistan national team. The early Eighties was not a happy time for Pakistan cricket, the side slipping in the rankings from being the equal of Australia and the West Indies to also-ran status. In an effort to turn the tide Imran was offered the captaincy of the Pakistan squad for their 1982 tour of England. The team was beaten in the series but far from disgraced, with Imran earning plaudits from all quarters for his aggressive captaincy.

Disaster struck during the 1982/83 Test series between Pakistan and India. Imran was captaining the Pakistan XI and playing the best cricket of his career when he fractured his shin bone. Unaware of the seriousness of the injury and the aggravation he was causing it, he continued to bowl until it was obvious something was drastically wrong. Imran, the complete full-time professional, was turned into a hobbling part-timer. He came to Australia in 1983/84 as captain of his country and was unable to play until the last two Tests, and then only as a batsman. In his efforts to spur his dispirited side on Imran exacerbated his shin fracture, undoing the healing. For eight months he exiled himself from the game, doing no exercise at all in the hope of clearing up the problem.

In late October 1984 Imran arrived in Sydney, his shin apparently recovered. He was intent on playing grade cricket and hopeful of forcing his way into the NSW Sheffield Shield team. By mid-November he'd achieved that objective — now it's a question of having the constant match practice to take him to something like peak form for the World Cup. Imran not only wants to be in the Pakistani side, he desperately wants to get back to his best. The captaincy, if it comes his way, will be a bonus.

Imran's commitments have kept him fairly busy since he arrived in Australia. *Penthouse* Senior Editor John Elliot caught up with the Pakistani star at the upmarket Sydney gymnasium where he trains three times a week.

Penthouse: Let's start at the time of the stress fracture of your shin. When did that actually occur?

Imran: I reckon it was in the Second Test against India, which was in about the first week of January 1983. Then I played on it for another month, and for another two months I kept running and training on it.

Penthouse: You were quite aware something was wrong?

Imran: Of course. I mean, there was a big sore lump on my leg.

Penthouse: How much sooner might it have healed if you'd had treatment immediately?

Imran: If I'd had something done initially — and this is according to all the doctors — it would have healed in a maximum six weeks to two months. But I kept playing and by the time they discovered what was really wrong it had become chronic. I rested for two months and the doctor said I could start batting again, as long as I didn't bowl. So I started batting and it continued to heal; it had just about completely healed and he said I could start bowling again — and that opened it up again. That was in October '83, when I came to Australia with the Pakistan team. I played as a batsman in the last two Tests and in the one-day games — but the running in the one-day games opened it up again. That was in January last year; after that I did nothing until September, when X-rays showed that the bone had completely healed.

Penthouse: How does your pace compare at the moment with what it was like at your peak?

Imran: It's not easy to judge, although I'm still well below my fastest. All I really need is plenty of practice.

Penthouse: What are your plans for the rest of summer?

Imran: My intentions are to keep my place in the NSW Shield side, and then when the Pakistan team comes over I hope to join them and play in the World Cup.

Penthouse: What's been the record of the Pakistan side in your absence?

Imran: We played against England at home for one win and two draws, we played two Tests against India that were both drawn, and we're up two-nil against New Zealand now. That's really the reason why I came to Australia: I figured I wouldn't be fit for either the India or the New Zealand series, so I came here instead — where I knew I'd be able to play cricket of a very high standard. The facilities here for training and for sports medicine are also far superior to what's available in Pakistan.

Penthouse: What's the likely Pakistani line-up for the World Cup?

Imran: I guess the bulk of the team will be the same players who came out here last year. But I think if we can pull our act together maybe team morale will be higher than what it was last time. With Abdul Qadir we should be able to do quite well. He was effective last year but the rest of the team let him down — I thought he bowled superbly in the one-day games. I see him as our number one bowler, with Zaheer Abbas our number one batsman.

Penthouse: Zaheer didn't perform so well out here last year.

Imran: His confidence has obviously been shaken in Test cricket. But in one-day cricket I rate him very highly — he's one of the best improvisers in the game.

Penthouse: Realistically, how do you see Pakistan's prospects in the World Cup?

Imran: It's really too early to say. Unfortunately, Pakistan suffers because the wickets at home are not result-oriented. The wickets there are most favorable to batting. Consequently there are rarely results, and the teams get used to games that are drawn. The players don't realise what pressure cricket is all about — pressure only comes when you win or lose. That's a tremendous thing about Australia: the wickets here are result-oriented. How many times in recent years have you seen drawn Test matches in Australia? They're big scoring matches, but you still get results.

Penthouse: There might be some big scores made here, but recently very few have been made by the Australians. When do you see Australian cricket recovering?

Imran: I have no doubts that Australian cricket will bounce back. A new spirit always emerges in a side that is badly beaten, and morale can always be lifted by one great performance. You should not write off Australia's chances in the World Cup. Everyone in the world recognises the superiority of the West Indies' team — they've forced it down everyone's throats.

Penthouse: What was your response to the resignation of Kim Hughes as Australia's captain?

Imran: Well, of course I felt very sorry for him, but I thought he gave the wrong reasons for resigning. Because he said that the pressure from the media and the past players had got to him, he was actually justifying the criticism that had been levelled at him — that he couldn't take the pressure. He should have said that his batting had been affected and he felt that he couldn't do his best for his country, therefore someone else should take over. That would have been a better way of doing it.

Penthouse: Can the West Indies be beaten in the World Cup?

Imran: Well, the West Indies are obviously entitled to favoritism. They are an incredibly good team — in every aspect of the game. But no team is invincible.

Penthouse: How can they be beaten?

Imran: Well, first of all the batsmen have to really grit their teeth and face up to their fast bowlers. Luck is also important. You must remember that one-day cricket is a completely different game to five-day cricket.

Penthouse: In what ways?

Imran: In one-day cricket the emphasis on bowling is defence rather than attack, and that changes the game completely. Also in one-day cricket you only get one opportunity — one innings. Therefore the pressure is quite high — plus there's the limited number of overs. There's much more chance of an upset in one-day cricket.

> I have never drunk alcohol in my life. But if people want to drink alcohol, who am I to stop them

Penthouse: How do you rate England's chances? Last year they took a pasting from the West Indies and even struggled against Sri Lanka. What's the state of the game there?

Imran: English cricket is suffering from a case of overkill. They actually play a ridiculous amount of cricket there, and as a result the top players have lost their flair. They have four competitions: three one-day and one three-day. And in the three-day competition they play 24 matches. When I was playing for Sussex we once played 35 days non-stop cricket. Every day for 35 days! Naturally it kills the fast bowlers. They can't maintain their pace and break down. And really fast bowling is what you need most in international cricket. There is a lot of depth in England — they could put up three teams of more or less the same standard — but they don't have any outstanding players. They are excellent professional cricketers, but they lack flair.

Penthouse: What about India? Was their win in '83 a fluke?

Imran: Upsets can happen in one-day cricket. India is quite a competent cricketing country. They have a good record playing outside their own country — better than Pakistan's, even though we have more talented players — because the wickets in India are underprepared; that is, they're result-oriented. Their players are therefore used to playing under pressure.

Penthouse: Let's put cricket to one side and talk about your background. Tell us about your early days in Pakistan.

Imran: I was very fortunate in a number of ways. I went to a school called Aitchison College, where there were great facilities for sport, and I grew up in Zaman Park, which is a suburb of Lahore. It was named after my grandfather, is quite a well-to-do area, and also has excellent facilities.

Penthouse: I believe Aitchison College is called the "Eton of Pakistan"?

Imran: Yes. It's a school modelled on the public schools of England. When it was started about a hundred years ago it was a school only for the sons of princes — the nawabs and maharajas. They were allowed to have their own horses and servants with them at the school. It is still very exclusive, with very high fees. The facilities for sport are excellent: they have three pools, their own riding course, a tent-pegging area, two cricket grounds and numerous hockey fields.

Penthouse: Did you have a religious upbringing?

Imran: Yes. My parents are very devout Muslims.

Penthouse: Are you equally devout?

Imran: I feel religion is a very personal thing and it should be whatever you feel satisfied with in your relationship with your religion or your God. I am a Muslim and I feel I'm as much a Muslim as anyone else.

Penthouse: Do you support the moves in Pakistan to introduce a strict Islamic legal code?

Imran: I'd rather not comment on that.

Penthouse: What about things like drinking alcohol? Do you take a more liberal attitude to that?

Imran: I have never drunk alcohol in my life. But if people want to drink alcohol, who am I to stop them? I do firmly believe though that there should be restrictions, and if the Pakistan government wants to ban the import of alcohol, that's fine by me.

Penthouse: What about other Islamic customs? Do you fast during the month of Ramadan?

Imran: Yes, although I find it easier when I'm in Pakistan.

Penthouse: It must be difficult when you're playing.

Imran: Yeah. Playing, or travelling, I find it difficult.

Penthouse: Do you pray each day?

Imran: Yeah, I do.

Penthouse: Just how well-to-do were your family? How did they make their money?

Imran: My family was basically a landowning family who got into the government

bureaucracy. They weren't actually farmers themselves. My mother's family were landlords in India and when they left they were compensated. My father's family had always lived in Pakistan.

Penthouse: I believe your family have also always been great lovers of cricket.

Imran: Yes. My mother's family in particular were cricket crazy.

Penthouse: Two of your cousins, Majid Khan and Javed Burki, both played for and captained Pakistan. Were they heroes and models of yours?

Imran: Definitely. They were both models for me because they made a path for me to follow — they went to university in England where they played cricket as well as studied, then they returned to Pakistan and played with the national team.

Penthouse: Did you then assume that you would tread the same path?

Imran: Yes. From a very early age I thought I would follow in their footsteps. I never realised until I grew up just how many things could have gone wrong.

Penthouse: But despite your assumptions, you still recognised the importance of continuous practice?

Imran: That was just love of the game. I didn't have any brothers, so I had my sisters and our servants bowling to me each day until after dark. It was really that enthusiasm that got me through.

Penthouse: At the age of 18 you toured England with the Pakistan national side. How did you go on that trip?

Imran: Well really, I had no idea of what top class cricket was all about. I'd only played about eight or 10 first class games before the trip.

Penthouse: You must have been good to make the side, though.

Imran: When I was about 17 I was quite quick, and there was a dearth of fast bowlers in Pakistan at the time. I had one good season, with no other contenders. I was very lucky.

Penthouse: You also had very good connections, with Majid Khan a cousin and an uncle the chairman of selectors.

Imran: He was actually the chairman of selectors for the Lahore team, I played for Lahore when I was 16, but I had done fairly well in club cricket. The charge of nepotism has been raised before — maybe I was lucky, and someone else might have had to struggle more to make the side.

Penthouse: How did you respond to failing so dismally on that first tour?

Imran: I found it devastating. In fact I'd probably have given up cricket if I'd come back to Pakistan straight after that tour. I got a lot of flak from the others in the team who thought it was a case of nepotism and that I wasn't good enough. And I wasn't good — I don't blame them. If you can't perform you should expect criticism, but at that age I was very raw and it really stung me.

Penthouse: Had you really expected to be a world-beater?

Imran: Yes, I had! You see, there was no television in Pakistan so I had nothing to compare myself with. I really had no idea. One thing that the tour highlighted was my deficiencies — so at least I could start working on them.

Penthouse: Why didn't you give the game away?

Imran: Largely because I stayed in England. I was on contract with Worcestershire. I was going to study in England for four years, so they thought they may as well utilise my services.

Penthouse: How did your period studying at Oxford affect you?

Imran: It was a very important period, both in terms of my development as a cricketer and my intellectual development. Actually, I think the two are closely connected. The atmosphere at Oxford was excellent, especially when you come from a background in Pakistan where you're not exposed to many things.

Penthouse: Was your time at Oxford instrumental in you developing your great love for England?

Imran: Not really. It was after I left Oxford that I started to enjoy England more.

Penthouse: Why do you like England so much?

Imran: I enjoy the city life in England, especially London. It's very stimulating; there's always so much going on there, which is a direct contrast to life in Pakistan.

Penthouse: You have a lot of interests aside from cricket.

Imran: Yes . . . like anyone else. My greatest love is meeting new people. I also like going to see the latest films, the theatre, even watching television. You must remember that I come from a place where you don't have the opportunity to do these things. I always like to spend three to four months in England every year. I also like the fact that there is no pressure on me there — I can do what I like without being recognised. In Pakistan there are other things I enjoy, like family life. I am very close to my family. In Pakistan I love going shooting — not so much to kill animals. I shoot partridge and nothing else.

Penthouse: One other advantage of England is the nightlife.

Imran: I must confess that when I first went to England I used to go to discos. I don't enjoy that anymore — I feel I'm too old for the disco scene now. What I enjoy now is dining out with six to eight close friends.

Penthouse: How do your feel about your status as a sex symbol?

Imran: It's quite amusing really. I don't mind it if I'm living here or in England. Who cares if someone calls you a sex symbol?

Penthouse: So you enjoy it?

Imran: I have a laugh about it — I never take it seriously. What does make it difficult for me is when these stories are reported back in Pakistan. Invariably, they are reported completely out of context, and the extreme right wing element there gets really stirred up. Then I get a lot of flak. That's actually the thing I dislike.

Penthouse: The Pakistani papers are renowned for coming up with some amazing stories. I read one account that suggested you'd sustained your shin injury when you were beaten up by two brothers of a girl you were secretly seeing.

Imran: The Pakistani papers, or at least some of the Pakistani papers, write whatever they like — they misquote, they make up strange stories to make things sensational. Unfortunately there is no accountability there. I haven't been back to Pakistan since April last year, and in that time the newspapers there have printed three interviews of mine given exclusively to them. I didn't even know a thing about them! I just read them. I even read something in *The Sydney Morning Herald* where I was quoted as saying something . . . and I never even said that. That came from Pakistan of course.

Penthouse: Can't you sue these papers?

Imran: It's a waste of time trying to sue anyone in Pakistan. I don't know of anyone who's successfully taken a newspaper to court there. I ask lawyers, and they say forget it.

Penthouse: These stories must have an effect on your family and fans.

Imran: Absolutely. I've reached the stage now where as long as the people I really care about know the truth I just don't worry about it. I have no option: I just say to hell with it. But the stories do affect my family, particularly my mother, who is very sensitive. She gets worked up and I get very annoyed about that.

Penthouse: Do your reassurances make any difference?

Imran: As long as I'm in touch with my family and they know the truth, that's fine. But they still get very angry when they feel I've been insulted. They feel insulted themselves.

Penthouse: How do your fans in Pakistan react to these stories?

Imran: I really don't know. I hope they laugh at them.

Penthouse: Do you have a lot of fans there?

Imran: Yes. You must remember that in Pakistan, and in India, there is a lot of hero worship — more than in the West. And so cricketers are treated like movie stars, even though most of the fans have very little technical knowledge of cricket.

Penthouse: Do the fans ever get rowdy?

Imran: They can get very excited. Sometimes you can get mobbed — they crowd around and try to touch you.

Penthouse: Women as well as men?

Imran: No, you wouldn't be mobbed by women — not in India or Pakistan. Cricketers do have a very large following among women, though. They regard us in the same way they regard film stars, although they might know nothing about the game.

Penthouse: I suppose one of the main areas of press speculation is in regard to your marital status.

Imran: What else? In the past year various papers have quoted me at different times saying that I was about to marry four different women.

Penthouse: I had heard the stories linking you to Emma Sargeant, and the Indian film actresses, Zeenat Aman and Waheenda Khan.

Imran: My name has been linked with many women. Whenever someone is seen with me for a while, then we're talked about. Emma Sargeant is a portrait painter and a friend. She has done two portraits of me. Someone must have seen us out to dinner together, and that was it. I have no plans of marriage. It's the same sort of story with the Indian actresses.

Penthouse: I also read that you turned down the daughter of a sheik. What do you know about that story?

Imran: My parents are friendly with a wealthy Arab family from the Middle East. They went to the wedding of one of their daughters, and it was speculated that they'd gone to arrange my marriage.

Penthouse: You've said that you'll marry in the traditional Islamic fashion — that is, you'll have your marriage arranged by your parents.

Imran: You know, I've actually never said that. I've always said it's very difficult for anyone to be sure who they're going to marry. Who can be sure? I can't. All my life I've never been able to predict what was going to happen next. But one thing I have always said is that I will live in Pakistan. And to live in Pakistan you must marry according to the custom, which is for the marriages to be arranged. If I wanted to live outside of Pakistan there'd be no problem — I could marry anyone. But even if I met someone from outside Pakistan, I doubt very much if she would want to live there. She just wouldn't accept the system there. And that's why I'll probably eventually have an arranged marriage. But — having said that — I don't know what's going to happen in the future. I'm a fatalist: I believe everything that is meant to happen happens.

Penthouse: Surely, if an arranged marriage does come to be, your wife will be much younger than you and without your wide range of interests?

Imran: You are assuming that the women in Pakistan are all uneducated. That is not necessarily the case. I can give you the example of my four sisters: my older sister is one of the top economists at the United Nations — she's an expert on underdeveloped countries; my younger sister is a qualified doctor; while the other two both have university degrees.

Penthouse: It sounds like an exceptional family.

Imran: Not really. You do get a lot of bright, educated women in certain circles in Pakistan. It is difficult for a woman to work there, that is true. Really it's a question of finding the right women, and I've never stayed in Pakistan long enough to do that.

Penthouse: So, it's a job for you to find the right woman, not your parents?

Imran: No, no. It is a job for my parents but it's not done without my consent. My parents wouldn't go out, with me sitting at

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home, and come back and say, "We've found a woman." It doesn't work like that. I mean, they suggest various women, women they might have come across somewhere. That's how the arrangements are made.

Penthouse: Aside from marriage, what does the future hold for Imran Khan? How much longer do you see yourself playing cricket?

Imran: At this stage I can't say how much longer I'll play. When I injured my shin I was bowling the best I'd ever bowled in my career — I was at my very peak. I want to see if I can get back to that peak.

Penthouse: And after you do decide to retire from cricket?

Imran: Well, during that period of 20 months when I wasn't playing cricket I had a lot of time to think about that. There are various things I've had on my mind, but I think because of my love for the outdoor life I'd like to go into farming. I'd like to farm for most of the year, and then spend to two to three months of each summer in London.

Penthouse: What sort of farming?

Imran: Where my father has his land they grow wheat, cotton and fruit. Farming does seem challenging.

Penthouse: With your interest in films and your large number of fans, I thought you would have been a natural for the movies.

Imran: I enjoy watching films, but I could never act in them. Ishmail Merchant — he produced *Heat And Dust* and *The Bostonians* — has said that he has a role for me whenever I want it . . . I never got into the details about it. I consider myself a sportsman, not an actor.

Penthouse: I'd heard that you also have a very strong interest in politics.

Imran: As an observer, sure. I can't say that I've ever wanted to go into politics, but I do think it's very important to be politically aware. All of us are affected by the threat of nuclear war and people should be aware of that.

Penthouse: You have been quite outspoken in regard to South Africa.

Imran: I'd obviously have strong views about a country where just because of the color of my skin I'd be classed as a second class citizen. Naturally, I'm offended by the system they have there. I have refused to go to South Africa — I was offered a lot of money to play cricket there.

Penthouse: How much money?

Imran: I don't know exactly. It was a huge amount.

Penthouse: Traditionally there's been some hostility between Pakistan and India. What's your attitude towards that country?

Imran: I have never understood the hostility. A lot of Indians think Pakistan should be part of India. I disagree — I think we should have our own country. But we should be able to sort out our differences and live peacefully together. Instead we're having a huge arms build-up in both countries — both poor countries. The arms race is what I really feel strongly about because we're both poor countries and our national resources are being wasted on military hardware.

Penthouse: Do the Pakistani people feel threatened by India?

Imran: Unfortunately that sort of thing is played up by the politicians. Mrs Ghandi — before she was so unfortunately assassinated — used the threat of Pakistan to stir up patriotic feelings in India. That sort of thing causes more problems.

Penthouse: Let's talk politics of a different sort — the internal politics of Pakistani cricket. Why are there so many public squabbles within the ranks of the Pakistani cricket fraternity?

Imran: In Pakistan there are no real cricket institutions. We don't have what every other country has — regional cricket. We have organisations: four banks, one airline, one railway plus two regional teams, Lahore and Karachi. They are the eight first-class teams in Pakistan. The six organisations don't have cricket nurseries — they just take all the top players, leaving Lahore and Karachi very depleted. It's a farcical situation with these banks having teams because only Lahore and Karachi supply players. The rest of the country is excluded.

Penthouse: Is there a public following for the domestic competition in Pakistan?

Imran: When there's cricket fever in the country people go and watch, but only to see the stars. Normally no-one watches. Who'd want to see two banks play?

Penthouse: I can see how this system wouldn't really help the game, but does it also explain the squabbling?

Imran: The basic problem is that the Cricket Board is not an elected body. The president of the Board is nominated by the President of Pakistan, while the rest of the Board are appointed by their respective banks or whatever. And whenever there's a problem the president of the Board has to take the blame — because there's no structure to absorb the shock. The whole shock is absorbed by the president, who is then removed from the Board and a new president appointed. There is no continuity. If something goes wrong a new Board turns up. And they say that the previous Board made this mistake and we now know what to do. But before they can do anything the team loses and that Board is dismissed too. If Australia loses a match you drop a few players; you don't change your entire Board as well as the team.

Penthouse: It must be very demoralising for the players.

Imran: It is. We have no regulations determining how we're going to be paid. Players are paid a year late . . . I still haven't been paid for coming out here last season. We are supposed to be professional cricketers, yet it is disgraceful the way we are treated. The night before we were due to leave on our four-month tour of Australia last year the Board presented us with our contracts. Those contracts were already outdated — they would have had us earning less money than when we came to Australia two years before that. And this was not the first time this sort of thing had happened! The players refused to accept those contracts, so the Board agreed to pay us more, based on a verbal agreement because they said it was too late to draw up new contracts. We went on the tour, but when we came back the old Board had been dismissed. And the new Board said: "These are the contracts you signed so that is what we're going to pay you. We don't know anything about any verbal agreements." So we ended up getting less than when we came to Australia two years before that — and I still haven't been paid. And the payments themselves are laughable. For the four months I'm to be paid just over $1500. Compare that to the $27,000 that the West Indian players get and the $45,000 that the Australians get — for the same amount of touring. It is very demoralising.

Penthouse: Does that make you the poorest paid cricketers in the world?

Imran: Definitely.

Penthouse: I've read that there is a lot of rivalry between players from Lahore and the players from Karachi.

Imran: That's been exaggerated.

Penthouse: Is the supposed rivalry promoted by the Pakistani press?

Imran: To a certain extent. I've suffered a lot at the hands of the Karachi press.

Penthouse: Is that simply because you come from Lahore?

Imran: Yes, and because they were opposed to the previous president of the Board. Because I was the captain at the time I was automatically linked with him. That's how farcical our system is.

Penthouse: What does the Karachi press say about Javed Miandad?

Imran: Javed's always been backed by the Karachi press. Even when so many players refused to play under his captaincy they played it up as a clique being out to get him.

Penthouse: What were Javed's failings as a captain?

Imran: It was his immaturity at the time. He did antagonise some senior players. Really, what culminated the whole affair was that a statement appeared in the press saying that the reason Javed didn't succeed as captain was because he didn't have the co-operation of his senior players. That was a direct insult to our integrity, meaning we'd deliberately done badly. Whether he really said it or not I don't know. He denies saying it. We were all very upset about it.

Penthouse: Is there still ill-feeling there?

Imran: No, that went very quickly. Time heals.

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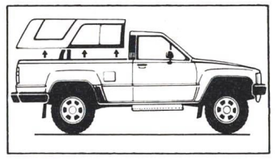

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Oh what a feeling!

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INTERVIEW

Penthouse: There does seem to be a communication problem within Pakistani cricket. Can it be overcome?
Imran: I'm afraid to say that I can't see anything happening to change things, at least not in the near future. There are too many powerful pressure groups who like the system the way it is — the organisations and the people sitting on the Board. Because a lot of the players are employed by the organisations they're trapped into the current system too. I'd like to get rid of the organisations and have cricket played on a regional basis, but really I can't see any changes coming.
Penthouse: Does that mean cricket in Pakistan is doomed?
Imran: I think eventually there's going to be a severe jolt . . . then things might change. I don't think cricket is doomed in Pakistan because we will continue to produce good players, in spite of the structural problems of the game.
Penthouse: Pakistan does seem to produce exceptional sportsmen — not only cricketers, but also your hockey players and squash players are of world class. Can you explain how a country with such limited resources consistently produces outstanding sportsmen?
Imran: I believe the answer is straightforward. I don't know why it is, but ball-playing skills are very well developed in Pakistan. I noticed it by comparing county cricketers in England — struggling against my bowling — with weekend cricketers in Pakistan, who play some exceptional shots. Pakistanis are not great athletes . . . but for some reason they excel at ball-playing sports.
Penthouse: You've been critical of umpires and umpiring standards.
Imran: I'm afraid I'm one of those who believes that there should be an international panel of umpires.
Penthouse: Are umpires biased?
Imran: You could call it bias. Where there are very close decisions, particularly lbw, touring sides have always felt hard done by. Marginal decisions tend to favor the home team. And that changes the complexion of a whole game. I'd really like to see neutral umpires appointed to Test matches. And people like Clive Lloyd and Kim Hughes have agreed with me on this issue.
Penthouse: Can the attitude of the crowd affect the fortunes of a team?
Imran: I love crowds. It's nice to play before an appreciative crowd, whether they support you or not. But I don't think they affect the fortunes of a team — umpires are much more important.
Penthouse: As a captain you've always taken a very aggressive position.
Imran: Absolutely. I think every captain should always go for the win. One should gamble. Cricketers owe everything to the people who come to watch — and people don't come to watch draws. I enjoy cricket more when it's heading for a result; I don't even want to play in matches like the Test between India and Pakistan at Faisalabad last October, when the first innings were only completed in the last session of the fourth day. Who wants to play in a match like that?
Penthouse: Was that the fault of the captains or the pitch?
Imran: I'm afraid the pitches are made that way. I've played in four Test matches in Pakistan where the captains have actually asked for the pitch to be cleaned of all grass.
Penthouse: So the pitch becomes a batting strip?
Imran: Completely. The ball doesn't bounce or spin . . . it doesn't do anything.
Penthouse: Do both of the captains agree to this?
Imran: The other captain hasn't got any say. I'm talking about the home captain, my captain. He was instrumental in creating wickets that ended in draws.
Penthouse: When did this occur?
Imran: During my career. I don't want to pinpoint it exactly, but it has happened. It's because the captains are scared of losing — for a Pakistani captain to lose a match is humiliating. As far as I'm concerned, one should never be scared of losing. If you try your best, if you give everything, it's no big thing to lose.

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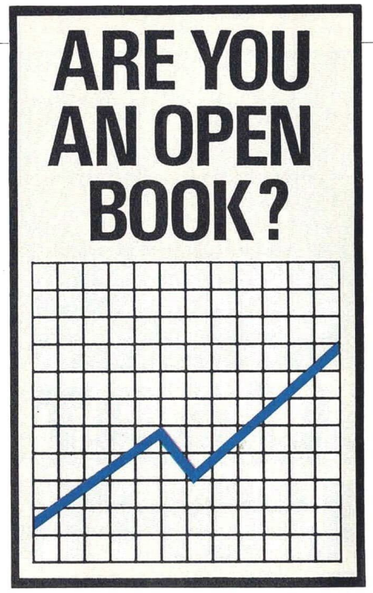
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU AN OPEN BOOK?



Most of us wear emotional masks. We pretend to be what we're not; we keep up appearances; we hide things about ourselves that we don't want others to know. It's a rare person who's truly an open book, and this psychograph is designed to find out if you're one of them.

Self-disclosure, which psychologist Sidney Jourard defines as "being oneself in the presence of others", is a key factor in mental health. People who are psychologically comfortable with themselves allow others to see them as they really are. Sure, all of us put up a false front occasionally; that's only human. But if we continually mask our true feelings, beliefs, and identities from others, it often indicates serious psychological trouble. In his book *Self-Disclosure*, Jourard notes that "an obvious factor in the background of any neurotic or psychotic sufferer is his tendency to conceal his authentic thoughts and feelings in order to live a cosmetic life of pretence."

The study of how much of themselves human beings disclose to others has been an important field of psychological research since the late 1950s. That was when Jourard, the pioneer in this field, stumbled on its importance almost by accident. While preparing a book on personal adjustment, he asked his acquaintances to describe *him* as a person. The diverse replies he received made him realise that he was presenting many different faces in the world. It became clear, he says, "that much of my action was aimed at misleading others, at misinforming them about the person I knew myself to be."

Since that time, researchers have conducted hundreds of studies to determine what part self-disclosure plays in our psychological lives. They've found, among other things, that women disclose more than men; that boys tell their mothers more than they tell their fathers; that blacks disclose less than whites; and that Jewish men are more self-disclosing than Catholic or Protestant men. They've also discovered that a willingness to be self-disclosing plays a crucial role in interpersonal attraction. We instinctively like those who are willing to share themselves with us. Despite all the myths about Casanova, it turns out that the men who are really attractive to women are those who reveal their authentic feelings, and not those who come on with a glib line of bullshit.

To find out where you stand on the self-disclosure spectrum, answer the following questions honestly. Don't think too much about each item — give the first response that comes to you. After all, if you can't be honest with yourself, how are you going to be honest with others?

1. It's the day before payday and you don't have any more money to spare. Your co-workers are going out to lunch. When they ask if you're coming with them, are you more likely to reply:
   (a) "I'm broke."
   (b) "Sorry, I can't go with you, I've got some things I have to do."

2. You feel a virus coming on but you go to work anyway. You screw up some important business because you feel so lousy. The boss calls you in and wants to know what went wrong. Are you most likely:
   (a) to say, "Yeah, I screwed up."
   (b) to say, "I was sick as a dog that day."
   (c) to make up some other excuse

3. You screw up some important business at work simply because you're not paying attention. Your boss wants to know what went wrong. Are you most likely:
   (a) to say, "Yeah, I made a mess of it; I just wasn't paying attention."
   (b) to not offer any excuse
   (c) to say you weren't feeling well
   (d) to make up some other excuse

4. When you're late for an appointment, are you most likely to:
   (a) tell why you're late
   (b) make up an excuse that isn't true
   (c) act as if you're not late at all

5. If you found out you had an incurable disease, with whom would you be most likely to discuss it?
   (a) no-one
   (b) only with my closest friends and relations
   (c) probably with just about anyone, as long as the subject came up as a natural part of the conversation

6. If the pay were the same, would you rather be:
   (a) a law-enforcement officer
   (b) a university professor

7. You're sitting around having a beer with some friends. Talk turns to salaries. Do you:
   (a) try to reveal as little as possible
   (b) tell how much you make
   (c) say something that leads them to think you make more than you actually do
   (d) say something that leads them to think you make less than you actually do

8. Are there some things you're so ashamed of that you wouldn't reveal them to anybody, not even your closest friend or lover?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) yes, but there are also some things I've been ashamed of that I have revealed.

9. Do you live beyond your means, frequently buying things you can't really afford?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. If you're having problems at work or at school, are you likely to discuss them with your superior?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. How likely would you be to discuss personal problems with a psychiatrist, psychologist, rabbi, minister, or some other type of counsellor?
    (a) very likely
    (b) somewhat likely

> Despite the myths about Casanova, men who are really attractive to women are those who reveal their authentic feelings.

(c) not very likely
(d) not at all likely

12. Would you be willing to sacrifice a lot in order to live in the best neighborhood, own a great car, and wear the best clothes?
(a) yes
(b) no

13. Your relationship with a woman you love is obviously falling apart. Do you:
(a) let things drift, hoping they'll improve?
(b) ask her to discuss what might be wrong?

14. You're going out with a woman for the first time. Are you more likely to:
(a) talk about things you really enjoy
(b) talk about things you think will impress her
(c) say very little
(d) talk about a mix of things: some you enjoy, some that are designed mainly to impress her

15. In casual conversation do you often bring up your past achievements, awards, honors, etc?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) No, that's tacky.

16. Do you ever discuss with friends how you feel about your body and appearance?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Do you think most people have a pretty accurate idea of what you're like?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. You're at a party and are asked what you'd like to drink. Are you more likely to:
(a) state your exact preference, even though it may turn out that they don't have it
(b) say, "I don't care; whatever you've got is fine."

19. When you're in bed with a woman, do you usually tell or direct her toward the type of sex you prefer?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Check as many of the following categories as you would be willing to discuss with people who are casual acquaintances but not very close friends.
(a) your political philosophy
(b) religion
(c) your cultural preferences
(d) hobbies
(e) aspects of your own personality
(f) your finances
(g) things you like and dislike about your physical makeup
(h) none of the above

21. Do you prefer that people:
(a) think you're more competent than you really are
(b) think you're less competent
(c) have a relatively accurate idea of your competence

22. You're talking to a casual acquaintance who has strong religious or political beliefs that differ from yours. Basically, you enjoy the relationship and don't want to sabotage it. When this person begins fervently talking about religion or politics, how are you most likely to respond?
(a) I discuss seriously how I feel.
(b) I make jokes or sarcastic remarks that show I disagree but that aren't likely to get the other person upset or angry.
(c) I just try to keep quiet, or attempt to steer the conversation toward other subjects.
(d) I act as if I agree.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points; the lowest score possible is 22.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-3, b-5, c-1
3. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-1
4. a-5, b-1, c-2
5. a-1, b-3, c-5
6. a-2, b-4
7. a-3, b-5, c-1, d-3
8. a-1, b-5, c-3
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-5
14. a-5, b-1, c-2, d-3
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-2, b-2, c-1, d-1, e-5, f-5, g-5, h-0
21. a-1, b-1, c-5
22. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1

If you scored 110 to 125 points:
You are an extreme discloser. You show all, tell all, and don't give a damn about the consequences. A high level of self-disclosure is generally a healthy psychological sign, but you may have too much of a good thing. You seem to have no need for privacy at all, which sometimes indicates a high level of insecurity.

86 to 109 points:
You are a high self-discloser, but you also have a sense of propriety about what to reveal and when to reveal it. People in this category may be the most psychologically healthy. You are honest and straightforward in your dealings but don't go overboard.

62 to 85 points:
Like most people, you're quite often selective in what you disclose and to whom you disclose it. You're probably relatively open with people who are close to you, but you tend to erect false fronts when you're among people you know less well.

38 to 61 points:
You are a low self-discloser. As far as you're concerned, very few people have any right to know who you really are. This isolating stance may make you feel very lonely. You are probably reluctant to reveal things even to those who love you the most. People in this category use a lot of emotional energy in projecting false images of themselves.

22 to 37 points:
You are terribly secretive about your feelings. People like this often have a poor image of themselves; they fear others will hate them if they reveal their true natures. In fact, quite the opposite is usually the case. Most people already sense that you're hiding behind all sorts of emotional masks and false fronts. They will tend to like you more, not less, if you open up.

PART·FOUR

HYGIENE

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

Sexual hygiene is an important part of any sexual relationship. Whilst it is possible to "go overboard" about hygiene and become obsessed with cleanliness, everyone should have a basic knowledge of sexual hygiene. With prior knowledge and a commonsense approach, it should be possible to avoid most of the sexually transmitted diseases — or at least have them treated quickly and effectively if you do find yourself so disabled.

Hopefully, after reading this article, you will be able to incorporate good sexual hygiene with enjoyable love making.

Dr. Carl

Because sexuality involves intimacy, it's desirable to be clean. Excessive body odor, bad breath or an obvious discharge can quell even the most passionate sexual encounter. But with a minimum amount of care it's possible to at least be non-offensive. Regular bathing or showering, at least a daily cleaning of your teeth and prompt attention to any abnormal discharges would be considered a basic minimum.

This is not to say that it is impossible to enjoy sex when one partner has not been able to shower. Many couples enjoy the spontaneity of sex, and for this reason it is often difficult to arrange for a "squeaky clean" body prior to intercourse. In fact, some people feel that body odor is a "turn on." Being obsessive about cleanliness may be as destructive to a relationship as not bothering about hygiene at all, and for this reason it is important for you and your partner to have some idea of each other's attitudes towards hygiene.

SHOWERING

As well as being a basic start to sexual hygiene, showering may be a very enjoyable and stimulating prelude to intercourse. If both partners can feel comfortable in the shower or bath together, then soaping each other is an excellent method of body massage. The relaxing sensation of warm water as well as the "informal" atmosphere of the bathroom can be important aids to relaxation. Showering also offers an opportunity to be tender and considerate.

Women especially should pay particular attention to cleaning the area around the anus. It is here that faecal bacteria and yeasts (which are commonly the cause of urinary tract infections and thrush) abound. With sexual arousal, lubrication of the vagina and the entrance to the urethra frequently occurs and the possibility of faecal contamination is very much increased without regular showering or bathing.

URINARY TRACT INFECTIONS

Many readers may have heard of the term "honeymoon cystitis", where women experience urinary frequency — sometimes associated with a burning sensation and a general feeling of ill-health following an "episode" of sexual activity. It commonly occurs when a lull in sexual activity is followed by an enthusiastic bout of love-making, with the symptoms usually appear a few days afterwards. The cause of the malady is thought to be inflammation of the urethral entrance.

For those women who have a history of such infections, here are a few words of advice. Firstly, shower prior to intercourse. This will decrease the amount of bacteria in the genital area and so reduce the possibility of the urinary tract infection. Secondly, it is advisable to empty your bladder before and after intercourse. Bacteria grows more readily with a full bladder and therefore emptying the bladder will again decrease this risk. For persistent cases, the application of a small amount of antiseptic (not antibiotic) cream to the urethral entrance may be of assistance. Care should also be taken following defaecation to wipe the anal area *backwards* rather than forwards. If bacteria are wiped *forwards*, faecal contamination of the vagina and/or urethra may easily result. Equally, it is important to remember that following urination, light dabbing with a toilet tissue is all that is required. Constant rubbing of the area may cause irritation and again increase the risk of spreading bacteria.

If you are a woman and you develop symptoms of a urinary tract infection, you should seek immediate medical assistance. Your doctor will probably request a sample of urine, which will be cultured for bacterial growth. The reason for this is that there are numerous types of bacteria which may be responsible for the infection and such a laboratory test will be of great assistance in the choice of the antibiotic that the doctor will usually prescribe. (*Don't* attempt to take whatever antibiotic you happen to have at home, as your particular infection may not be sensitive to this antibiotic and, as well, taking even one antibacterial capsule can prevent the growth of the bacteria in the laboratory.)

MENSTRUATION

This is a subject which is often responsible for many misunderstandings in sexual relationships. Menstrual fluid is a combination of tissue fluid, shedded uterine cells and blood, and is normally sterile (that is, it does not usually contain large numbers of bacteria). The flow of menstrual fluid is usually greatest within the first 24 to 36 hours of menstruation and thereafter decreases over the next 2 to 6 days. Many women complain of being irritable, having a dragging sensation in their lower abdomen or back, and generally feeling unwell during menstruation.

Should you indulge in intercourse during menstruation? This question has been asked for centuries, with the answer depending very much on the cultural and religious background of those concerned. For many there are strict religious taboos regarding intercourse during the entire period of bleeding. For others, as in our society, there is no such restriction and intercourse during menstruation is quite common, although many women feel embarrassed about the mess that intercourse at this time makes.

Leaving aside personal feelings about intercourse during menstruation, let's look at the medical facts. Provided that normal hygiene precautions have been taken, there is usually little danger of pelvic infections occurring as a result of intercourse at this time. As mentioned before, the menstrual fluid should be sterile. In fact some women find that intercourse during menstruation is especially enjoyable. This can be due to a number of factors: for those women who have difficulty with lubrication, the menstrual fluid will be of assistance; other women actually find that their cramping abdominal pains are relieved by intercourse, especially when it culminates in orgasm; others are relieved by the knowledge that pregnancy is unlikely at this time.

THE UNCIRCUMCISED MALE

Beneath the foreskin of the penis, (and the clitoris) are a series of glands which produce a cheesey substance called smegma. This has a characteristic odor which some people find offensive. It may be advisable to thoroughly clean these areas with soap and water, particularly if oral sex is contemplated. In most cases this is an easy manoeuvre, although sometimes difficulty may be experienced in pulling back the foreskin completely. Should there be any actual pain on withdrawing the foreskin, it would be best to consult a doctor.

ORAL SEX

Again, this is a highly personal subject. For some people the idea of using your lips and tongue on the genital area of another person is quite repulsive; for others, it is an important and enjoyable part of love-making. From the medical point of view, provided that reasonable hygienic precautions have been taken, oral sex is usually a safe practice — although this is not true in the case of sexually transmitted diseases.

PART·FOUR
HYGIENE

Vaginal secretions are relatively acid and contain a bacteria called lacto-bacillus, which protects the vagina from infection. Under normal circumstances the vaginal secretions are not harmful to the mouth or gastro-intestinal tract, which have their own defence mechanisms against infection. Likewise, there is little danger to the mouth from the secretions from around the penis.

Semen is comprised of a number of secretions from such glands as the testes, seminal vesicles and the prostate and in the healthy male is usually sterile. It contains protein and carbohydrates. Many women ask if it is harmful for them to swallow their partner's semen and from the medical point of view, the answer is that in the absence of infection there is no ill-effect.

INTERCOURSE WITH A NEW PARTNER

In these days of increased sexual freedom it is worthwhile considering the hygiene risks associated with intercourse with a new partner. There can be no doubt that there is an increased risk of contracting a sexually transmitted disease (STD) under these circumstances. In a stable relationship these risks are minimised. When having sex with a new partner, it is advisable to follow some simple sexual hygiene techniques outlined previously. A shower both before and after intercourse may be a wise precaution. This is because many of the organisms associated with STDs are quite easily destroyed by hot water and soap. In addition, the use of a condom will offer added protection for both partners; there is increasing evidence that this is a wise practice.

Should there be any evidence of a urethral discharge on the man's underpants (staining etc) or if there is a definite yellow discharge from the penis, it would be most ill-advised to commence intercourse. Similarly, if the woman has had a recent discharge or has any unusual skin lesions, it would be wise to defer intercourse. Sexually transmitted diseases will be discussed in more detail later in the article.

HYGIENE AND YOUR SEX AIDS

Care must be taken when such objects such as vibrators and dildos become covered with body secretions. It is usually fairly easy to keep these objects in an hygienic condition by using soap and water or a mild antiseptic solution, (taking care not to damage the electrical mechanisms with water).

It is particularly important, to thoroughly cleanse objects which have come into contact with the anal area and should any object be introduced into the rectum it should not be then used near the vagina or urethra without firstly being washed thoroughly.

ANAL SEX

This is probably the most controversial subject in the field of sexuality. To many the idea of anal intercourse or stimulation is repugnant and it is the cause of many arguments between couples. With anal intercourse there is a danger of introducing infection via faecal contamination of the genital tract and for this reason it is most important to remember to thoroughly wash any part of the body which may have been in contact with the anal area. Men should urinate soon after anal intercourse and it would be wise to use a condom.

With the recent AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) scare, there is evidence that a viral particle (HTLV II) is transmitted through the anal mucosa, and care should be taken when contemplating anal intercourse with a new or casual partner. (AIDS will be discussed in greater detail later).

The enjoyment of your sexual relationship will, in general, be enhanced by a good state of health and fitness. A tired, anxious and overstressed individual may obtain some enjoyment from sexual relations, but obviously their ability and desire to participate will be reduced.

GENERAL FITNESS

Because sexual intercourse is a type of exercise that results in increased blood pressure and pulse rate it is wise to maintain your general fitness if you wish to engage in frequent intercourse. As a rough guide to your physical fitness, your resting pulse (either taken at the wrist on the thumb side or else on the carotid artery at the side of the neck) should be around 60 to 90 beats per minute. After strenuous exercise, the pulse should return to this resting rate, and the longer it takes for this to occur, the less fit you are.

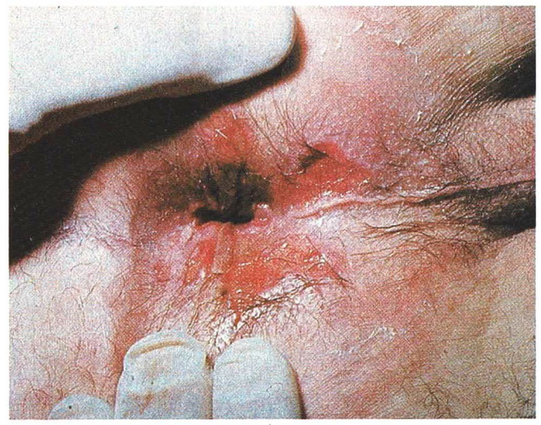
Unfortunately, many people suffer from diseases which affect their sexual activity. Common ailments such as rheumatoid arthritis, strokes, asthma, high blood pressure, diabetes and heart conditions can affect sexual function and enjoyment. In general there is no need to be disheartened by the fear that disease necessarily means a great restriction in sexual activity: it's possible to adapt your sexual response and methods to your level of ability. Suggestions such as adopting a more comfortable position, placing more reliance on foreplay or using aids such as vibrators may all help you to enjoy sexual encounters again. (For those who are seriously handicapped or who have particular problems with sexuality associated with their disease, it would be wise to consult an experienced sexual therapist).

Exercise is well recognised as a means of relieving tension and, especially for those who are involved in sedentary occupations, the introduction of regular exercise into your daily routine may assist in increasing not only your sexual stamina but also your sexual urge. For those who constantly come home feeling jaded and tired, moderate exercise such as a swim or a workout at the gym, may stimulate you mentally and physically, so that you actually arrive home more alert. This feeling of alertness may be due to hormones produced in the brain during the exercise period.

IMPORTANCE OF MOOD

Whilst it is important to be physically alert, it is also important to be able to mentally relax in order to be responsive. Nothing can

Perianal and rectal herpes is not uncommon in homosexual men.



destroy the enjoyment of foreplay or sexual intercourse more than the preoccupation with worries of the day. During a tender caress, it is essential that your mind be able to concentrate on the experience rather than be in a state of "detachment." In this way, your sensuality and responsiveness is enhanced.

Psychological conditions such as anxiety or depression can seriously interfere with sexual response. A person who is depressed will often find that their sexual responsiveness and desire are significantly decreased, to the stage where sexual activity is virtually absent. Should anyone feel that their sex life is being affected by a serious emotional problem, it would be wise to discuss this with their general practitioner, who may wish to refer them to a specialist professional counsellor. These days it's common for people to be open about their emotional and sexual problems.

THE ROLE OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL

There are a number of drugs which have a significant effect on sexual arousal and capacity. Commonly prescribed drugs such as sedatives, tranquillisers, sleeping pills, antihistamines and some blood pressure tablets may decrease desire and performance. Other drugs such as alcohol first appear to encourage sexual activity, probably because of their depressant effect on the central nervous system, which releases social inhibitions. Thus, a nervous and timid person may appear as an extrovert and be able to indulge in activities of an amorous nature which may be quite foreign to their normal personality. A word of caution! Too much alcohol will certainly decrease the ability of males to maintain an erection.

An important side-effect of heavy smoking is a decrease of blood flow to the pelvis, and to the penis in particular. Some males are especially sensitive to this mechanism and may find it very difficult to obtain a firm erection. If it comes as a surprise to a man to discover that his heavy smoking is the cause of his erectile failure, a simple test (blood flow studies) may be of assistance. Such tests help diagnose the true cause of erection problems — it may prove more than just a stressful workload!

PAP SMEARS

Although cancer of the cervix (neck of the womb) is not a sexually transmitted disease, there is good evidence to suggest that it is in some way related to the number of sexual partners a woman has had and the age of her first sexual experience. Considering that cancer of the cervix is second only to breast cancer as a killer of women in our society, it is of the utmost importance that women who are sexually active have a regular pap smear. This will help to identify those women who are at risk of developing cancer of the cervix.

I suggest that a pap smear be carried out at least every 12 months — the test is simple, painless and does not take long. During this visit, the doctor or clinic should examine the breasts and advise on methods of breast self-examination.

The finding of an abnormal pap smear result is not cause for panic. It may merely alert the doctor to an area of suspicious cell growth, which could be relatively easily treated in the future should it develop further. Similarly, the finding of a breast lump does not necessarily mean a diagnosis of cancer — it may be a benign lump which may or may not need treatment.

The words "sexually transmitted disease" usually strike terror into the hearts of those affected, but in reality most of these conditions are relatively easily diagnosed and treated. The diagnosis of a single STD does not necessarily mean the end of your sexual activity. Of course, no-one looks forward to having such problems, but with early detection and consultation the harm an STD can do will be minimised.

In order to limit the spread of sexually transmitted diseases, it is vital that people with symptoms obtain early advice, particularly before they are likely to pass on this disease to others.

Intimate contact with the genitals, anus and mouth, ie any moist part of the body, by a STD may infect their partner.

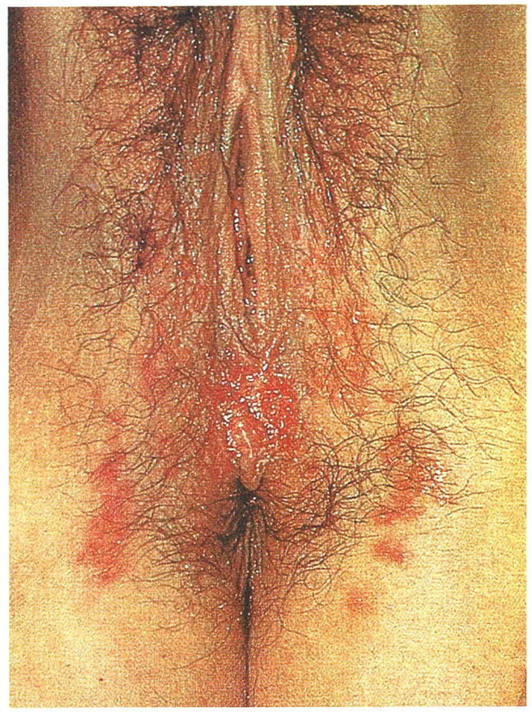
If you are unsure about a particular sexual encounter, seek help quickly — don't wait for symptoms to develop. In every capital city, there is a government-sponsored Sexually Transmitted Disease Clinic. Your local doctor or public hospital may also be of assistance. Treatment may merely entail a course of antibiotics and a follow-up laboratory test. Whatever treatments are prescribed, it is important to carry them out strictly as directed, since failure to do so may result in a reoccurence of the condition and a danger of spreading the disease further.

Specially trained social workers may wish to follow-up contacts of proven cases of STDs — their work is highly confidential and every effort is made to prevent embarrassment. Without the co-operation of patients and their contacts, the incidence of such disease will continue to rise. It is much better if contacts are notified early of possible infection, rather than being allowed to go untreated and unknowingly infect others.

SYPHILIS

This is the most serious of the STDs, and luckily the least common. It is almost always acquired through sexual intercourse, when the germs which cause it enter the body through tiny breaks in the skin and/or cavity linings. If left untreated, syphilis will attack any part of the body, including major organs such as the heart or brain.

Herpes in women most often affects the vulval area and in 90 percent of cases virus is also shed from the cervix, which can become ulcerated during an attack.



The first sign of syphilis occurs about three weeks after the infection is acquired. It usually manifests itself as just one sore (called a chancre), which is not painful, on the penis or the vagina. Sometimes there may be more than one sore, and they range in size from a small mosquito bite-like mark to a lesion the diameter of a two-cent coin. The lesions may occur in the rectum (if anal intercourse was involved), around the genital area, the throat, lips, chest or fingers. The glands in the groin may also be slightly swollen, but because the chancre is often hidden, painless and the carrier feels otherwise well, this stage of syphilis may go unnoticed. Unfortunately, this seemingly innocuous chancre is very infectious.

The second stage of syphilis is heralded by the appearance of body rash, accompanied by mouth ulcers, a sore throat, headache and fever. The symptoms in this stage may also be relatively mild and will disappear even without treatment. It is during this stage, however, that the disease may be transmitted by oral contact (by kissing, biting, or even using the same utensils) since the mouth ulcers and throat infection are teeming with the syphilis germs as are the rash and chancre. After this stage, the disease seems to disappear completely for anything from five to 15 years. During this period the syphilis carrier may give the impression of being well, but he or she still has the germs multiplying in their body. The third stage occurs with the onset of serious disease of the major organs or body parts.

Every pregnant woman should have a blood test for syphilis, since the syphilis germ can be passed through the bloodstream to the unborn child. With effective treatment of the mother during the pregnancy, the child can be prevented from being born with congenital syphilis.

A simple blood test carried out by any doctor can determine if you have syphilis. In the first and second stages the disease can be easily and effectively treated with penicillin.

GONORRHOEA

This infection (otherwise known as "the Clap", "A Dose", "Jack" and "the Drip") is caused by a bacterium called gonococcus, which cannot survive for very long outside the human body — it can not be caught from toilet seats or clothing! Left untreated, the infection can produce inflammation throughout the body which may lead to sterility and other illnesses such as arthritis in later life.

The symptoms of gonorrhoea usually appear between two and 10 days after infection has occurred, although the delay may be longer. There may be no obvious symptoms, however, especially in women. A simple swab will reveal the presence of the bacteria if infection has occurred.

In the male, the first signs of gonorrhoea are: a burning sensation or irritation when urinating; urethral discharge from the penis. At first this discharge is clear but if the treatment is delayed, the pus may become thick and yellowish and have an unpleasant smell. Other symptoms may include a sore throat (if oral sex was involved), painful joints, or a rectal itch with the occasional passage of blood and mucus (if anal sex was involved).

In the female the signs and symptoms may be minimal and so the disease may go unnoticed. There may be: a yellow, pus-like discharge from the vagina (actually coming from the cervix), discomfort on urination; pain in the lower abdomen if the infection has passed through the uterus into the Fallopian tubes.

It is most important for a woman to seek help early if suffering from gonorrhoea, before complications set in. A woman who delays treatment risks allowing the infection to spread to the Fallopian tubes and thus, closing the passage into the uterus for the ovum. Many women have found themselves to be infertile as a result of gonorrhoea contracted at a younger age. Women, like men may also suffer a sore throat, painful joints and rectal discomfort, occasionally with the passage of blood and mucus, as a result of gonorrhoea.

The treatment for gonorrhoea is usually penicillin, although some strains have been shown to be resistant to this. It is therefore essential that laboratory tests be done to confirm the diagnosis, to determine sensitivity of the bacteria and also to ensure that no gonococcus bacteria remain after the therapy. Do not attempt to treat yourself. The symptoms may disappear, even without treatment, but the germs will still be present and you can still infect others.

It is particularly important not to have intercourse during the time that you suspect you have any STD during treatment and up until the time laboratory tests have established that you are completely cured. With gonorrhoea it is also essential that you do not drink alcohol during this time, since the alcohol may irritate the already inflamed urethra.

NON-SPECIFIC URETHRITIS (NSU)

This is a relatively common condition, which is usually caused by a small microbe called Chlamydia trachomatis. In men, the symptoms are similar to those of gonorrhoea (ie discharge and burning during urination), except that the discharge is less viscous. The symptoms may be noticed about one week after sexual contact, and are due to an inflammation of the urethra. In women and in some men, the Chlamydia organism produces no symptoms at all, and these people therefore become carriers of the disease.

In men, herpes usually affects the shaft or the glans penis, but the urethra and the bladder are quite often affected, causing frequent and painful urination.

A definite diagnosis, which can only be made by a medical practitioner and a laboratory swab test, is essential since if left untreated NSU may spread to the joints, the Fallopian tubes and to the testicles, causing sterility. A follow-up test after treatment is also important to determine that the organism has been completely eradicated from the body. Sometimes, NSU may return and a further course of treatment will be necessary.

The doctor will usually prescribe a course of tetracycline antibiotics which should clear the infection in about 10 days. As with gonorrhoea, do not have intercourse or alcohol, and avoid strenuous exercise or squeezing the penis during the periods of suspected infection and treatment.

GENITAL HERPES

This condition is caused by a virus known as herpes simplex, and gives rise to a series of recurrent attacks of blisters similar to cold sores. Prior to the outbreak of actual blisters there is often a tingling sensation and slight pain associated with a red rash. The initial attack is usually the worst — in terms of both severity and duration — commencing with a small crop of blisters which break down and become very painful ulcers. After the initial attack, the sores may take two to three weeks to heal.

The blisters occur on the penis and may be accompanied by tenderness and swelling of the glands in the groin. Women may develop blisters around the entrance to the vagina or on the inner lips (labia minora) and sometimes the blisters may be found inside the vagina or on the cervix. These may be accompanied by a vaginal discharge, swollen glands, fever, and a difficulty passing urine.

Unfortunately, as with cold sores on the lips, genital herpes tends to recur. Subsequently attacks may strike at intervals ranging from a few days to many years, but usually the frequency and severity of attacks tends to diminish. The blisters of subsequent attacks will usually heal completely within seven to 10 days.

As yet, despite a great deal of research, there is no specific treatment for genital herpes. Many factors, including stress, skin irritations, menstruation and the amount of zinc in the diet all seem to influence the possibility of an attack, but no specific cause has been found. Perhaps the most promising development is the work done in England on a genital herpes vaccine. There are also substances, known as base analogues which have been found to reduce the discomfort and duration of the herpes attacks if they are applied before the blisters actually appear.

The above photographs illustrate the symptoms of herpes simplex, a disease of two types. Type I affects the mouth and upper trunk in the form of cold sores and fever blisters. Type II is genital herpes characterised by the eruption in adults of small grouped vesicles that dry into a yellowish brown crust on the genital areas, the buttocks and occasionally the tips of the fingers. The herpes virus is carried in the bodies of many adults and may be activated by stimuli including fever, local irritation in the form of sunburn, cold or coitus, emotional stress, menstruation and certain foods and drugs. There are no specific or effective treatments to prevent the recurrence of herpes vesicles. Doctors can do no more than dab spirits of camphor or calamine lotion to soothe the affected areas.

Herpes may be transmitted to a sexual partner who has not previously been infected while ever the blisters are present. Avoiding sexual activity during an attack is the only reliable way of not infecting a partner — condoms may reduce the possibility but have not been proven to do so. With herpes it's common for one partner to experience repeated attacks while the other partner apparently remains immune. In this situation, it is possible that the "unaffected" partner has actually contracted the infection at some time, (the symptoms may have been mild or unrecognised) and, as is often the case, has no recognisable recurrences.

There have been reports that genital herpes may be linked to cancer of the cervix. Although studies have failed to prove a connection between the two, it is still advisable for women with genital herpes to make sure they undergo an annual Pap smear.

Whilst it is true that a woman who is about to deliver her baby *and* is suffering from an attack of genital herpes at the same time may require a Caesarian section (to prevent the baby contracting the infection), there has been much hysteria about the subject. In reality, very few women in Australia require this procedure purely because of genital herpes.

Many people do over-react to the news that they have genital herpes. I feel confident that medical researchers will one day have a "cure" or perhaps even an immunisation against it. The disease does not appear to have any dramatic long-term effect and when compared with other diseases of the human body, is far less disastrous.

TRIC (Trichomoniasis)

This is one of the common causes of vaginal infection in sexually active women and urethral infection in men. The infection is caused by a parasitic protozoa (single cell parasite) which is transmitted in a similar way to bacteria.

In women, an unpleasant smelling vaginal discharge may occur. Urination and sexual intercourse may be painful, although in about 25 percent of infected women there are no symptoms at all. In men, the organism rarely causes symptoms.

The diagnosis usually requires microscopic examination of the vaginal or urethral discharges. (The organism may also be seen in a routine pap smear.) Treatment should be given to both partners to prevent re-infection, and simply involves the prescribing of anti-parasitic tablets (such as Metronidazole). Although the infection may cause unpleasant symptoms, it is easily cured and rarely causes permanent disability.

WARTS

It is usually comes as a surprise to many people to find that warts may be transmitted by sexual contact. Warts are caused by a virus, which results in a slow growing skin lesion on the skin surface. Warts may appear on the shaft of the penis, the entrance of the vagina, around the cervix and at times around the anus.

Treatment is difficult and may at first involve applying "paints." Sometimes it may be necessary to diathermy (electrically "burn") the warts using a local anaesthetic.

CRABS OR PUBIC LICE

This condition involves the infestation of the pubic hair with a small bluish-grey mite, the size of a pinhead. They attach themselves to the pubic hair and may be passed from one person to another during sexual contact or via an infected bed or clothing. The adult "crab" moves slowly among the hairs and lays eggs on the hairs themselves. The main symptom of this complaint is the irritation caused by the crabs in the pubic hair and the resulting itch.

Treatment consists of the application of creams and lotions which kill the tiny crabs. Some doctors still recommend shaving the pubic hair — although this measure is usually not necessary.

THRUSH (Monilia)

Although thrush may develop in a woman who has not had sexual intercourse — it may occur, for example, following a course of antibiotics or during early pregnancy — it is true to say that this condition may be *spread* by sexual contact. In the woman, the vagina and surrounding skin may become red, irritated and tender. Commonly, a yellowish-white discharge occurs from the vagina. In the male there are usually few symptoms, but there may be some skin irritation especially in the area of the foreskin.

Treatment involves the use of an anti-yeast cream or vaginal suppository. As with Trichomoniasis, it is wise to treat both partners at the same time.

AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome)

AIDS is characterised by a general lowering of the body's immune system or "resistance", so that the body is much more susceptible to infections and to particular types of tumors.

It is thought that a viral particle, Human T-Cell Lymphotropic Virus (HTLV III) is responsible for the transmission of AIDS and the main method of transfer is via infected semen. In this respect, AIDS can be considered as a type of sexually transmitted disease. Unfortunately the disease can also be spread through the donation of infected blood. Although a great deal of research is currently being conducted on the disease, the exact method of transmission is as yet not clear. It is thought the disease originated in Africa, now its highest incidence is among male homosexual men, especially on the west coast of the USA.

Since the lowering of resistance may lead to such varied conditions as serious infections, bowel infections and growths called sarcomas, it is very difficult to simply list the symptoms of AIDS. Common symptoms include prolonged fever, night sweats, diarrhoea and weight loss. As these reactions may occur with many other diseases it is best to consult your doctor if you are at all concerned. It appears that a significant percentage of people who come into contact with AIDS develop no symptoms at all and produce antibodies to cope with the disease. Of those who are susceptible, it appears that there may be a period of two to three years before symptoms develop.

There is much to be learnt about this disease and I will be writing more about AIDS as the facts become clearer. A national task force has been appointed to provide advice to the general public and when further information becomes available regarding specific methods of "protection" and identification of "at risk" people, I will pass on this information to you. As with most of the STDs the use of such barrier methods as the condom may assist in protecting against the spread of the disease.

CONCLUSION

With a good understanding of sexual hygiene, it should be possible to enjoy your sexual encounters without becoming overwhelmed by the fear of contracting a disease every time you have intercourse. On the other hand, it is wise for those who have multiple sexual partners to exercise care and seek early professional advice as soon as suspicions arise.

PART·FOUR
HYGIENE

LETTERS

Dry sex

I have a very personal problem and would be very grateful for your advice. I am 55 years of age, and I am a widow. My husband died from cancer five years ago and although I thought that I would never want to have a relationship with another man again, I find that I am now beginning to be attracted to men.

At first I was looking mainly for companionship, but I soon found that my male friends found me quite attractive. Frankly, I was quite flattered, and soon my own sexual feelings became aroused.

Now for my problem. Although I did not rush into a new relationship I did take a fancy to a particular chap at my local club. He asked me back to his place and it was obvious we had a mutual sexual attraction. Unfortunately, although he was considerate and gentle, when we went to bed I found that my vagina was quite dry. It was so painful for us both that we had to abandon any attempts at intercourse. I have read articles about the importance of foreplay and timing, which we have tried, but it seems that nothing helps.

I now feel cheated and inadequate. Can there be a serious problem or do you think that I might be just feeling guilty about my late husband? I do care for my new friend and we have a lot in common.

I tried to discuss the situation with my own GP but he didn't seem all that interested — I think he thought at 55 I was over the hill. — *Mrs G.W., Hawthorn, Vic*

Your letter was obviously not easy for you to write and I'll do my best to help. Firstly, let's discuss the problem of age. We know that many women remain sexually active into their seventies and eighties, so that at 55 you're a relatively young woman. It is also common for someone who has been married for many years (and then suffered a bereavement) to experience some early sexual difficulties with a new relationship.

It may be, however, that you are suffering from an oestrogen (female hormone) deficiency. You haven't told me if you have a hysterectomy, but in any case, there are a few basic ways in which you may be helped. If there is some indication of hormonal deficiency, your gynaecologist may suggest some hormonal tablets or simply some hormonal cream which can be used on the lining of the vagina. Please discuss this fully with him.

Despite the "chemical" approach, it would be wise to use a jelly such as "KY" or "Lubrafax" at first during intercourse. This can be applied either to the penis or to the woman's genitals. You may find that after a while, as you begin to feel more comfortable with the sexual side of a relationship again, that it may not be necessary to continue using the lubrication at all.

The merits of shaving

My wife and I have a good relationship. Recently, she was shaving her legs whilst I was watching and it proved a real "turn on" for me. I later discussed the idea of her shaving off all her pelvic hair for me and to my surprise she agreed, saying that she would enjoy doing it for me and that it would allow her to wear her bikini without any worries of embarrassing hair showing.

I was wondering if there are any dangers from this practice and, if not, what's the best way to go about it? Will it affect our love-making in any way? Is my excitement natural? — *Mr R.C., address withheld*

Whether or not you are "turned on" by body hair is very much a matter of personal preference. Some men (and women too) find masses of hair a definite attraction, whereas others find that hair, especially underarm hair, very unexciting. So please let me reassure you that you are being completely normal in your curiosity. It is only when a person becomes fixated with a particular type of sexual behavior that there is cause for concern. (For example if you were only able to have successful intercourse with a "shaved" lady.)

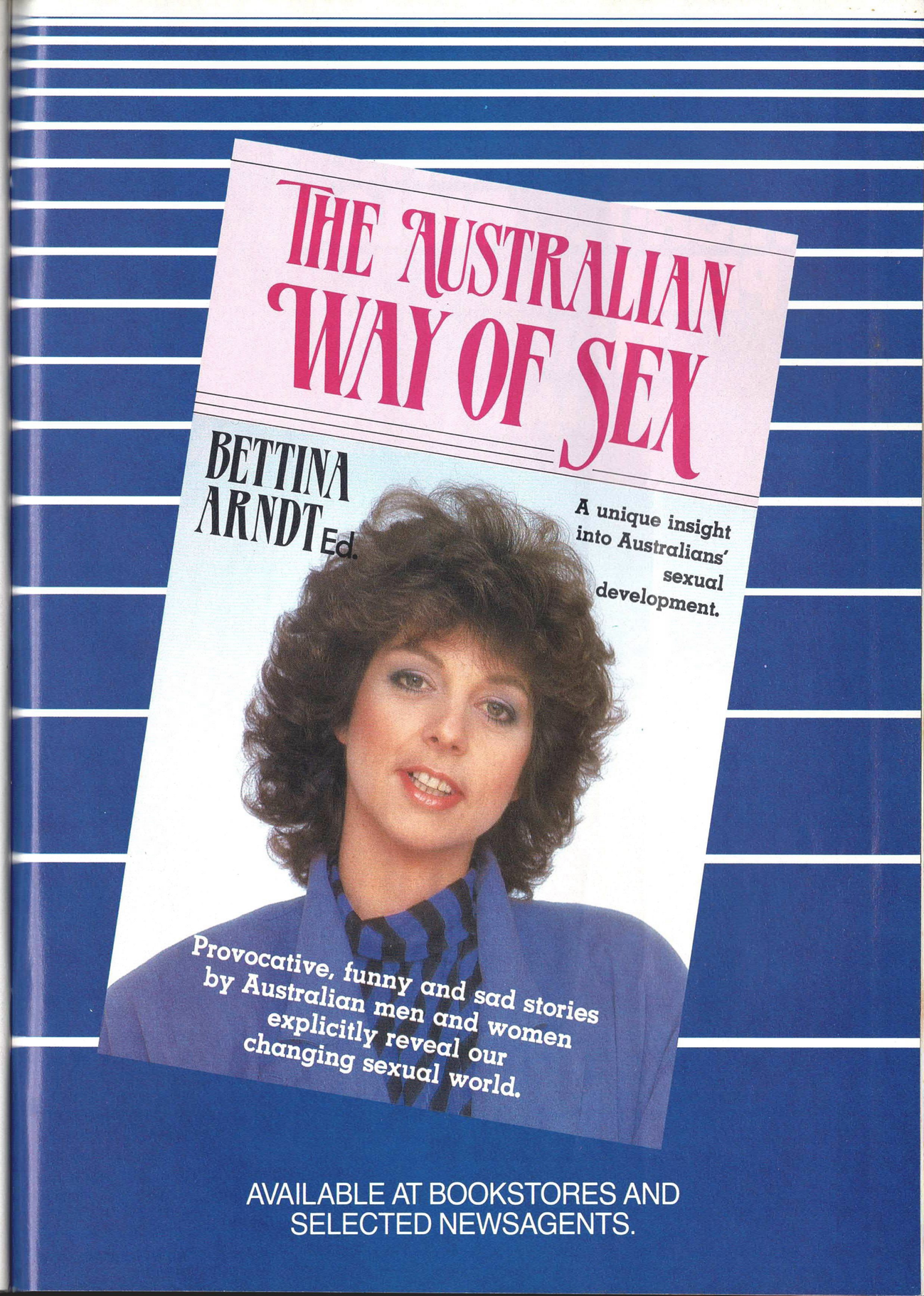
Because a woman's genitals are hidden by pubic hair, there is probably an element of the "forbidden" associated with the female body. Shaving will, of course, make the genitals much more prominent.

A word of caution! If your wife really wants to shave for you, she must be prepared for some constant attention to this area and a rather "prickly" sensation when she decides to grow back her hair. There are two main methods of shaving — "wet" and "dry." In both, it is probably a good idea to firstly cut the hair as close as possible with a pair of scissors. If using the "wet" method a new sharp razor should be used, being very careful not to cut the delicate skin of the pelvic area. If this does happen an antiseptic solution (such as Chlorhexidine) should be used. In the "dry" method, some women prefer to use a little powder before using an electric shaver. Whichever method your wife uses, it will be necessary to re-shave every one to two days. By far the most important complication to avoid is an infection of the hair follicles called folliculitis which can be quite troublesome. Thorough cleansing of the pelvic area and the use of antiseptic soap or cream should prove to be of benefit in avoiding this problem.

You may even notice an improvement in your love-making. Often, the removal of the pubic hair makes massage more stimulating and allows for more intimate contact between the clitoris and the root of the penis.

NEXT...

In the next instalment of the *Penthouse* Guide to Human Sexuality I will discuss premature ejaculation. This is a subject about which many readers have recently asked advice, and is a dilemma which has been experienced by many men. I will analyse the causes of the complaint and consider the current methods of treatment available.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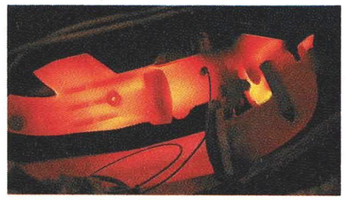

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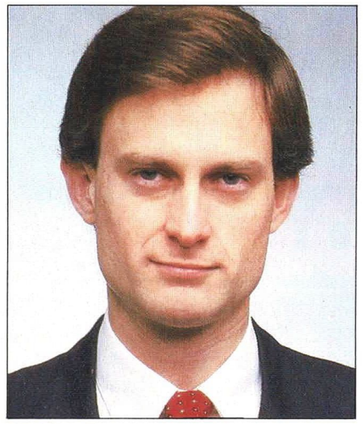
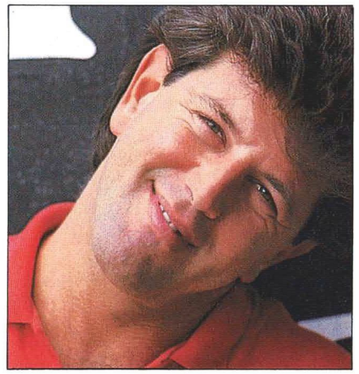


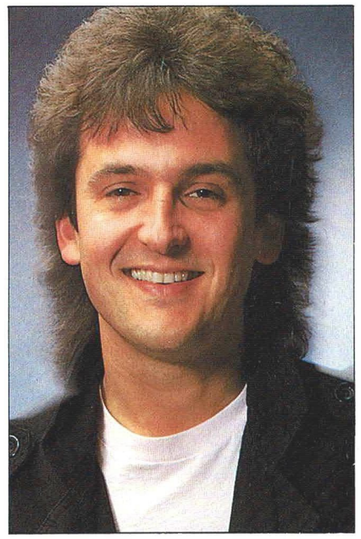
JODEE RICH

The motto of the Rich family is "Do as you say." And 25-year-old Jodee Rich, founder and now Managing Director of Imagineering — Australia's largest computer software wholesaler — is very much aware of it. Rich got wise to the importance of "delivering" in his first enterprise, which was leasing aquariums to businesses. He struck upon that idea as a 13-year-old whose hobby was breeding tropical fish. It proved a profitable idea — before long Rich had to employ two schoolmates to help him. After six years Rich gave up the business to concentrate on his studies. "At uni I started off doing medicine," says Rich, "but after one year and a dabble in the futures market I decided I wanted to be a merchant banker and changed to Economics/Law." In February 1981, during his last year at uni, Rich set up Imagineering and in no time was importing and duplicating software products from the US. Rich now travels to the US every eight weeks or so to acquire the rights to new software programs as they come on to the market. The rate of growth of the company has been sensational: originally there were only two on the payroll; now there's more than 70. In its first year of operation Imagineering turned over $30,000; the following year the figure was a million dollars. Now, in its fifth year of operation, Rich expects the company to turn over close to $20 million. It all sounds very impressive, but hasn't been achieved without a lot of hard work: Rich puts in an 80-hour week, although he does find some time for relaxation. He swims every morning and likes to spend a weekend at Thredbo once a month come skiing season. And he still keeps tropical fish. If Jodee Rich has any visionary plans for the future he keeps them close to his chest. Right now he's very satisfied being at the helm of a dynamic company in a dynamic industry, "working with a wonderful group of people and aiming to make Imagineering even more efficient and competitive than it is now."



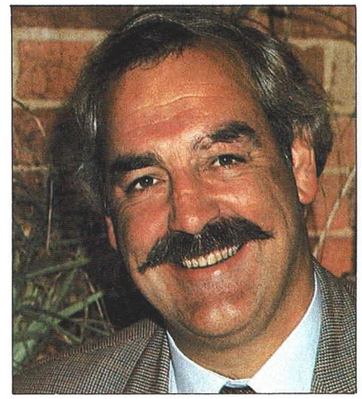
GEORGE SMILOVICI

George Smilovici wasn't feeling so much tough as ecstatic when he was told that his album *I'm Tuff* had moved into the National Top Ten. The 29-year-old who chews the bubbles in his mineral water and wears Life Be In It T-shirts to funerals couldn't wipe the smile off his face. "I wore my fancy red shirt for the occasion," he said, pointing to his Lacoste polo shirt. "I was in a swamp the other day and I asked the alligators if they had any T-shirts with poofters on them." As with other successful young comedians, recognition hasn't been an overnight thing for Smilovici. He left his job as a high school teacher when he was in his early twenties, figuring he was getting uglier by the minute in a job that didn't suit him. He drifted for a while doing odd jobs, acting work, nude modelling and busking — he had done three years of jazz studies at the Sydney Conservatorium. Then he got together with a buddy to form the Lobotomy Brothers comedy team which gave birth to his later character Jose Fellatio, a regular at the Sydney disco, Stranded. As Fellatio he would nightly consume a heavily laden tray of greasy junk food under a strobe light to upbeat disco accompaniment. Then he auditioned and was hired by the Comedy Store, the venue that became a springboard to the big time for most of Sydney's better known young comics. Smilovici's childhood years read like a far-fetched movie plot. He was born in Cuba of Rumanian parents who owned a chain of hotels. They were forced out with the rise of Castro, and then moved on to spend several years in El Salvador, Guatamala and the United States before arriving in Australia when George was a teenager. He plans a trip back to the States next month to establish contacts and do some TV work. He and his manager are currently negotiating the release of *I'm Tuff* in England and Japan and they're working on a new record and video. He also plans to write, direct and star in a movie this year. It's hard work, but it's not "tough" to be a one-hit wonder.



ALAN MANSFIELD

Considering his credentials — you'd be entitled to wonder whether guitarist, keyboard player and producer Alan Mansfield's decision to move to an apparent musical backwater like Australia was a smart career move. But Mansfield reckons his decision was the right one. He was introduced to the piano as a child and later went to work with jazz guitarist Joe Beck in New York for two years. He expanded into session work including piano and vocal demos for Pat Benatar, followed by the Bette Midler world tour, which led him to working with Robert Palmer in 1979. So why the move to Australia? "I just decided to come over here and check out what was going on," says Mansfield. And he liked what he saw. "The climate, especially for music, is great. There are so many opportunities for young bands. They've got push. There's a lot of raw energy coming from bands like INXS — they are so fresh. A lot of people in the US are looking at Australia to see what's going on." After backing a variety of local musos, including Richard Clapton, Tim Finn and Swanee, Mansfield accepted an invitation to join the rejuvenated Dragon, which could be considered to being akin to saying yes to a dance with the devil, considering that band's rather dubious reputation. Not so, says Mansfield. "You have to slow down sometime," he contends, "and I think the band is a lot more tame now." Dragon are a lot more successful too, releasing a series of excellent singles and the album *Body And The Beat*, which will be released internationally, and should coincide with a Dragon tour of the United States. So Mansfield is going back home with a foreign band. Is he worried about the reception they'll receive? "No way," says Alan. "All my friends will be in the audience."



PERCY JONES

The sweaty atmosphere of a football club locker room is an unlikely spot to germinate political aspirations. But in the case of the Liberal Party's latest hopeful, former Carlton champion ruckman Percy Jones, there was a larger than life reason for the flowering of political ambition. That reason was one Malcolm Fraser, Carlton's official number one ticket holder during the period Jones was in his 249-game heyday. It was Big Mal who first suggested to the similarly bulky Jones that the big men can fly as successfully on the hustings as they can on the turf. The story goes that Mal was more than somewhat miffed at the time by Carlton captain Mike Fitzpatrick's decision to appear in Labor Party commercials for the 1982 Victorian State elections. So he appealed to Jones to redress the balance. Next step was for Point Percy At Parliament posters to appear all over town, as Jones prepared his presentation campaign for the ultra-safe Labor seat of Melbourne. Such irreverence didn't sit too well with certain blue ribbon Libs. And their disapproval became even more pronounced when cartoons of Percy jammed head-first into a toilet bowl started cropping up. Even so, the VFL veteran won his pre-selection battle and has since enlisted the aid of a few heavies to help his fight to gain the necessary 22 percent swing to unseat Labor's incumbent Keith Remington. The heavies include the big fella from Nareen, Peter Brock and a certain Clint Eastwood. Percy and Clint made friends recently in America and got on so well the magnum man promised to pay his first visit to Australia to help his mate campaign. "Clint is like me," Jones explains. "He hates a beer and his politics are very, very right wing." Eastwood should remember to pack his piece before he drops in. The Libs are so unpopular in Remington's stronghold that during the last State election, supporters handing out how to vote cards for the Liberal Party deserted their posts early in the day, leaving the cards on the pavement.

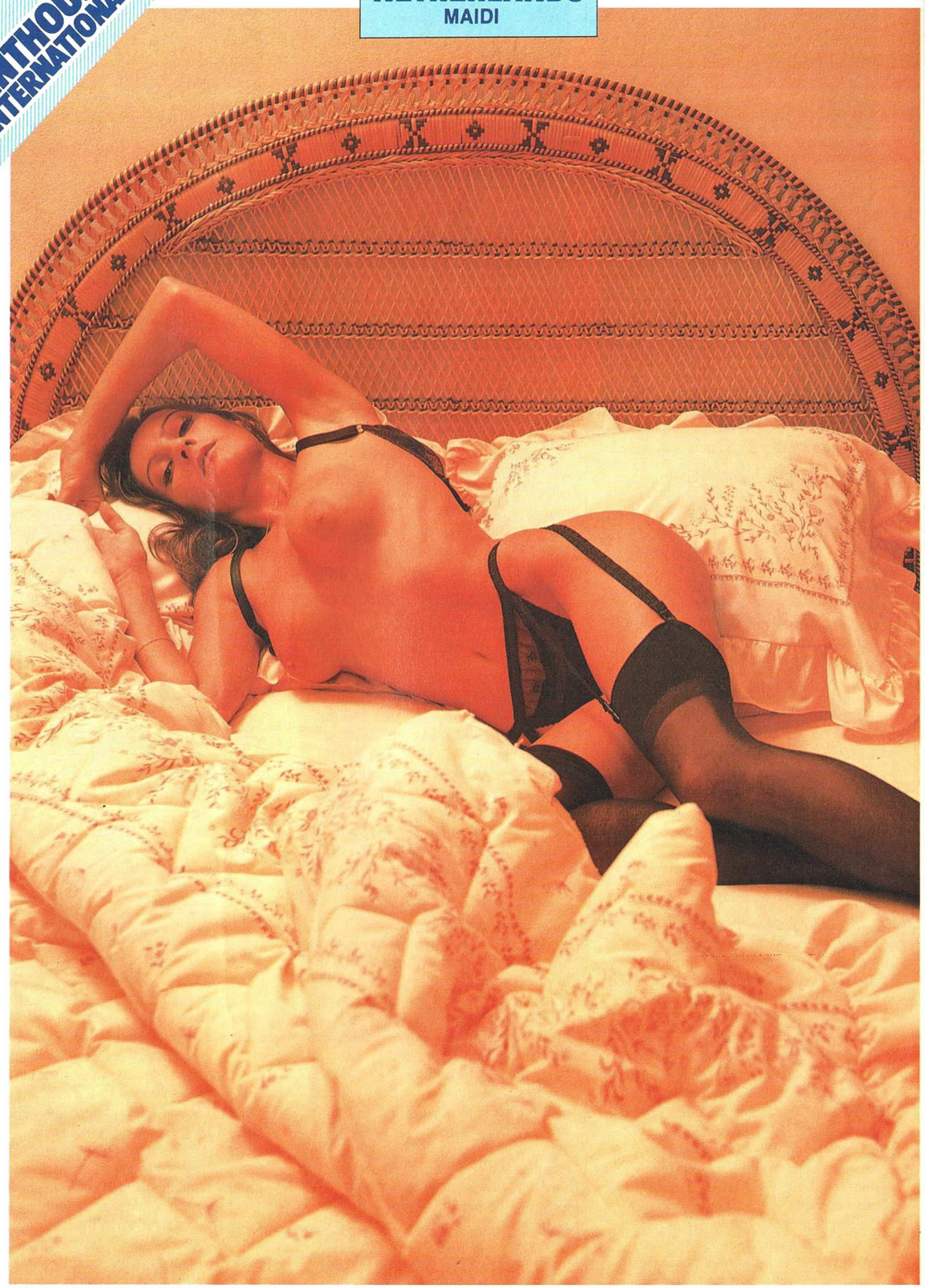
DON McLEAN

Singer-song writer Don McLean's sustaining love affair with Australia (he recently devoted almost two months to his fifth tour here) will be acknowledged on his next LP. The collection will include a song written by former Little River Band member Beeb Birtles, whose "L'Affaire D'Amour" was chosen by McLean from the works of umpteen hopefuls to serve as a memento of his latest swing Down Under. Festival Records was inundated with contributions after Mr American Pie called for an original Australian song to record here during the last tour. A Festival spokesman in Brisbane told *Penthouse* the songs were *still* rolling in. "I've got a huge box full in my office," he said. "Some are very good and others, frankly, are terrible. I took a great swag of them down to the Gold Coast when Don was there and he picked Beeb's." "L'Affaire D'Amour" was recorded by McLean in Melbourne (with Beeb Birtles as producer) and should now be available as a single. The timeless appeal of the modest New Yorker's lyrics and mellifluous vocals packed concert venues across the country, including such centres as Orange, Rockhampton and Cairns, where performers of McLean's stature rarely appear. It's a mark of Don McLean's style to shun the larger commercial centres in favor of more natural attractions — like the Barrier Reef, where he spent idyllic days loafing and sight-seeing before flying home. And when he flew it was — as usual — economy class, "because that's where the real people are." McLean insists that material possessions don't interest him. "I might buy someone else a diamond ring or a house, but I wouldn't buy those sorts of things for myself," he says. Instead, at 39 and with 50 gold and platinum records to his credit, McLean wistfully laments his lack of home life. "I'm two-thirds of the way through my life and there are still a lot of things I haven't done . . . because of my devotion to music. Everything is backwards for people like me . . . I work while everyone else is home . . . that's lonely. It's not fun. It's a mad life."

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

NETHERLANDS

MAIDI



"Americans call them 'too-lips', says 19-year-old Maidi Vandenberg as she discusses her job as a tourist guide for a Dutch travel agency. Maidi, whose good looks could qualify her as a tourist attraction, speaks four languages. "After they've seen the windmills and the dykes they say 'Now let's see your too-lips, honey.' I'm always happy to show them as many as they want," says Maidi, "as long as they leave a tip."

PHOTOS BY PETER LEESON

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

Olga Amundsen could be one of the reasons that the city of Copenhagen has earned the "Wonderful, Wonderful" tag. This 23-year-old is currently on leave from university, where she studies veterinary science. In her year off Olga is working her way through Europe and Britain. These shots were taken on the Greek island of Ios. She says her studies have helped her deal with the men who have hounded her throughout her travels. She's a great Dane with a natural affinity for animals.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD SPENCE

DENMARK
OLGA

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Australian PENTHOUSE

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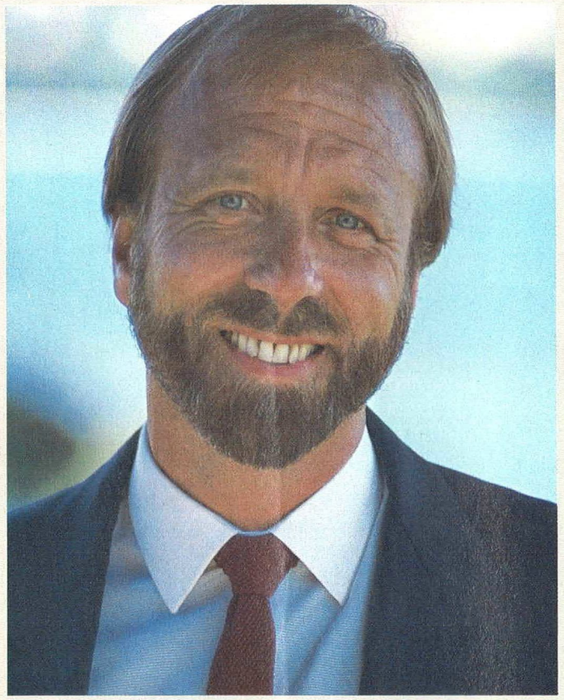
OPINION



BY JOHN LARK

John Lark has been in the adult video industry for 15 years. Married with four children, he considers himself to be a respectable, taxpaying businessman whose trade happens to be importing and distributing explicit adult video material. John Lark is also the spokesperson for AVIA, the Adult Video Industry Association, formed in late-1983 to defend the adult video industry from attack and extinction by assorted moralists, the Festival of Light, and various crusading police and politicians.

THE POLITICS OF VIDEO PORN

Within the last year there has been an extraordinary turnaround on the part of several state governments regarding the legality of classified X- and R-rated video tapes. These turnarounds represented major victories for the Reverend Fred Nile, patriarch of the Festival of Light, and his consort Mary Whitehouse.

Fred Nile is a politician with very big, although ultimately unrealistic ambitions. Like all politicians he needs to be well known and to be identified with a particular cause to have an image. Nile's image is that of a wowser; the issues on which he is building his political career are inextricably bound up with sex, pornography, guilt, "children at risk" and "the family." The man sees the religiously motivated need to bludgeon Australia into a strict code of moral conformity. Yet the last time this self-appointed protector of public morals faced the electorate in a NSW Legislative Council election he only attracted 8.6 percent of the vote.

During 1983, Mary Whitehouse swept through Australia, cajoling politicians and berating the media in the dogmatic style she had perfected in her UK campaign to have all video showing explicitly sexual activity and violence of any sort banned from public sale and private distribution. The arguments she used in Australia had the same breathtaking flaws they'd had in the UK, although they still held the same fatal attraction for those whose ambition is to impose their own moral values on everyone else.

Nile and Mrs Whitehouse, ably assisted by the conservative *West Australian* newspaper and the bingo-crazed Sydney *Sunday Telegraph*, successfully managed to stir up the fear in the community that the country was being flooded with unclassified, ie, illegal video tapes depicting the abuse of women and children, sadism, rape and extreme forms of sexual activity. The fact that these films were expressly forbidden by the Commonwealth film censor was conveniently forgotten. No evidence at any stage was produced that: indicated to what extent the illegal, unclassified tapes were circulated among the community; showed to what extent children had illegally viewed unclassified X- or R-rated video tapes; demonstrated that deleterious effects have resulted from the exposure of anyone — adult or otherwise — to pornography.

The Premier of Western Australia, Brian Burke, ignored the advice of his own senior public service adviser on child welfare, Dr Richard Kirkham, that no harm could come from under-aged children seeing straightforward scenes of lovemaking on video. Burke was the first domino to fall. NSW, Victoria, and even liberal-minded South Australia lamely followed suit, vying to outdo each other in their shock and moral outrage at "video nasties."

At the time of writing, the Federal Government is proposing to introduce a new ER (Extra Restricted) category to cover basically what was X-rated before the state politicians became convinced that adult video represented a threat to civilisation as we know it. Civil liberties were not even considered in the headlong rush to ban what was *already* illegal and clearly unacceptable to a great majority of Australians (including AVIA members). In some States R-rated video was threatened as well. Fred and Mary managed to stampede four state governments into imposing the most invasive and unjustified censorship straitjacket Australia has seen since World War II.

All of this happened because a small group of people wanted to stop a much larger group of people from exercising a democratic right in watching explicit adult sex videos in the privacy of their own homes. At one stage up to 70 percent of all legally classified videos in Australia were threatened with the axe or the bonfire. Children were again wheeled out as mascots of the video scare campaign.

> "People watch them for recreation, stimulation and education. So why do the crusaders want to take away rights which we would never deny them in their freedom of religious expression."

Why did the politicians dance to the shrill tune piped by Nile and Whitehouse? They feared accusations that they were allowing innocent children to accidentally view videos which they should not see. Yet no-one knows exactly how many of the truly objectionable videos are in circulation outside fetishist circles.

I ask directly: have you ever seen a "snuff" movie? Would you know where to go to find one in Australia? In the 15 years I have worked in the adult book, film and video industry in Australia I have never once seen or heard of the availability of "snuff" movies. If objectionable, extreme and harmful videos are in circulation, then there is already adequate legislation in the Customs area and adequate numbers of law enforcement officers to pursue and prosecute the offenders. AVIA wholly endorses the crackdown on illegal extreme videos.

If under-aged children pick up a video of any kind without parental supervision, the consequences are the responsibility of the parents — and no-one else. After all, parents every day manage to protect their children from other things like firearms and poisons that they should not handle. The remote possibility of a child seeing an unclassified or classified video is not, in my view, sufficient grounds to ban material suitable for viewing by responsible adults. But that is exactly the absurd proposition that Nile and the Festival of Filth have sold to our politicians — who have bought it lock, stock and barrel. To achieve their goals, those opposed to adult videos have blatantly misled the public about what is contained in X- and R-rated movies. They have run advertisements in newspapers quoting incorrect and misleading Commonwealth guidelines for video tape classification and generally succeeded in making a lot of Australians believe that X-rated, R-rated and illegal "video nasties" are all the same thing. Of course they are not.

In late-1983 the Adult Video Industry Association of Australia conducted a survey, the first independent and objective study of public attitudes on pornography ever conducted in Australia. They found that 91 percent of those surveyed wished to make their own mind up about what they would or would not see in the privacy of their own homes. Eighty-one percent of Melbourne adults and 73 percent of Sydneysiders wanted the specific right to watch X-rated videos, and the great majority wanted adult access to R-rated videos preserved.

Almost half of the adult population under 45 had seen an X-rated video with 23 percent of those being women. So much for the view that pornography is an exclusive male pre-occupation, let alone the extremist feminist view that all pornography exploits women. The feminists may be interested to learn that some of the best new writers and directors of the more sophisticated adult films now being made in the US are women.

Sixty-four percent of those surveyed — two out of every three did *not want* the police, politicians, the church or the Festival of Light to dictate standards on videos, books, films, or magazines. Another fascinating fact revealed by the survey was that those least likely to have seen an X- or R-rated video are the strongest advocates of total bans on both. Only 14 percent of over 55s and 14 percent of frequent churchgoers claim to have seen an X-rated video, yet 54 percent of over-55s and 61 percent of frequent churchgoers feel *strongly* that *all* X- and R-rated videos must be banned.

Just as Australia was about to take some progressive, enlightened and uniform steps to legalise and control the distribution of classified adult videos, the pulpit-mounters and the politically self-interested — those who cannot keep their noses out of other people's bedrooms — managed to frighten an entire country with lies, distortions, fear and a great deal of guilt-ridden humbug. Video retailers have been threatened with fines, more Draconian than for offences involving actual physical injury. Police forces have been given unprecedented powers of entry and seizure in private homes.

The Commonwealth Film Censor, Mrs Strickland, has tirelessly tried to convince the politicians that the objectionable material which provided such explosive ammunition is this extraordinarily vacuous debate comprises a minute percentage of the 1.5 million video tapes sold in Australia each year. She says 91 percent of adult videos show simple, straightforward sex.

AVIA is proposing to governments more effective ways of regulating the sale of adult material so that the rights of the majority are protected, along with those of the under-aged. Like most Australians, I am not offended by sex or by erotic material. I do not crave it; I do not believe people can be harmed by it. I actually believe people can be helped and entertained by the sort of explicitly sexual videos which comprise a sizeable percentage of all videos sold in Australia today. People watch them for recreation, stimulation and education. So why do the clamorous crusaders want to take away rights which we would never think to deny them in the corresponding area of freedom of religious expression?

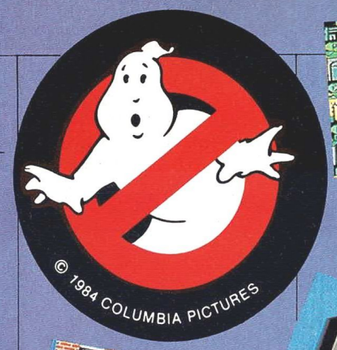
Sydney clinical psychiatrist, Dr Win Childs, notes that the people who get hysterical about sex, sex education and pornography have certain things in common. "They consistently use words like dirt, smut or filth which means they link sex with excreta," Dr Childs says. "This link doesn't exist in a mature mind, but it does exist in a small child's. They have not outgrown their infantile attitude towards sexuality.

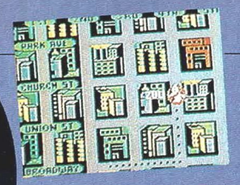
"The crusaders have often had a puritanical upbringing which means they are uneasy or frightened about sex. And the crusading enables them to do two things: you have to read a lot of erotic material if you're conducting a campaign, but they can do it 'for the good of others' without a conflict of conscience, and in seeking the punishment of others they are satisfying their own needs to be punished for their very strong but disguised interest in erotic material."

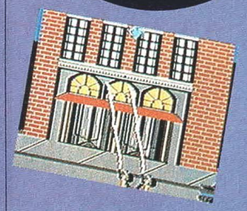
The adult video industry believes it has a legitimate right to conduct business within the law. Existing laws are impractical, unworkable, and do not have the respect or serve the interests of the electorate for whom they were designed. They must and will change. Previously there has been a sort of deal between Fred Nile and the targets of his dangerous campaigns. He was expected not to tell lies about them, if they didn't tell the truth about him. More than ever before, it is now the time for truth.

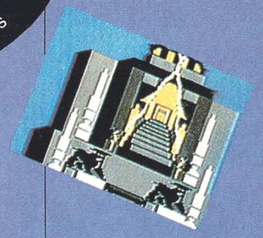
LOOSE ENDS

Once upon a time we had the "long-awaited movie of the book," then came the "not-so-long-awaited book of the movie," — these days we get the "simultaneously-released video game of the movie." Case in point the new Ghostbusters Computer Game from Imagineering. The $29.95 game, designed by David Crane, features the chart-topping theme of the whacky hit movie. Players are required to start a Ghostbusters franchise with account numbers and financial records, then use their money to purchase ghost-trapping equipment. Then they've got to search the streets of New York for marauding spooks, avoid being "slimed," and fight a showdown at the ghost HQ, the Temple Of Zuul. Practically hours of ectoplasmic bliss, available now for Commodore-64.



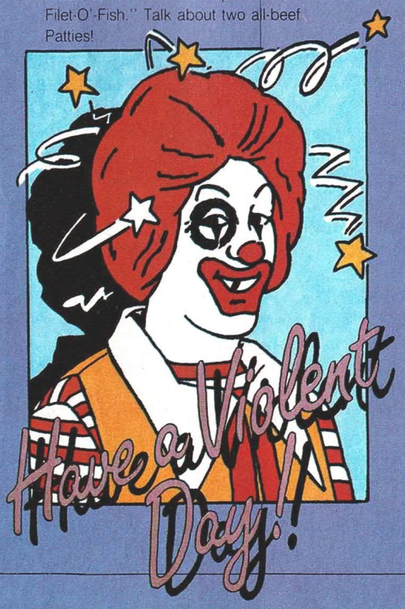


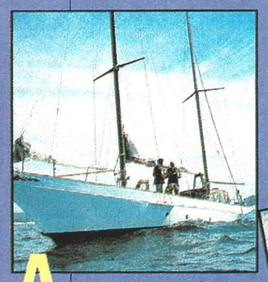




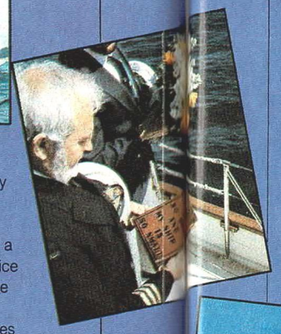
If you're contemplating cutting off your head to shed 5kgs of ugly fat — put that bread knife away. A natural dietary fibre pill called Manna Diet has recently become available in Australia with a promise to aid weight reduction in a simple, healthy way with no side effects. The main ingredient of this drug-free, calorie free preparation is glucomannin, an extract of the Japanese konjac root which has been used for centuries to prevent weight gain and assist regularity. Because glucomannin swells in the stomach, it's important to swill Manna Diet tablets down with a glass of water. Fifteen days supply costs $13.95 at pharmacies across Australia.

McDonald's looked like being the scene of yet another grisly massacre late last year, according to this report from an American newspaper: "A woman caused havoc at the McDonald's in Palo Alto, California when she unknowingly ordered the store's last Filet-O'-Fish sandwich. The three women behind her in line, who all wanted a Filet-O'-Fish too, followed her into the street and poured Coke on her before knocking her out. No report was made as to who ended up with the Filet-O'-Fish." Talk about two all-beef Patties!

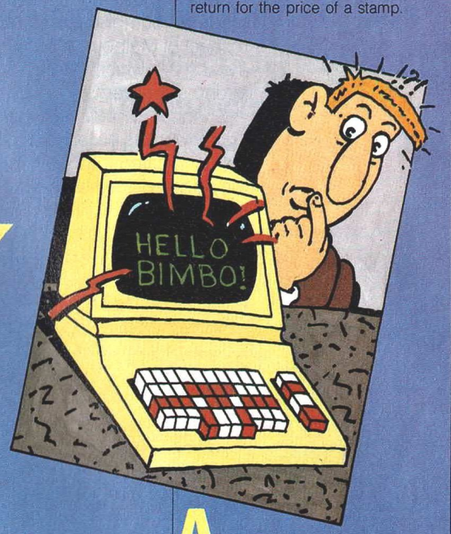




A new service operating in Sydney allows you to be buried at sea. The company, aptly named Burial At Sea Pty Ltd, doesn't actually drop your coffin into the drink but rather performs a non-denominational religious service and scatters your ashes and some flowers from the deck of a 19th Century sailing vessel. The services are performed by committed Christian Captain Bligh-Ware, a direct descendant of Captain Bligh. Next of kin are presented with a memorial sea chart inscribed with the latitude and longitude of the committal position of the deceased. The cost is $300 all up — a most competitive price, we're told.



Yes, we have a winner for yet another of our ludicrously easy to win competitions. Mr Peter Townley of Sydney entered our Sanyo competition last November and the next thing he knew there was a top-of-the-line Sanyo sound system, including amplifier, tuner, tape deck, compact disc player, turntable, cabinet and speakers, on his doorstep. The package is valued at $2222 — not a bad return for the price of a stamp.



A lot of people these days swear by their home computer. Pretty soon a lot of people will be swearing at them. An Australian company, Homebase Software, is developing a database program which will allow your home computer to spit a hail of obscenities that would straighten the hair under a wharfie's armpit. The program is a "frustration reliever." The user punches in choice expletives and the computer fights back with the sassiest gutter language it can muster. This program will be available mid-year, but in the meantime Homebase is distributing a wide range of more conventional programs for reasonable prices at chemists, computer shops and department stores Australia-wide.

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

The March '85 winner of the *Penthouse*/Polaroid Photo Competition was submitted by Ian Duckworth of Brisbane, Queensland. Mr Duckworth's stunning subject matter is Ms Judy Peterson, also of Queensland.

The winner's choice of top quality prizes is the same as ever — either a Polaroid SLR 680 camera or the handy Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess System comprising AutoProcesser, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and some slide mounts. That little lot allows the photographer to process his own transparencies without the cost and bother of sending film away.

If you reckon you're a candidate for a Polaroid prize, send us a few samples of your work. We're after revealing, but not too revealing, shots taken on any film. Send your lot to *Australian Penthouse*, attaching the completed coupon below.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse* I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Adelaide's Carol Thompson

COMING IN APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Pet Of The Year — Who will be the 1985 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year? The votes are now being tallied and next month we announce the winner of the richest glamor prize in the southern hemisphere.

Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll — An exclusive collection of hilariously revealing paparazzi snaps of rock stars caught in moments they'd rather forget. See how your favorite performers look when they let it all hang out.

Fear of Dancing — Frank Robson documents his transformation from a dancing dyslectic into a nimble-footed lady killer in this ridiculous tale of trauma and triumph in the Arthur Murray studios.

Hi-tech Espionage — The mind-boggling sophistication of the USA's technical spying system makes the imaginative science fiction story look cheap. *Penthouse* reveals the extent of America's space-age intelligence gathering techniques.

Pet Of The Month — What's pink and lives in a cave? It's a question 24-year-old Adelaide girl Carol Thompson is fond of asking. Our blue-eyed blonde provides the answer and a lot more in April *Australian Penthouse*.

CHURCH

Continued from page 43

CTRC introduced a new licensing policy in 1983 after hearing 1500 submissions, many of which revealed the dubious fund-raising techniques of the televangelists. Describing as "unacceptable" certain forms of fund solicitation used by some American televangelists, the new policy stated that "any funds raised must be used, and any solicitation for such funds must clearly identify that they are to be used, *solely* for the support of the network service." It also required the licensee to ensure that all fund-raising activities be approved by the licensee's program management committee.

In Australia the Federal Government's regulatory body is the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal. In 1979 the tribunal decided to experiment with licence renewal hearings open to the general public. The issue of televangelism was raised by a group of former members of Herbert Armstrong's Worldwide Church of God. This group made a comprehensive submission in respect of Melbourne's Channels 9 and 0 (now 10), which had broadcast Armstrong's program.

Channel 9 advised that *The World Tomorrow* was no longer broadcast. Channel 0 indicated through their counsel that they agreed Garner Ted Armstrong had made some of the Renaissance Popes look like "namby pambies", but did not specifically indicate they would not show the program again. Channel 9 has not resumed broadcasting *The World Tomorrow* but Channel 10 did resume it after a few years. Under the Australian Broadcasting And Television Act, TV stations are supposed to monitor all programs to ensure that false appeals are not being broadcast.

In 1983 the tribunal sought public comments for a pending review of policies on religious programming and the Australian content of programs. The Australian Humanists made a 70-page submission recommending that on-air requests for money to be sent directly to the televangelists should be stopped, and that the televangelists should be required to lodge audited balance sheets with the tribunal. The submission also urged the tribunal to adopt the new Canadian policy that all money raised should be used *solely* for the support of the service.

In regard to the low Australian content of religious programs, the Australian Humanists' submission pointed out that approximately 85 of the 120 hours devoted to religious programs here were produced in the United States. With the tightening of controls in Canada, the Australian market will become even more attractive to the televangelists. Our proposed domestic satellite and cable systems will come in very handy for them. ○

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